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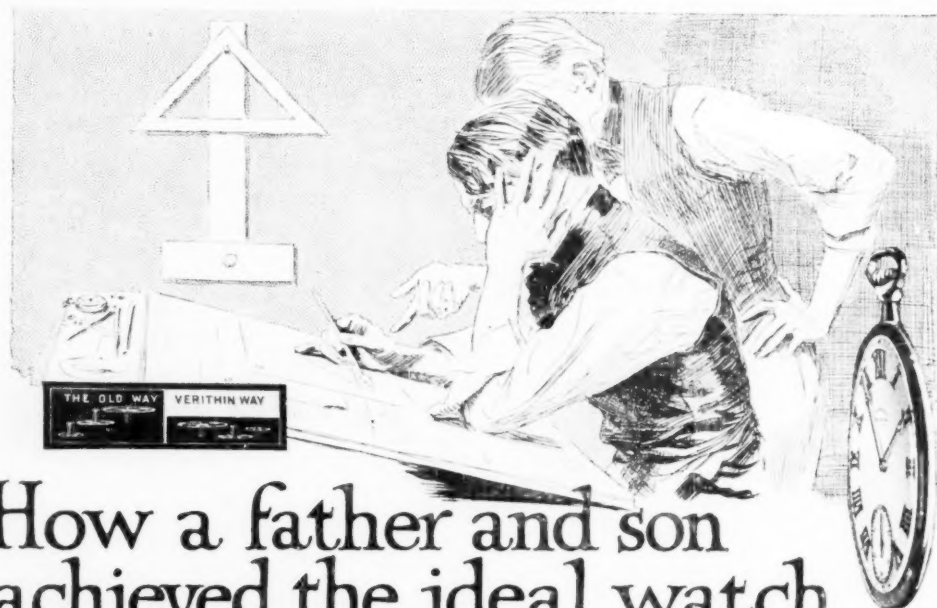
The Vivid Story of
a Young Canadian

Contributors in This Issue:

Sir Gilbert Parker	Stephen Leacock
Arthur Stringer	Agnes C. Laut
James B. Hendryx	Hopkins Moorhouse
Beatrice Redpath	Mary Gaunt
W. A. Craick	Norman Lambert
Alfred Gordon	C. W. Jefferys
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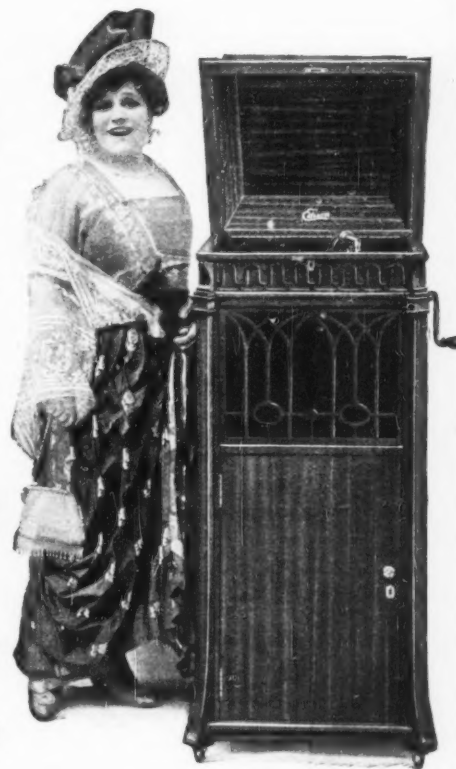
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By W. W. WASHBURN

WHEN you think of war, you think of units of men fighting to destroy each other. You think of the appalling destruction of life and property and you are amazed that civilization countenances such waste. Yet, if you but stop to realize, even greater warfare exists every day within your own throbbing human system, and the waste proportionately is as great as that caused by international warfare. In your own personal war more than five billion units are constantly fighting. Upon the result of this war your life, your health, your success and your very happiness depends. Man is made up of billions of cells. These cells are the sole governing factors in your health. Millions of germs are constantly endeavoring to invade the system and destroy these cells. When you are sick or ailing—when you lack energy and vitality—when you are troubled with indigestion, constipation, heart weakness, sick kidneys, morbid livers, it is plain that the invading army of germs has secured the upper hand and has succeeded in weakening or actually killing hundreds of thousands of the tiny cells in your body. In other words, your health and vitality, your physical and mental efficiency depend entirely on the ability of your cells to destroy, by the process of digestion, the millions of germs that they invade your organism. If the germ-destroying power of the cells is sufficient, the invasion of your organism by the enemy is of no inconvenience or consequence.

Since your health and mind power depend entirely on the resisting power of your cells, it is obvious that if you are to attain and maintain a condition of super-health of mind and body it is not only advisable but absolutely essential that you cultivate these cells, bringing them to the point of perfection which makes the invasion of cell-destroying factors null and void. If your cells are prepared against invasion, if they are highly organized to repel the hordes of germs which we all acquire in our daily work and play—if your cells are vitalized, energized and evolutionized, your whole system is possessed with a germ-destroying power which will permit nothing to interfere with the proper functioning of every organ of your body, including the brain. The way to cell perfection is through cell cultivation. The way to cell cultivation is through conscious application of the principles of evolution and energy, in short, through Conscious Evolution.

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warfare but also to win warfare against poverty. Conscious Evolution enables you to win the struggle against adverse conditions of environment. It enables you to overcome the billions of germs that attack you, by so fortifying every cell that it becomes easy for it to overwhelm adverse conditions.

Conscious Evolution not only removes the germs of destruction by increasing the life power and vitality of every tissue and organ, but produces a condition of health which lives upon itself, multiplying and increasing, so that you become infinitely superior in health and mind to average men. The man who, through Conscious Evolution, has won an overwhelming victory against sickness and disease soon becomes overwhelmingly superior to average people by continuing the development of the cells. What you are and what you are capable of accomplishing depends entirely and absolutely on the degree of development of your cells. They are the sole controlling factors in you. You are only as young, you are only as great, and you are only as powerful as your cells are. You can become as powerful physically and mentally as you desire. You can live as completely as you like. You can enjoy life to any extent that you please. You can work or play as long as you care to without suffering from fatigue or any other consequence, by developing cell perfection.

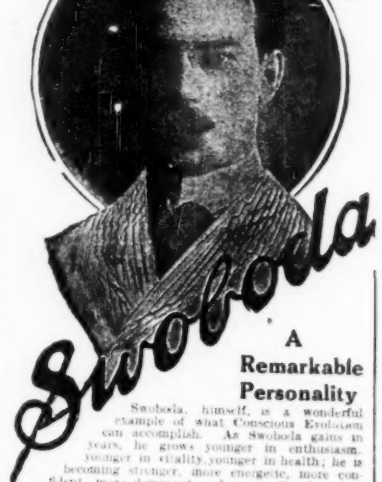
Conscious Evolution is no experiment. There is nothing else in the world that is anything like it. It does not compel you or even ask you to give up any of the things you like to do; instead it enables you to do what you like without suffering afterwards. Swoboda is giving Conscious Evolution successfully to pupils all over the world. He has among his pupils hundreds of Doctors, Judges, Senators, Members of Cabinet, Ambassadors, Governors, thousands of Business and Professional Men, Farmers, Mechanics and Laborers and almost an equal number of women—more than 252,000 people have already profited through Swoboda's System of consciously energizing the cells. If you are at all interested in acquiring health above the average, resisting power above the average, mental power above the average—if you are at all interested in fortifying every vital organ in the system, not only against disease, but against wear and tear incident to a fully and completely satisfactory life—a well-rounded life—you will be interested in reading a remarkable book published by Swoboda, in which he explains the secret of Conscious Evolution. The book is free. Write for this book, not because Swoboda's followers include such prominent people as are listed here, but because it means so much to YOU in multiplied living power, earning power, health power and mind power.

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Swoboda's book will startle, educate and enlighten you. In this book Swoboda has given a maximum of information in a minimum of words. It tells in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you have always wanted to know about yourself. Regardless of how well you may feel, of how efficient you may think you are—regardless of how active, energetic and alert you may consider yourself—regardless of how happy you may pride yourself on being—regardless of how

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Swoboda, himself, is a wonderful example of what Conscious Evolution can accomplish. As Swoboda gains in years, he grows younger in enthusiasm, younger in vitality, younger in health; he is becoming stronger, more energetic, more confident, more dominant and more alive by capitalizing his creative powers through Conscious Evolution. What Swoboda is accomplishing for himself you too can accomplish—every individual can accomplish, for every individual is governed by the same laws and principles, and every individual has it within himself to make use of these laws and principles. Swoboda's mind and body are so alert and so active that in his presence one feels completely overpowered. His personality dominates everything with which it comes in contact; yet Swoboda is "real"—there is absolutely nothing mysterious about him. He knows not what fatigue is—he is a tireless worker. He delights in making sick people well and weak people strong. He loves his work because he feels he is of benefit to humanity—making a better, more vital, more potent race of men and women.

What Others Have to Say

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."
"Effect was almost beyond belief."
"I have been enabled by your System to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."
"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible; my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."
"I am greatly pleased with the results, and feel that any person now using Conscious Evolution is doing himself a great injustice."
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"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."
"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"
"All your promises have been fulfilled."

Healthy, wealthy or successful you may be, you cannot afford in justice to yourself to miss the facts about your body and mind which this book contains. A more reading of this book will give you a clear understanding of the unlimited possibilities for you through Conscious Evolution of your cells. You will be so filled with enthusiasm and ambition after reading "Conscious Evolution" that you will not rest until you have yourself acquired the Swoboda kind of health and energy. Tear out the coupon on this page. Write your name and address on it, or write a letter or postal card and mail it today. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 96 pages of this book you will have been repaid a thousandfold while you read it. Do not delay—do not lose a single moment in taking the step to secure Swoboda's free book.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

J. B. MACLEAN, President D. B. GILLIES, Manager
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Vol. XXX. MAY, 1917. No. 7.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The MacLean Publishing Co. Ltd.
143-153 University Avenue
Toronto, Can.

LONDON, ENGL. THE MACLEAN CO. OF
GREAT BRITAIN, LTD., 88 FLEET
STREET, E.C.

BRANCH OFFICES: Montreal, Southam Building, 128 Bleury Street; Winnipeg, 22 Royal Bank Building; New York, 115 Broadway; Chicago, 211 Peoples Gas Building; Boston, 733 Old South Building.

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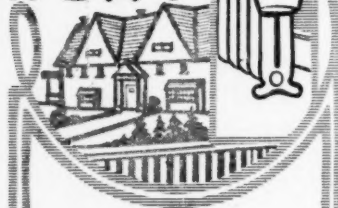
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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance



Business is Panic Proof

THE remarkable pitch to which business activity has been brought has been most amply demonstrated during the past two months. Events leading to the entry of the United States into the war have been coming thick and fast and it is certain that, by the time this number is out the actual declaration of war will have been made. During normal times this situation would have literally shaken business to its very foundations. Uncertainty, nay, even panic, would have been felt in all directions. As it is, Uncle Sam's move to buckle on his armor has scarcely created a ripple here in Canada and even in the United States it has not seriously upset business conditions.

There have been other developments during the period specified which ordinarily would have created a panicky feeling—Britain's sweeping new commerce regulations, food embargoes, etc.; the talk of putting the Militia Act into force; the growing certainty of at least another year of warfare. Through it all business has kept right on, getting brisker if anything all the time.

Business at present is literally panic proof. It can be set down as a certainty that nothing that can happen between now and the end of the war can upset or even materially disturb the trend of business. And a feeling of optimism is growing on the score of what will develop after the war. The prospect is no longer regarded as black.

SMALLER BUYING, HOWEVER.

Any review of present conditions, however, must take cognizance of the fact that a cautious note is now apparent in retail buying. The merchant is showing a tendency to buy in smaller quantity, in fact almost from hand to mouth. This tendency has been growing more marked and can be traced to the fact that the present high prices make large stocks a danger. If anything should happen to bring prices down, the merchant carrying large stocks of goods bought at the present levels, would face a heavy loss. However, the carrying of lighter stocks does not affect the volume, as stocks are renewed often. The more cautious buying tendency is merely noted to show that business men

are watching things closely and are preparing for eventualities.

INDUSTRIAL PROSPERITY.

The industrial activity which has been general throughout the country, particularly in lines which have been affected by war demand, for the past year or so, and the general improvement in business conditions find reflection in the increasing dividend returns to the holders of Canadian securities. As estimated by *The Financial Post* the April dividends on common and preferred stocks of the leading industrial, public utility, trust and loan, insurance and mining companies and banks for the first quarter of the year will amount to nearly \$16,000,000. This amount being paid to the public represents an important factor in our buying power and reflects directly upon general business conditions. Were the payments on various bonds including government, provincial and municipal as well as those of the industrial, public utility and other groups also estimated the total



From Providence Journal.

Propagandist: "Tut, tut, Sam, it isn't dignified to fight."

would probably run several times that indicated.

Following is the list of April dividends:

Summary	
Industrials	\$ 2,552,702
Utilities	11,195,084
Banks	409,122
Trust and Loan	867,228
Insurance	84,715
Mines	535,618
	\$15,844,109

When it is considered that the earnings of practically all these concerns have far exceeded their dividend requirements and that they are using the balance to strengthen their reserves, it will be seen that, to produce such profits, business must have been unprecedentedly good.

INVESTMENTS

Industrial Preferred Stocks

THE MARGIN of safety in an investment, or the expression of its ample ability to cover its interest or dividend requirements, is an elastic measurement varying with the security, says the *American Review of Reviews*. Bond houses frequently advertise or offer first or refunding mortgages of railroad or public-utility companies which they say are "covering their interest twice over," or perhaps two and a half times. This is considered a good and sufficient margin. Others call the investors' attention to a choice public-utility preferred stock whose annual surplus for dividends has equalled from three to five times the requirements. Such a record is held up as proof of the stability of dividends paid.

When it comes to the next class of investments, viz., industrial preferred stocks, the imagination in the present condition of manufacturing profits knows no limitations. It is a pretty poor preferred issue that has not been covering its dividends the past year at least five times, and from this minimum the proportions increase to twenty-five and thirty times. This would apply to issues of small size. But take the largest of all, that of the United States Steel Corporation, amounting to \$360,000,000. In the December quarter it earned its dividend fifteen times, or at a rate to retire the outstanding shares within a year. Coincident with the marvelous report which the corporation published was one from a competitor, the Republic Iron and Steel Company, which made enough margin in 1916 to pay the preferred dividend seven and a half times over, while there was the unparalleled record of the Sears-Roebuck Co., with \$16,000,000 available for \$559,188 in preferred dividends, or enough to retire twice over the preferred of \$8,000,000. No one would question very much the ability of this concern to pay its quarterly dividends.

There are certain investment traditions that have a great deal to do in establishing values. Among corporation securities the railroads still hold the first rank, though the transportation industry has shown relatively less promise in the last two years than any other leading one. Next come the public utilities, toward which a strong tide of public investment favor is setting. Lastly are the indus-

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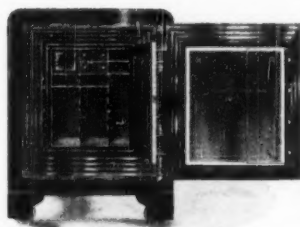
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trials. Their position at the rear of the investment list is due to the widely fluctuating character of industrial earnings. This same United States Steel Corporation, which earned \$75 for each preferred share in 1916, did not earn its 7 per cent. dividend in 1914 by \$1,723,000. In that year the Republic Iron and Steel Company earned only half of a full year's dividend. This difference in credit may be illustrated by a comparison of prices of stocks and bonds of the three types of companies, using the Union Pacific Railroad, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and the United States Steel Corporation, and the quotations current in the early part of February.

Union Pacific first-mortgage 4 per cent. bonds were then selling at par, the collateral trust 5 per cent. bonds of the Telephone Company at about 102, and the first-mortgage bonds of the Steel Corporation subsidiaries from 101 to 103. Union Pacific 4 per cent. preferred stock was quoted on a basis of return of 4.70 per cent.; Telephone Company stock, which is of one class and pays 8 per cent. at 127, a yield of 6.30 per cent., and U.S. Steel 7 per cent. preferred at 118, a return of about 6 per cent. Union Pacific common stock, paying 8 per cent. regularly and 2 per cent. in December and earning about 18 per cent., was quoted approximately at 135, and United States Steel common, earning in 1916 over 45 per cent. and in the December quarter at the rate of nearly 65 per cent. a year, and paying regular and extra dividends of 7 per cent. per annum, was quoted at the same time between 105 and 100. So there is a difference between railroad and public-utility bonds of equal rank of about one per cent. in return, and slightly more between railroad and industrial bonds, with the margin widening as between railroad and industrial preferred and common stocks.

Aside from the fact that certain railroad bonds are legal for savings-bank and trustees' investments, while most public-utility and industrial bonds are not, there does not now appear justification for the large premium of the one class over the other two classes.

INSURANCE

A New Variety

AN INTERESTING point in connection with insurance has arisen in the United States. Now that war with Germany is imminent, property owners in seaboard cities begin to harbor visions of German raiders slipping across the Atlantic and dropping bombs along the coast. Certainly it would play havoc if raiding cruisers stood off Long Island and dropped shells into the business section of New York. Shells that are capable of mortally wounding a dreadnought could easily wreck the Woolworth Building. It is a terrifying prospect.

And so the aforesaid owners are beginning to worry about insurance. To add to their troubles, it crops out that the New York Insurance Law does not make any provision for bombardment insurance. When the law was drafted, the possibility of bombardment was not even dreamed of! Tornadoes, earthquakes, lightning,

fire, all were thought of; but not the possibility of danger from an enemy at sea.

It is said that already over \$10,000,000 in bombardment insurance has been placed by Americans with Lloyd's of London. Also it is likely that the state law will be amended to cover this new menace.

After all, however, the string of British dreadnoughts guarding the North Sea is an effectual form of insurance.

QUESTIONS

Russian Bonds

7-C. O. N., Penticton.—A customer has handed us enclosed clipping, which we think must have been cut from your edition, and, as she is a holder of a considerable quantity of Russian Internal loan, she feels somewhat alarmed from reading the reply which in my opinion is not very plain. You apparently wish to impress the fact that internal loans are highly speculative, and that external loans are not; for you state: "On the whole Russian external loans offer a large yield, and there does not seem to be reason to doubt the ability of the Czar's Government to meet its obligations." In my opinion there is no difference between the internal and the external loans with the exception that the former is payable in Russia and may be subject to income tax, while the latter is payable elsewhere, and is not subject to a tax, but in purchasing these loans the former can be purchased at a cheaper rate on account of the possibility of the tax so that in the end the two should be of equal value.

Answer.—Not only is there the possibility of an income tax on internal loans by the Russian Government, but what is more important from a speculative standpoint is that with the internal loans both principal and interest are payable in Russia, and are, therefore, subject to the application of the prevailing rates of exchange, while the external bonds are payable at par in the market in which they are issued. A brief definition of the two classes of bonds would be that an external bond is a promise of the Government and the people to pay a certain obligation, while an internal bond is a promise by the Government to pay the people. External obligations would, of course, have first call upon the security. However, there does not appear to be great reason to worry about the ultimate security in either case, especially so long as we have confidence as to the outcome of the war. As previously stated, the great speculative factor is the rate of exchange. The internal bonds bear 5½ per cent. interest. If the exchange situation was normal the rouble would be worth 51.45 cents in American gold. In October last the rouble was worth 33 cents. In other words for \$33 the purchaser got a promise to pay one hundred roubles, formerly worth \$51.45, at the end of 10 years, and would receive the value in American money at that time. Since exchange has weakened and the value of the rouble has dropped as low as \$27. This would also have a proportionate effect on the rate of interest, which is payable in Russia, and therefore subject to exchange also. Our opinion is that investors in Russian internal bonds should await developments. With a return to anything like normal conditions, Russia should be able to get her natural products out of the country and thus materially relieve the situation. The peace talk a couple of months ago and the revolution recently, both had a favorable effect upon exchange and indicated that a satisfactory outcome of the war would right the situation to some extent. However, investors should not hope that the end of the conflict will see a return to normal, as far as exchange is concerned. Russia will undoubtedly for many years require large amounts of capital for development purposes, which will not show immediate returns in production. Besides this she will have war burdens to finance.

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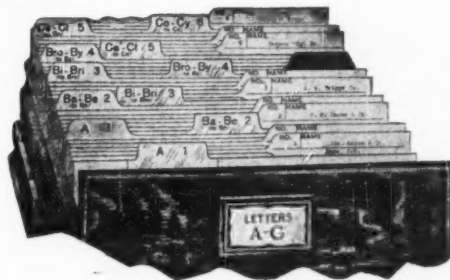
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MACLEAN'S

MAGAZINE

Volume XXX

MAY, 1917

Number 7

A Canadian Prisoner at Ruhleben

Eighteen Months in a German Prison Camp

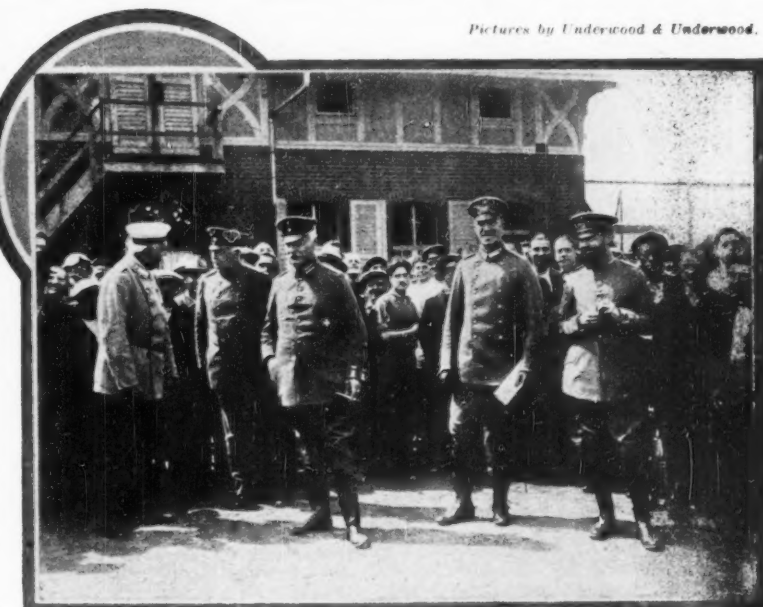
EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The writer of the accompanying article, a Canadian by birth, lived for many years in Berlin prior to the war. After his eighteen months' incarceration at Ruhleben he was permitted to go to Switzerland for his health, and there he has remained under a measure of surveillance. For obvious reasons the identity of the writer must be kept secret.*

"YOU ARE under arrest," was the brusque statement that fell on my ears one memorable morning in November, 1914. "You must come along. And be quick about it."

It came as a thunder clap to me so utterly unexpected was it. I could hardly believe that the private detective who uttered the words, his cold gimlet-like eye boring through me the while, was in earnest. I thought for a moment that it must be a practical joke and for one panicky moment I considered flight. But it was not a joke. It was very much grim earnest. The relentless and efficient arm of the German Secret Service had reached out and was sweeping in every atom of humanity who could be termed a British subject within the domains of Kaiser Wilhelm.

We had lived in Germany for seventeen years; consequently my brother and I had come to look on Berlin as our home. We had entered into business there, we spoke German like natives and all our friends and acquaintances practically were Germans. We never thought for a moment that the authorities would look upon us with suspicion.

There had been a great deal of talk in the press about the internment of German people in England. The wildest kind of stories circulated about the ill-treatment they were receiving and this swelled the chorus of hate. Retaliation was loudly demanded. Then the story got around that the Imperial Government had sent an ultimatum to Britain demanding the release of all German civilians interned there by November 6; failing such action by the British the order for the arrest of all British subjects in Germany from the ages of 17 to 55 was to be given.



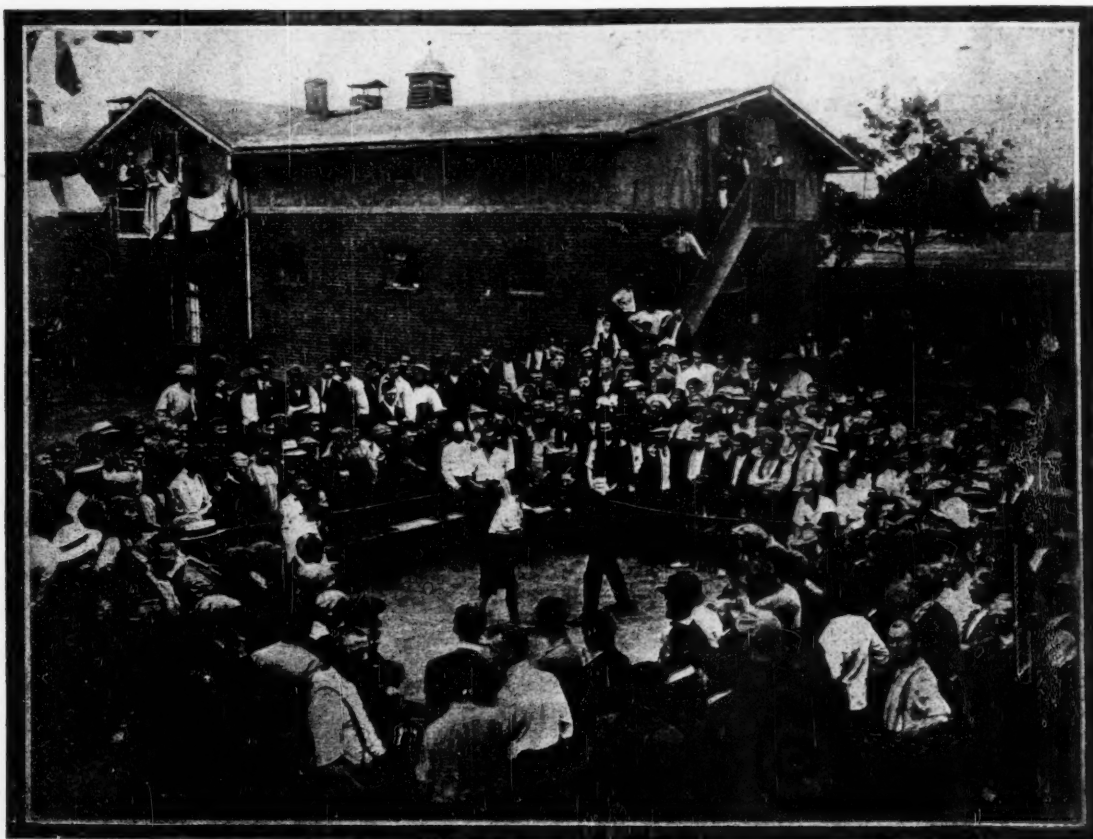
A picture of the officers in charge of the prison camp at Ruhleben.

WE DID not take this very seriously, however. As I was leaving the office where I was employed on the evening of November 5, I laughingly remarked to a group of my colleagues: "If I don't turn up in the morning, boys, you'll know I'm in gaol."

No such ultimatum had been sent so I can only regard what followed as a coincidence. For, sure enough, the summons came next day. We lived in Halensee, a suburb of Berlin. On that memorable day—the blackest of my life—I arose as usual and was having my morning tub when there came a ring at the door. My sister answered the ring and found a man there who asked for my younger brother and myself. He was not in uniform, but there was no mistaking him for anything but what he was. Police official was written all over him. My sister came back and announced him with visible trepidation. I slipped into a bath

robe and went down with my brother to see what he wanted. And we got the surprise of our lives.

"Bring your bedding and blankets along with you," he ordered, after his first gruff intimation of his errand. We hastened dumbly to obey, partaking of a hurried and dismal breakfast before packing such meagre belongings as we found we would be allowed to take. We still thought that the matter would be straightened out when we reached headquarters; at any rate, we tried to keep our courage up by repeating this over our coffee. We even tried to make a joke out of it all and informed our parents that it would be an experience to heartily laugh over when the troubled times were gone. We left the house seemingly in the best of spirits. In reality I felt like a convicted criminal being led to the gallows or to penal servitude. I had a premonition that it was not a joke at all—that we were due to



The prisoners wiled the time away by all forms of recreation, and boxing matches were a favorite form. It may be pointed out that the photographs presented with this article show the brighter sides of camp life.

suffer the full brunt of German thoroughness.

We never saw our home again and a few days later we heard that our parents and sisters had decided to return to England.

LOADED down with bedding and rugs and portmanteaux and parcels, we arrived at the local police station. We were rather unceremoniously bundled into a little room which we found already crowded with other British subjects. Among them was my married brother who lived in the same district. Every few minutes more worried-looking additions to our party arrived, until finally the room was packed full to overflowing. Finally an officer in uniform came and looked us over and announced with a self-satisfied smile that he had rounded up every Englishman in the district. It is said that misery loves company, so this should have cheered us up. But we didn't cheer up in any noticeable degree. We were, in fact, a very dismal looking lot.

It was then announced that our destination was the Stadtvogtei, a prison in the heart of Berlin. We were told that we could either walk there, travel in the "Black Maria" or go in cabs—hired at our own expense. The majority elected to pay for the cabs, so in due course a string of taxis came up and we crowded in. A policeman went in each cab.

Arriving at the Stadtvogtei we were

very promptly clapped into cells. This rather amazed us as we had not thought we would be treated as common criminals. We found afterward, however, that on a basis of comparison we were very well treated, indeed. Ever since the declaration of war the authorities had been picking up Englishmen from all parts of the country. In many cases these men had been locked up for weeks in solitary confinement. Before war was declared British seamen in Hamburg and other seaports had been seized and shut up in disgraceful old hulks. We subsequently met some of these men and found then that our treatment had been comparatively decent and mild.

We were not kept long in suspense as to the German intentions. At 3 o'clock that afternoon we were marched to the station through crowds that jeered and hooted at us lustily.

"Bedank Euch bei Eurem Grey," they bellowed at us time and again. This meant, "You have Grey to thank for this." The state of the German mind was very bitter against Grey at that time. He had been cartooned and lampooned as the Machiavelli of European diplomacy until the average German had come to regard him as a literal fiend incarnate.

AT THE station was a special train waiting for us and we pretty well filled it up, our party now consisting of the whole male British colony of Berlin.

There were a large number of Canadians that I recognized. No intimation had yet been given us as to whither we were bound and we had made up our minds that our destination was some distant part of Germany. Consequently we were much surprised when the train stopped at the Emigration station at Ruhleben, near Spandau, about half an hour's journey from Berlin.

The station was in the hands of a squad of soldiers and we were turned over to them. They lined us up in fours and then escorted us to the Ruhleben race course. The iron gates clanged behind us and we beheld our new abode.

The grounds we found pretty well sprinkled already with prisoners who hurried over to watch us. Our arrival apparently was an event of great importance in the grey monotony of their prison life. They looked us over eagerly and in some cases found friends or relatives amongst us.

The soldiers then lined us up, each man with his own luggage, and searched us carefully for weapons, spirits, playing cards and other articles that were "verboten." Confiscations were common in practically all cases.

FINALLY we were marched in to the "apartments" that had been allotted us—a long succession of horse boxes and lofts. Imagine an ordinary stable carried out on a very extensive scale and you

will have a fairly accurate picture of our new home. Those of us who were lucky enough to be assigned to boxes were able to locate ourselves with a certain degree of comfort. My brother and I belonged to the fortunate ones. The poor beggars who drew lofts for their sleeping quarters were indeed to be pitied.

We were now lined up again—we got quite accustomed to this in a day or so—and our dinner service was handed out, consisting of a metal bowl with handles attached to the sides. No spoons were provided. A few days later we were able to buy spoons, but until that time our manner of eating necessarily reverted back to the most primitive methods. We ate with our hands. Nor were we provided with tables and chairs at first. We had, in fact, no more accommodation than the original occupants of the quarters. Later all this was changed and we were able to secure almost anything we wanted at the canteen established in the camp. Most of us also got things sent in from our houses and fixed up our boxes quite comfortably.

At the same time that we were handed our bowls we were presented with a couple of thread-bare blankets and a towel. We were uncertain at first if the towel were intended for our toilet or for the cleaning of the bowls. We learned, however, that it was intended for the later purpose. Soap apparently was an article deemed unnecessary by the authorities; at any rate we received none. And when more prisoners arrived each of us had to give up one of our blankets. Supplies were not plentiful.

Our beds, at first, consisted of a litter of straw, that was not over clean. Later we received sacks which we filled with the same straw. This did us for a few months and then we were allowed to change the straw for a filling of wood shavings. Finally, however, the authorities installed plank bedsteads. From that time on we could use the bedding which most of us had brought along. Those assigned to the lofts, continued un-

fortunate right through the piece, however. No bedsteads were installed for them and up to the time when I left—and probably right to the present day—they continued to sleep on their straw mattresses on the floor. Racing stables are always infested with rats and Ruhleben was no exception. Let us hope that by this time, the men in the lofts have succeeded in exterminating the rodents. The number they caught the first few nights was astonishing.

The one advantage that the loft men had

over the aristocrats of the boxes was in the matter of space. We were assigned six men to a box, so that at night we were wedged in like sardines in a box.

DURING the first few days of our captivity, prisoners continued to arrive from all parts of Germany. The swedes had been a clean one. All men of military age, irrespective of occupation and connection, and without regard to matters of health, had been gathered into the police dragnet. By the end of the first month, 4,000 men were housed in the stables at Ruhleben! It then became necessary to find additional accommodation, and barracks were erected on the grounds. Finally, about 300 negroes arrived and they were housed in a special barracks.

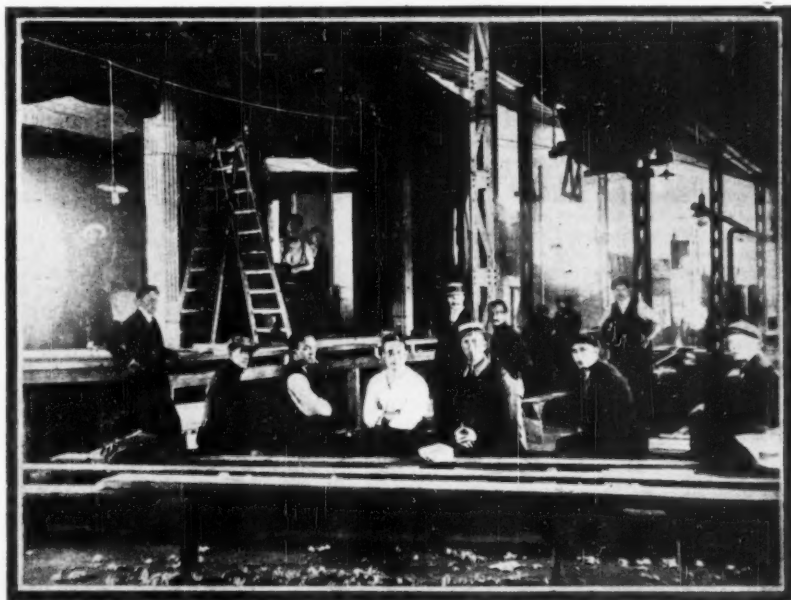
By this time, we resembled very much a new town in a pioneer district. Men of all kinds and from all walks of life had been indiscriminately thrown together. It was almost as though we had been taken away and marooned on a desert island, with this difference, that the barest means of sustenance were provided us. We began to find it necessary to establish some form of government in order to keep law in camp. We took this matter into our own hands and soon had a kind of organization worked out. Captains were elected for each barrack and a police force organized, the members of which assembled every morning to receive orders and instructions for the day from the superintendent. The men selected for service on the force wore badges with numbers and blue bands on their sleeves, much after the order of the London policemen. The police had to be obeyed just as they have in civil life. They patrolled the grounds, prevented fighting and promptly arrested all offenders. It was a remarkable tribute to man's inherent instinct for the establishment of order that this organization was completed so quickly and was so zealously upheld. In this

connection it must be said that the German authorities gave us every co-operation, allowing us to practically govern ourselves. It was, of course, in their own interests to do so, as we managed to maintain order ourselves much better than if it had been left to the soldiers in charge.

They kept, of course, a very close watch on us. There was a non-commissioned officer assigned to each barrack, who had the most complete authority. On the whole, we got along very well with these officers, although sometimes they could turn very nasty. We were lucky in our section, having in charge a non-commissioned officer whom I shall call Karl. He had two outstanding characteristics, a love for animals and a passion for strong drink. The one made him very popular with the prisoners; the other ultimately led to his disgrace and banishment to active service. He had a black poodle which he called Peter and which he always spoke of as "Ein Guter Kerl" (a good fellow). One of our company was an artist and he spent quite a little time making a sketch of Peter, which he presented to Karl. Beneath the sketch were the lines "Ein Guter Kerl." Karl could not do too much for us for a time after that, and even went to the length of establishing a poultry yard in front of the barracks for the ostensible purpose of providing fresh laid eggs for the prisoners. As we paid him liberally for the eggs, a suspicion gradually took hold of us that his philanthropy in this was not an unmixed one; especially when it was found that most of the eggs he sold at high prices were previously purchased at the canteen. Karl's weakness for intoxicants, however, led to his undoing. Once, after being out on leave, he came back in a condition of tipsy imbecility and was very promptly ordered off to the front.

Many of the non-coms were very different, however, from good-natured Karl. The officer in charge of the barracks next

to us, was a typical Prussian martinet. He delighted in the exercise of authority. His language was vile and his temper frightful. Once I saw him give an elderly gentleman a blow on the back which sent him sprawling in a huddled heap to the ground. To protest against this was useless—nay, dangerous. The commanding officer had peremptorily announced that he would severely punish any prisoner who brought complaints before him. Thus, all we could do was to grin and bear whatever burdens were thrust upon us. Later, when



Prisoners getting a stage ready under the tribunes for the presentation of plays.

the pinch of man power was being felt, all these soldiers were ordered off to the front. From that time on, the police captains of our own selection had sole charge of order in the camp. Every night, one of our own police was on duty in each section. This very welcome change took place in the autumn of 1915.

WE HAD A great many invalids in the camp and also not a few cripples. There were prisoners among us in the last stages of consumption. This was due to the fact that the order for the internment of all English civilians had been, characteristically enough, carried out to the very letter. No exceptions whatever had been made. Englishmen were hauled out of sanitariums and hospitals and bundled off to Ruhleben. No special provision had been made for them there, and they simply had to take their chance with the rest of the prisoners and without any concession in the matter of accommodation. The commanding officer of the camp, a very kind-hearted elderly man, was powerless at first, to do anything.

It was some months before these poor fellows were permitted to go back into hospitals. Naturally, a great many deaths occurred during this period. How many, we were never able to ascertain. Later, a hospital was established in the camp, but it left a great deal to be desired. At no time was any special diet provided for patients. Black tea and potatoes boiled in their jackets were doled out to everyone—the consumptive, the fever stricken, the paralytic.

The camp doctor, a clever man, doubtless, in his profession, took little interest in the cases. He had one outstanding characteristic—a wonderful faith in the healing powers of aspirin. He prescribed this for everything. Rather a funny story went the rounds of the camp, at the expense of this official. One day a chap who had a wooden leg had gone to him complaining of pain in that limb. The sufferer spoke in English which the doctor did not understand perfectly. He promptly prescribed a couple of aspirin tablets!

THE officers of the camp were on the whole civil and well intent. There were, however, a few exceptions, and unfortunately the greatest power lay in the hands of these men. The regulations governing the camp, rigid enough in themselves, were carried out to the letter. It had been decreed that leave would be granted to prisoners on only the very rarest occasions, such as the death of near relatives, or a summons to attend a lawsuit. This regulation was grimly adhered to. No excuse, however plausible,



A view of one of the Ruhleben stables where the prisoners live.

no story however heart-rending ever moved our jailors to an infringement of this rule. Perhaps the most drastic case where leave was refused was that of my eldest brother. His wife suddenly became ill and had to undergo a serious operation. Word was sent in to him that the doctor attending her deemed his presence of the utmost importance. He applied for leave but was refused.

"Your wife is not dying," said the officer in charge. "You're not needed." Luckily the operation proved a success.

Another case. A man whose business affairs were, owing to his absence, all going wrong, and who consequently, stood in grave danger of slipping into bankruptcy, applied for leave for just one day. He explained that if he did not at once personally settle his affairs, he would be ruined. The officer laughed and replied: "That is very good indeed. It is our intention to ruin you completely."

This same officer prefaced every refusal of leave, with a question as to whether the applicant cared to join the German army. It was supposed that he was paid a commission for every recruit he secured in the camp. He did not get many, however.

THERE were a few who did join the army from the camp, but they were, without exception, men who had spent practically all their lives in Germany, could not speak a word of English and had been considered Englishmen only because their fathers had happened to be born under the English flag, or had spent a few years of their lives in England, and had become naturalized there. These fellows had remained British subjects in order to escape military service. Some of them volunteered for service rather than remain prisoners at Ruhleben.

One young fellow with us had been taken out of the army on active service and sent to the camp. The story ran that his father was a German who had lived in England years before and, as most Germans do, had become a British

himself. When the old man turned 55 he was released and soon afterwards the son disappeared from the camp. Probably he had gone back into the army.

Many of the prisoners were forced to join the colors much against their will. In cases where parents had business interests in the country, pressure was brought to bear upon them to induce their sons to volunteer.

SO CONVINCED were the Germans of the righteousness of their cause that they actually expected a pro-German feeling in the camp. This feeling led to a very dramatic occurrence one day which I shall never forget. We were at our noon day meal—a scanty one I assure you—when the alarm bell rang. This always happened when anything special was on and was called "Appell." At the sound of the bell we had to assemble in front of our barracks. On this occasion, the commanding officer with his adjutant, the latter one of the most objectionable officers in the camp, walked from barrack to barrack, confronting each group of prisoners and putting the following question.

"Which of the prisoners are pro-German? All who are step forward."

As the question was put, the adjutant scanned us over with a menacing eye which told us plainer than words could, "Better step forward."

A good many stepped forward. It was, of course, an unfair test to put to prisoners, plenty of whom had German wives and practically all of whom had business interests centred in Germany. What could they do? Those who did not step forward faced the alternative of having all their property confiscated and their wives banished from the country. They were placed in a serious dilemma. And so a number professed pro-German sentiments.

After that the pro-German, "P.G.'s" as we called them, were separated from the other prisoners and housed in special barracks. They were promptly boycotted

Continued on page 110.

subject. Later, he had returned to Germany. The son was born in Germany and was as thorough-going a Teuton as I had ever seen. At the start of the war he had volunteered for service, and had served with great courage; earning promotion and even a promise of the Iron Cross. Nevertheless, when the arrest of all Englishmen was ordered, his father, who was not quite 55 years of age, was interned with the rest of us. The son heard of this and protested vigorously, with the result that he was stripped of his uniform and promptly bundled off to Ruhleben.

Uncle Sam At War

By Agnes C. Laut

Author of "The Canadian Commonwealth," "Lords of the North," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Readers of MACLEAN's know that Agnes C. Laut's articles have sought to create in Canadian minds an understanding of the American attitude in war matters. While a united press chorused derision of Uncle Sam, MACLEAN's gave space to Miss Laut's earnest efforts to teach a wider tolerance and to establish a closer friendship between the two great Anglo-Saxon democracies. Now that the United States has cast in her lot on the side of the Allies, the wisdom of this course is apparent. At the same time Miss Laut has not feared to score the American viewpoint, and, particularly during the past six months, she has told some very plain truths about the weaknesses of our neighbor. It is desired to point out also that in her articles for MACLEAN's she has told the real inside facts about conditions in the United States. Practically every "revelation" of German intrigue and official chicanery that has come to light recently has been told in MACLEAN's first.



AT LAST!

If ever a nation uttered a sigh of relief followed by a cheer of jubilation, that nation is the United States.

At last! Those words on all lips. Undoubtedly Wilson's message to Congress declaring that a state of war exists between the United States and Germany will go down to history as one of the noblest utterances of any statesman.

"German warfare is a warfare against mankind."

"The challenge is to all mankind. . . . The wrongs against which we array ourselves cut to the very roots of human life. . . ."

"Our object is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice. . . . Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbors' states with spies and intrigue. . . ."

"No autocratic government can be trusted to keep faith."

"One of the things that has served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and never could be our friend is that from the very outset it has filled our communities and even our offices of government with spies and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot. . . ."

"The intrigues have been carried on under the personal direction of official agents of the Imperial Government."

"We now accept the gage of battle and shall spend the whole force of the nation . . . to fight for the ultimate peace of the world and the liberation of its peoples—the German peoples included . . . for the rights of nations great and small. . . ."

"The world must be made safe for democracy. . . ."

"Its peace must be planted on political liberty. . . ."

"We have no selfish ends to serve . . . we desire no conquest. . . . We seek no indemnities."

"It is a fearful thing to

lead this great peaceful people into war . . . but right is more precious than peace. . . . We dedicate our lives and our fortunes for the principle that gave America birth—God helping her—she can do no other."

NO LONGER is America to stand on the order of her going into the war. She is to act in full co-operation with the Allies. Instead of a gift of one billion, credits and bonds to the extent of three billion are to be provided for the Allies, with those flags the Stars and Stripes now unfurl. Instead of a beggarly army of 100,000, the United States is to have an army of a million; and universal service has come, including women and girls. Women have already joined the U.S. Navy, which is to act in full co-operation with the British Navy.

Too much weight must not be given to the filibustering tactics of Senator La Follette's utter collapse and raving incoherence, Wisconsin is pro-German. In the second, the rules of the Senate are fearfully and wonderfully made like Mr. Bumble's law, which was "an ass and an idiot." Rules of privileges, which may be demanded by any fool, can hold up any resolution for a few days. In the third place, anyone who remembers Senator La Follette's utter collapse and raving incoherence at a certain press function a few years ago will not place reliance on the man's mental poise.

On re-reading the President's message very carefully, the important and portentous lines are not those sections setting forth the Magna Charta of human liberties, which have been almost universally accepted since the days of the French Revolution. The important and portentous section is in that line where the President fore-shadows the freeing of the German people. In the light of the Russian Revolution, that means only one thing—it means that the United States will fight to end Hohenzollern rule in Germany, and that the German people in the United States will fight



Theodore Roosevelt, who is mentioned prominently in all discussions of coalition governments in the United States.

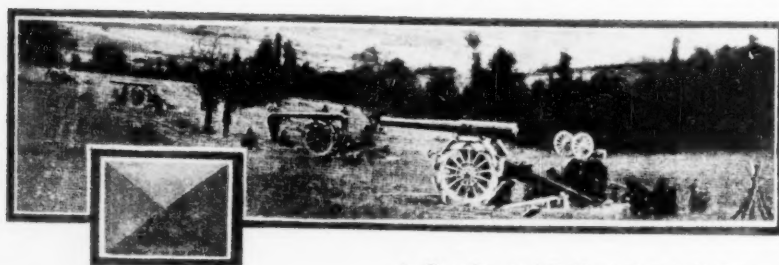
under the Stars and Stripes to bring about a republic in Germany.

Is it any wonder that Herr Ballin, of the Hamburg American Line—the most prophetic of all Germany's public men—on hearing of America's declaration, said quietly:

"The war will end by June"—the time it will take the United States to begin transporting men and supplies? Is it any wonder that even the Chancellor warns Germany that the clock of destiny is striking the hour?

And so we come back to find President Wilson the man we have always known—the polished rhetorician uttering magnificent sentiments, but coming out just at the end with that great help so sorely needed at first, when that help is practically no longer needed.

THE American nation has accepted the situation with characteristic enthusiasm and readiness. The copper men have cut prices in half for government



service. The private ship yard plants have given over their work to government contracts. Many private ship lines have assigned their vessels as auxiliary cruisers. The Federal Reserve Banks—which were shy of foreign credit but three months ago—have come openly out advocating the gift—not loan—of a billion to the Allies in the war for freedom. The demonstration for actual service on the field in Europe is growing so pronounced that military authorities are considering calling for a foreign legion of 500,000 Americans; and it is a foregone conclusion that men like Roosevelt will offer their services to muster such a force for foreign service.

On the part of the Germans and the German-Americans, there is a silence that the Secret Service do not like. Orders have been issued "not to talk." For what else orders have been issued, causes anxiety; for foreign orders are still being obeyed. Personally, I cannot conceive of German-Americans—or even pure Germans in America—risking their lives to perpetuate such a conflict here as their comrades in arms in Europe are risking Heaven and Earth to escape. I cannot conceive of their doing it even for money, or for the promise of loot from the gold-crammed vaults of American banks; but my opinion is a purely personal one; and I want to put on record that it is not shared by the U.S. officials, who know. One officer told me recently that an uneasy feeling of apprehension of real action pervades government circles. Two or three disagreeable incidents indicate activity behind the screen of German silence. The crews of interned vessels in Philadelphia and Southern waters made open defiant breaks for liberty under running fire. *Why?* They were perfectly safe on their vessels. Several of the prisoners sentenced for German plots have mysteriously escaped. Apparently "causeless" fires have wiped out the tracks of certain pro-German manufacturers of acids, chemicals and explosives. Now it is an even bet that no pro-German manufacturer of acids, chemicals and explosives has been able to export such products for the last year. For whom were they being manufactured, and *why?*

Of the German Reservists in the country there is a perceptible thinning out, or process of evanishment. They seem simply to have dropped through the floor. Where are they going, and *why?*

THERE is reason for the uneasiness of the authorities. During the space that intervened between the breaking off of diplomatic relations and actual declaration of war, the German propaganda went on in the United States just as before. Foreigners were actually massing for drill at such strategic points as Buffalo and Detroit—which should be interesting

to Canada—and Bridgeport and El Paso. German soldiers were found masquerading in U.S. army khaki. One has just been court martialed for this down on the Mexican border, and another up in Minnesota on the Canadian border, which should also be interesting to the Dominion. It will be remembered that, when the war broke out in 1914, many German chemists rushed to the United States to establish such new industries as dyes, chemicals, small explosives. When Germany began buying up such industries here, it will be recalled the explanation was given the policy was not to use these industries, but to keep the Allies from using them. Half a dozen incendiary fires have been revealing the true animus of such industries. When the Secret Service began to wonder if such chemicals and explosives could possibly be stocked up in secret somewhere, there were fires to conceal the fact that Germans had been manufacturing chlorine in this country. It is a pretty good guess such chlorine was not for use by the Allies. It could not get across the blockade to Germany. For what, then, was it being manufactured? When the official enquiry was made, there were fires.

So, although my personal opinion is that the government will be able to keep the country under control, there is good reason for the very apparent official uneasiness.

AND IT must be recorded that the preparations are not going ahead as satisfactorily as could be desired.

True, twenty-four destroyers have been ordered; but they cannot be ready for six months or a year.

True, the Army and Navy have been ordered recruited to full strength; but in the various centres, enlistment prior to the declaration of war was going ahead only at the beggarly rate of a baker's dozen a day. State militias have been ordered mobilized; yes, but State militias were so disgusted by the graceful Mexican fiasco—which headlines have disguised as a strategic victory—that hundreds of men and officers are withdrawing.

The big metal men have pledged war materials at cost; but the big metal products were bought up by the Allies months ahead.

There is abundance of ammunition; but there are almost no guns and rifles to use it. I think the United States have fewer than 300 Lewis guns. The Allies have 30,000 now on the Western firing line.

College men and women may volunteer for service; but all the volunteers

on earth are a useless, pathetic rabble without leadership; and the big men most capable of efficient leadership—men whose motives the bitterest enemy could not suspect—have been summarily turned down—I was going to add, "through German manipulation"; but I am compelled to record that it has been through the Wilson administration.

For example—no man has proved himself more capable of leadership in peace and war, or more representative of true American sentiment, than Theodore Roosevelt. Undoubtedly, small politics prevented his nomination in Chicago; but every country in this war has forgotten politics in patriotism and called to leadership the men fitted for the job, independent of party. It has been suggested that the Wilson Administration should so utilize Roosevelt's abilities as a leader and organizer in a coalition cabinet, but the Democrats have so far smiled a deprecatory smile of refusal.

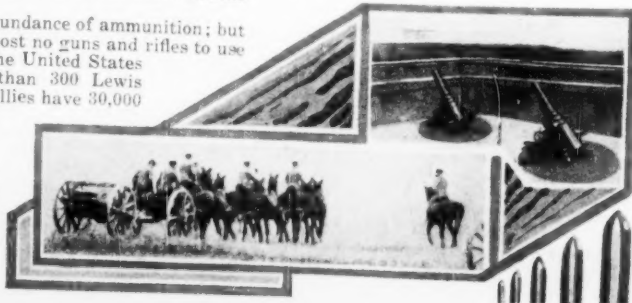
Or take the case of Major Wood. Wood's abilities need no proof. Also he has been utterly unsparring in his criticism of the inefficiency of the Bureaucrats at Washington—the men, for instance, who drove the Lewis gun out of this country. Wood has preached preparedness in season, and out of season. He has not preached "head-line" preparedness, but the soldier's preparedness. He was recently removed from the important department at New York; and on the verge of war, relegated to an obscure Southern post. The Bureaucrats have triumphed.

Or take the case of Snowden Marshall, the United States Attorney for the District of New York. Mr. Marshall has openly regarded the country as at war since the sinking of the *Lusitania*. He has been relentless in his pursuit of German plotters. He has resigned. He is succeeded by a son-in-law of the President's friend.

Partisanship, bureaucracy, nepotism—do not make for union and defence. If preparation for war is to go forward in this fashion, where is the real aid to the Allies?

Now that the country is officially at war, however, there are strong hopes that all such policies will be swept aside and that the Government will profit by the mistakes of the allied democracies and prepare for war on the efficient basis which Britain and France have reached.

WAR COMES to the United States at a time when the majority of Uncle Sam's big family are on a joy-ride of the most riotous prosperity ever known by any people since the beginning of time. They don't see the storm signs. They



won't see the storm signs. America's foreign commerce has all but trebled in three years.

The price of cotton, the price of wheat, the price of copper—all have doubled in three years. Steel that used to be 2 plus cents a pound is now 7 cents. Certain steel products that used to be \$26 to \$28 a ton are now \$70 to \$80 a ton, with more orders ahead for two years than can possibly be filled.

Farmer, miner, factory worker—all are redundantly prosperous.

There is literally not a case of unemployment in the country to-day.

The United States has stored away in bank vaults and mints in pure gold almost seven times as much gold as the mines of the whole world produce in a year. Other nations are pawning their gold ornaments for bread, stripping their street car tracks and kitchens of copper, selling silver and plate for food. Uncle Sam has more gold and silver and copper than he knows what to do with.

Entrenched in opulence, secure against want, with workmen enjoying greater luxuries than royalty can afford in war-drained Europe, what, then, is there, to fear? Where are the storm signals? It is more than the danger of a burglar breaking into a nation's bank vault; though a nation with almost three billions of gold in reserve, while the rest of the world is destitute, must face the fact that its very overplus of wealth is a magnet drawing danger.

It is necessary again to revert back to the question of the danger within the borders of the United States—and along the borders.

First, in the public mind, no doubt, are the plots of Germany to involve the United States in war with Mexico. If Mexico would join Germany in her world aims—incidentally giving Germany bases for submarine war against the United States—Germany would guarantee to Mexico the restoration of Texas, Arizona and New Mexico. These are the promises in the famous Zimmerman note to Carranza intercepted at the border. This note was made public by Wilson at the time the filibusters in the Senate were preventing the arming of American merchant vessels against German submarines. Now the astounding fact is not the revelations in the note. It is the suppression of the information by the American Government for two years. Von Papen was in Mexico from 1911 to the outbreak of the Great War in 1914. In a letter written by a German Admiralty official at this period, reference is made to the ad-

vantages that may accrue to Germany from the employment of the various Mexican factions. It has been known that German gold—and German gold only—has financed every revolutionary party in Mexico from 1911. It has been known because drafts on German banks have paid for munitions going into Mexico. German funds are to-day being transferred from American banks to Mexican banks. When old Huerta was arrested on the border trying to go back to Mexico, the American Government got possession of evidence connecting Von Rintelen's plots on the border with the old Indian chief. Huerta died, and Von Rintelen was caught and imprisoned in England; but to pretend that Germany's machinations in Mexico were unknown to Washington is to act on the assumption that the American public is a fool. In fact, proof exists that the American marines were withdrawn from Vera Cruz solely because Wilson got knowledge that Germany was behind the plots to involve the United States in war with Mexico.

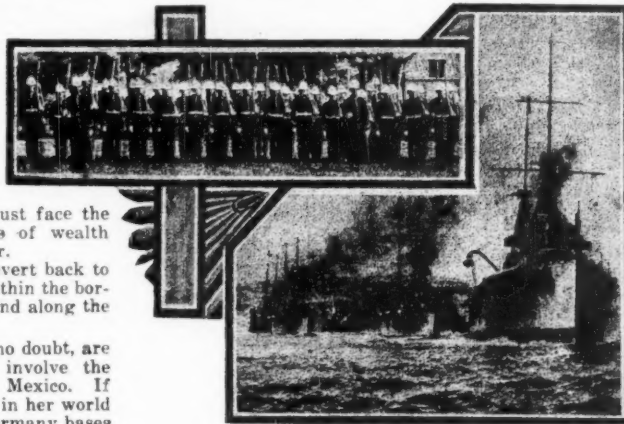
—milk and meat, for instance. At time of writing, the railroad leaders declare frankly if the Supreme Court annuls their eight-hour law, they will halt every wheel of commerce and industry in the United States. That a stoppage of exports would paralyze the Allies in their fight for freedom, they—the labor leaders—do not care.

It does not concern me that the railroad operators charge that these strikes are bribed by German gold. What paralyzes me is the fact that labor leaders, who are fighters for freedom, should place their own personal gains before the world's fight for freedom from despotism. These engineers and conductors, who are behind the threatened strike, are to-day earning from \$200 to \$280 a month—twice the average income of the preacher, teacher, doctor, who has spent seven years preparing for his job.

Or take the case of the dozen filibusters, who in the closing hours of the regular session of Congress prevented a law authorizing the arming of American merchant vessels! If you look up the constituencies of these men, you will find they come exclusively from the pro-German sections of the Middle West or the pro-Irish sections of the East. That is—the love of Germany, or the hatred of England, was stronger in these men than their loyalty to the United States.

It would be easy here to pause and generalize on the *why* of the suppression of facts as to Mexican plots, as to plots against Canada, as to conspiracy against India; on the lack of leadership in the President; and the lack of national cohesion among the people; on labor leaders who seek personal advantage by embarrassing their country when the nation is on the brink of war; on Senators whose hatred of England or love of Germany was greater than their loyalty to the United States. It would be easy to conclude from such evidence that the United States are not a nation, but a congerie of small nations, whose union is a rope of sand.

But the declaration of war may prove to be the tonic that will build up the nation and drive these internal disorders from the blood. The causes of dissension are quoted only as proof of the difficult position in which Uncle Sam stands. That he will rise to his stupendous task and take the part in the world conflict that he is capable of, despite the troubles in his own home, is the firm belief of all.



THE difficulties extend also to purely internal conditions. Take the great railroad strike which has been postponed by special request of the President. Now, there is no doubt that the mounting cost of living is working a terrible hardship on people of small salaried income. Bread has doubled in price. Potatoes have trebled. Meat is 50% higher; but the *prime cause of the increased cost of living is the increased cost of labor to the farmer.* Wages to farm laborers are to-day \$50 a month—twice what they were ten years ago. Farmers have to charge higher for produce or go out of business. It is because so many have gone out of business that certain products have soared in price

THE COWARD

By Alfred Gordon

O, why are you marching off to the war?

You're much too young to be there.

"A bugle blew and I thrilled all through
And I tossed my cap in the air!"

O, why are you marching off to the war?

Will you cheer like that when you die?

"Fight," said the King! Who's questioning,
A traitor, coward or spy?"

O, why are you marching off to the war?

Speak out, man! Are you dumb?

"I saw the star of Trafalgar,
And I heard Drake tapping his drum."

O, why are you marching off to the war,

Blanched white to the lips with wrath?

"Aloof stood I till a nation's cry

Like Christ's from the Cross rang forth!"

And why are you marching off to the war?

And why are you muttering so?

"Pah! It's always the same for the pawns of the game,
But someone's got to go."

Why are you *not* marching off to the war?

Have you mother or child, or wife?

"At home I stayed. I was afraid.
And now I must take my life."



Jeff goes and looks in the glass.
"How do you like my new hat, Myra?"

Sunshine in Mariposa

A Play in Four Acts

Based on "Sunshine Sketches in a Small Town"

By Stephen Leacock

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is a dramatization of Stephen Leacock's best known book. It is not, however, the version that was used by Cyril Maude under the title "Jeff." This short-lived effort was the work of an English dramatist.

The scene of this play is laid in the little town of Mariposa in Ontario, somewhere between Toronto and the Cobalt Silver Country.

ACT I.

Jeff Thorpe's Barber Shop.

ACT III.

Scene 1.—The back parlor of Smith's Hotel, Mariposa.

ACT II.

Four Weeks Later.

Scene 2.—The Vaults of the Mariposa Bank.

Thorpe's "Mining Exchange" (formerly Thorpe's Barber Shop), Mariposa.

ACT IV.

Jeff Thorpe's Barber Shop.

CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY.

(In the order of their appearance.)

MRS. GILLIS, scrub lady and wife of Ben Gillis, caretaker of the Bank.

BILL EVANS, Town Constable of Mariposa.

PETER PUPKIN, second Ledger Keeper of the Exchange Bank, Mariposa, and engaged to—

JEFFERSON THORPE, once of London, England, now Barber of Mariposa.

MYRA THORPE, daughter of Jefferson Thorpe, and employed in the telephone exchange.

ANDY, man of all work at Smith's Hotel.

JOSH SMITH, proprietor of Smith's Hotel.

MR. MULLINS, Manager of the Exchange Bank of Mariposa.

LAWYER MACARTNEY, of the Mariposa Bar.

NORA, the new Irish help at Smith's Hotel.

BEN GILLIS, caretaker of the Bank.

MR. SLYDE, a stranger in Mariposa.

MR. HARSTONE, partner of Mr. Slyde.

ACT ONE.

SCENE.—Jeff Thorpe's Barber Shop in Mariposa: 2 barber chairs, chairs for customers, table with newspapers, hat rack and so on. A cigar case. One corner of the shop partitioned off to the height of 6 or 7 feet, with a frosted glass door and the legend HOT AND COLD BATHS.

At the back of the stage the big window of the shop with a thin muslin over it; through it one sees the Main Street of Mariposa, sleeping in the sun—opposite it is Smith's Hotel.

It is the noon hour of a drowsy day in June. The curtain rises on:

MRS. GILLIS, cleaning up the shop—angular, in rusty black, bare elbows. Her bonnet and light shawl are on a peg. She is on her hands and knees sweeping up stuff off the floor with a little hand broom into a waste paper basket—a litter of hair, crumpled paper and newspapers. She works energetically, talking to herself as she does so.

MRS. GILLIS.—"Land Sakes! the litter of this here place. You'd never think, to look at it, it was all cleaned up good last Wednesday. The bank's bad enough and cleaning the hotel's had enough, but this here barber shop of Mr. Thorpe's is the beat of all. Only just yesterday Mrs. Macartney says to me, 'Mrs. Gillis,' she says, 'it ain't a woman's work, not for a woman like you—' Well! I declare (she has picked up a thick wad of black hair and is

examining it) if Jim Kedger ain't been having his hair cut! At last!"

[There is heard someone shaking at the handle of the street door. Mrs. Gillis goes over to the door and speaks close to the crack of it, her head sideways.]

MRS. GILLIS.—"Mr. Thorpe ain't here. he's to his house to his dinner." (She goes on cleaning and talking.) "And it ain't only the hair and the shaving soap and that. What does Mr. Thorpe do but he must spend all his spare time cutting up newspapers and throwing 'em all over the place." (She uncrumples and unfolds some crumpled newspapers that are lying on the floor and reads the title, with difficulty.) "To-ron-to Mining Noose—C-o-cobalt Nugget—C-o-m—Commercial—Something Times—well, I never! That's the way its been ever since Mr. Thorpe got took up with this mining idee—"

[She has now filled up the basket and goes and empties it over the top of the partitioned space marked HOT AND COLD BATHS, beating on the bottom with her hand to make it empty. Again someone tries the handle of the door and knocks at it. Mrs. Gillis again goes to the door.]

MRS. GILLIS.—"Mr. Thorpe aint here. He's to his dinner to his house" (A voice is heard outside making an enquiry, but the words cannot be distinguished.) "Eh, for the excursion on the steamer? Well, he said he'd be back at one and be in lots of time to shave the folks for the excursion." (She goes on cleaning. She

fills her basket and again empties it over the top of the Hot and Cold Baths space. She then picks up a wet cloth and sets to wiping the wood work of the drawer and cupboard with terrific energy. In doing this she accidentally pulls one drawer open with great force. The bottom of it falls out and a bundle of odd looking papers falls to the floor.) "There! That comes of brim fillin' up these drawers with his old truck. You can't no more than touch anything but it falls to pieces on you." (She picks up one of the papers and looks at it. It is a big pink certificate, with scroll work and big letters on it. She spells it out.) "C-o-r-o-n-a, Coroney, J-e-Jewel, Mining C-o-r-p-o-r-a-t-i-o-n, Company, Coroney Jewell Mining Company—In-t-e-r-i-m, Internal, Certificate—Well, now, of all the litter that man does gather up. If I didn't get in here onct in a while to clean up, he'd have the place full of it—"

[She gathers up the certificates, that are scattered over the floor, stuffs them into the basket and empties them over into the Hot and Cold Baths. Someone knocks again.]

MRS. GILLIS.—"Mr Thorpe is to his—" Voice of PETER PUPKIN outside.—"Oh is that you Mrs. Gillis. Could you just let me in for a moment?"

MRS. GILLIS.—"Oh, is that you, Mr. Pupkin?"

[She unlocks the door. Enter Peter Pupkin, young, neatly dressed, pink and white, foolish, but good.]

PUPKIN.—"Mr. Thorpe's not here, eh!"

MRS. GILLIS (with a sort of *simper*).—"I'll garantee it wasn't to see Mr. Thorpe that you come in, Mr. Pupkin. But if it's Miss Myra you're after, she'd ought to be here any minute. She mostly comes in on her way to work after dinner."

PUPKIN.—"Well—yes—I did half think I might—I might sort of see Miss Myra. But I really have business with Mr. Thorpe, too, bank business."

MRS. GILLIS.—"Owen-deed!"

PUPKIN.—"Yes, confidential business. The point is,—this of course is absolutely confidential,—his note is due to-day for thirty-six dollars and fifty cents, and we'll have to protest it."

MRS. GILLIS.—"Well now, think of that. Would they send him to jail for that, likely?"

PUPKIN (laughs).—"Oh, no, Mrs. Gillis, why you've no idea how many people there are here in Mariposa that have notes protested. Of course we keep it absolutely quiet in the bank—it's a sort of sacred confidence, don't you see,—but take this morning alone, Jim Eliot at the drug store, seventy-one dollars. The cement company forty-six dollars, Perry and Perry, thirty-one dollars,—only we don't talk about it."

MRS. GILLIS.—"Well, now! And Mr. Thorpe he owes money too! I'm right sorry for it. But I ain't surprised, Mr. Pupkin, with him running round as he is and with his mind just nowhere. Ever since he's got took with this mining idee, he's just here and there and all over the place. 'Mr. Thorpe,' I says to him last week, 'you're neglecting your business,' says I, (for I'm an old friend like, Mr. Pupkin: I remember well Mr. Thorpe's missus, that was, when they first came out from the Old Country here to Marposey years ago: and a sweet woman she was, indeed, Mr. Pupkin, so quiet like; folks said Mr. Thorpe wasn't never the same after she died, till Miss Myra began to grow up and take her place like—), 'well,' I says, 'Mr. Thorpe,' I says, 'your neglecting your business.'"

PUPKIN.—"And what did he say? Was he angry?"

MRS. GILLIS.—"Angry! Mr. Thorpe don't never get angry. He just looked at me as if he felt sorry for me. 'Mrs. Gillis,' says he, 'I'm going to be a rich man.' Him rich, Mr. Pupkin! (she gurgles). Why every lost soul in Marposey knows he ain't paid Josh Smith no rent for this shop for six months back. 'Mr. Thorpe,' I says (for I speak to him like an old friend), 'you ain't paid no rent for six months.' 'Mrs. Gillis,' he says, 'the rent is all right. Renting this shop to me,' he says, 'is going to be the biggest deal for Josh Smith that he ever put through. When I'm rich,' he says, 'I'm



"I'm giving this man a sort of rush shampoo."

going to make Josh Smith my private secretary."

PUPKIN.—"But, I say, Josh Smith can't read and write, not properly."

MRS. GILLIS.—"Why, that's what I said, Mr. Pupkin. I just had to laff, 'Josh Smith,' I says, 'why he can't read and write.' 'He don't need to read and write,' says Mr. Thorpe, 'not to be my secretary, I'm going to be that rich, Mrs. Gillis that my secretary won't need to read and write. But don't tell Smith,' says he, 'I don't want him to know it, not till I'm rich.' Mr. Pupkin, I just had to laugh, and yet I felt kind of sorry too. 'When I'm rich,' and 'when I'm rich,' and 'When I'm rich,'—that's the way he goes on all the time since he's got took with this Cobalt idee—"

[At this moment a band is heard playing down the street—Oh Canada, Terre de nos aïeux.]

[Mrs. Gillis and Pupkin go to the window, looking out sideways and listening.]

MRS. GILLIS.—"Yes, it's the band playing down to the wharf. They'd ought to get a big crowd to-day. That's real pretty that, O Canada, aint it? Where my Ben and I was brought up (we're Nova Scotia people, Mr. Pupkin) we didn't have that. It was the Maple Leaf down there. But Oh Canada sounds real pretty, don't it?"

[She breaks off, and points over towards the hotel.]

MRS. GILLIS.—"Well, I declare, there's Lawyer Macartney going into the bar, over to Smith's. That's four drinks he's had since I came here at half past twelve, and yet he never don't seem to show it—and who would that be now standing over in the door—"

PUPKIN.—"I don't seem to recognize him."

MRS. GILLIS.—"I guess he's a stranger



"If I didn't get in here once in a while to clean up, he'd have the place full of it."

in town. He must have come in off the morning train—looks like he came from the city." (She looks again, and speaks in a changed voice.) "Oh, Mr. Pupkin!"

PUPKIN.—"What is it—Oh, I see—"
MRS. GILLIS.—"It's my man Ben, Mr. Pupkin—look, he's gone into the bar—Oh, Mr. Pupkin, he's started in drinking again. All this week he's been at it. And him such a fine man, Mr. Pupkin, just as long as he don't touch anything. All the two years we had Local Option (she half sobs) he never touched a drop. 'Ruth,' he says to me, 'I'm going to swear off.' And he kept it, Mr. Pupkin, he kept to it all the time it was Local Option. And then when they opened the bars again last year he started in again. Oh, Mr. Pupkin, can't your folks in the bank do something to stop him? He works for you so he ought to listen to what you'd say."

PUPKIN.—"Why, Mrs. Gillis, I'm awfully sorry. We do what we can. Only last week the manager offered to dismiss him if he didn't quit. We all want to help him you know—"

[A long steam whistle is heard.]

MRS. GILLIS (recovering herself).—
"There's the one o'clock whistle. I'll just open up the shop, Mr. Pupkin. I'll go to

see to Ben and perhaps you wouldn't mind staying here till Mr. Thorpe or Miss Myra comes—" (She starts to put on her bonnet and shawl and tidy herself up; she goes to one of the mirrors.) "Dear! Dear! The state I'm in—" (She takes up some of the barber powders, cosmetics, etc., and fixes up her cheeks.)

PUPKIN.—"Oh, and Mrs. Gillis, perhaps you wouldn't mind—you're sure to meet Mr. Thorpe on the street—you might just give him this note, will you? I hardly like—it's thirty-six fifty. Tell him it has to be paid to-day—but it doesn't matter—it's only a matter of form."

MRS. GILLIS.—"All right, I'll give it to him (goes to the door)—and here's Miss Myra coming right along now—so good-bye Mr. Pupkin."

[Exit Mrs. Gillis.]

PUPKIN (looking down the street left).—"Here she comes. By Jove, doesn't she look nice! If I'm not the luckiest fellow—"

[Enter Myra.]

MYRA.—"Peter!"

PUPKIN.—"Myra!"

[They embrace at the door.]

MYRA (as Peter leads her into the shop).—"What were you saying all to yourself at the door?"

PUPKIN.—"I was saying I was the luckiest fellow in Mariposa."

MYRA.—"Oh, you silly boy."

[They kiss again.]

PUPKIN.—"I say, you look awfully nice this afternoon."

MYRA.—"Don't you see why? Don't you notice anything?"

PUPKIN.—"No-o, not exactly."

MYRA.—"Oh, Peter. You're so provoking. You never notice anything."

PUPKIN.—"I see you look awfully nice."

MYRA.—"Yes, but my hat, my new hat—(she runs to one of the mirrors.) Just think, only two dollars—but you should have seen it when I got it—hideous—I tore all the trimming off it, so, and threw away the band, and then bent the straw up, so, and put a little bit of muslin and the flower, so—don't you like it?"

[Turns, facing PUPKIN.]

MYRA.—"And you know, Peter, after all, it's awfully nice now that I have a job in the Telephone Exchange, to think that I can save money and help too."

PUPKIN.—"But I say, Myra, you didn't come into the bank this morning. I watched for you all the time. I had the savings ledger open at the very page, all ready, with Myra Thorpe written at the top of it. It looks fine—didn't they pay your salary to-day after all?"

MYRA (confused).—"Yes, dear, they gave it to me—only—I spent it."

PUPKIN (disappointed).—"Spent it? Why, Myra—Oh, of course, it's all right, dear. I know, you need clothes and things. And your new hat—"

MYRA (still confused).—"No, no, Peter, it wasn't my hat—it was—"

PUPKIN.—"Oh, Myra—I see what you mean. You gave the money to your father again?"

MYRA.—"Yes, dear, I gave it to father. Peter, I couldn't help it. He seemed to need it so badly, Peter. Don't think that father asked me for it. He'd never, never do that. It was for a mine, the Lone Star Mine. Father said if he had thirty dollars he could turn it into three thousand in a week—and he seemed to need it so badly—and it's in my name and father says he wants us to buy a house with the three thousand, for when we're married. He's going to take me to look for one right away. Oh, Peter, do you think it possible, could father make all that money with it?"

PUPKIN (shaking his head sadly).—"No, dear, utterly impossible. We see it in the bank every day. It's only the big people, the inside people, that make money from the silver country. I don't want to be unkind, dear, and really I'm not thinking of the money for ourselves, but don't, please don't, give money again to your father. Only harm comes of it. Myra, you don't know how awful speculation is. We see it every day in the bank—since the silver boom began. People that had had savings with us for years—ruined—drawing out their last cent, and their hands trembling as they write—to gamble it on silver. It's dreadful. I'll never forget when the Abbitibi mine broke and Nightgale shot himself over in the back room at the Hotel. He'd worked next to me for ten years in the bank—all his mother's money, Myra, think of it—and lost. I saw him in his coffin. They couldn't even let his mother look at him—(he shudders). Myra, darling, try to keep your father from it, if you can."

MYRA.—"I know, Peter. I know. I think of it all the time. But father seems so set on it all. He thinks about nothing else, and all the time at the mining exchange and the newspaper office—to-day he didn't come home to dinner at all—it was all ready and he didn't come. But he's not like the others, Peter, really not. He doesn't care for money for himself. He says he wants it for a great purpose, for a great good that he's going to do."

PUPKIN (gently and kindly).—"They all say that, Myra, dear."

[Voices outside. Myra glances from the window.]

MYRA.—"Here are some people coming. It's Lawyer Macartney and Mr. Smith. I must go. I'll talk with father."

[Enter MR. SMITH and LAWYER MACARTNEY. SMITH, the proprietor of the hotel, is rotund, shrewd, kindly-looking. MACARTNEY, grim, grizzled, rusty black, a wide-awake hat—a pettifogging country lawyer and selfish. There is nothing to admire in him.]

MR. SMITH (as they come in).—"Jeff aint in, eh? Don't let me interrupt—"

MYRA.—"Father will be back in a minute, Mr. Smith. Good afternoon, Mr. Macartney. If you'll wait, father'll be here in a minute. I must run now. Good-bye Peter."

PUPKIN.—"Good-bye."

SMITH — MACARTNEY. — "Good afternoon, Miss Myra."

[Exit Myra.]

SMITH. — "Getting a shave, eh, Pete?" (Laughs.)

PUPKIN. — "Yes—that is—I just ran in—I thought I'd—have my hair cut—but I guess I'll run along. They need me up at the bank—"

SMITH (jocosely). — "Yes, and I guess Miss Myra might need you to walk up street with her—so long, Peter."

[Exit PUPKIN.]

[SMITH and MACARTNEY take papers and sit down. SMITH takes a picture paper.]

MACARTNEY (putting on his glasses and taking a look at the heading). — "I see here where it says that Sir Wilfred Laurier says—" (Jumps up with a start and dashes the paper to the table.) "Vuff! It's the Mail!"

SMITH. — "What's the matter?"

MACARTNEY. — "Vuff! It's the Toronto Mail—miserable Conservative rag"—(he picks up the "Globe" and starts reading the headings with deep grunts and growls of internal satisfaction.) "Big Liberal gain in Essex—hm—bye election favors Laurier—hm—Conservative party doomed. That's more like a newspaper."

[There appears in the doorway BILL, the town constable of Mariposa. He wears a sort of uniform and carries a baton. He has a sleepy face.]

CONSTABLE (with a huge yawn). — "Jeff—in?"

SMITH. — "Come in, Bill. Jeff's up street. He'll be here in a minute."

CONSTABLE. — "Well (yawn), I guess I'll (yawn) set down and wait—kind o' thought—I'd get an egg shampoo. It helps to keep a feller awake (yawn)."

[He takes a paper and sits down.]

MACARTNEY. — "There's two of us ahead of you already, Constable."

CONSTABLE. — "S'all right, I aint in any hurry. Drowsy afternoon, aint it?"—(huge yawn).

MACARTNEY. — "I suppose you are only in a hurry when you're arresting somebody, eh, Constable? Har! Har!"

CONSTABLE. — "Aint arrested any yet—not here in Mariposa—only been here two years. Where I was before I arrested a feller once. Kind o' complicated case."

MACARTNEY. — "What was it, murder?"

BILL. — No—not altogether. Selling

peanuts without a license. Made a big stir" (yawn).

[The band as before heard rather faintly playing "O, Canada." A steamboat whistles.]

SMITH (looks out of window). — "Playing for the excursion, eh? They'd ought to get a good crowd to-day."

[Voices outside.]

SMITH. — "Here's Jeff coming now."

JEFF's voice outside (very brisk). —

"All right, ten cents a share, fifty shares. Done. I'll take it."

[The band continues to play "O, Canada," and in comes JEFFERSON THORPE. He enters with a buzz—half a sandwich in his hand, his pockets full of newspapers, mining journals and certificates, with a great air of business; he continues eating his sandwich, at the same time putting his newspapers down and changing into his barber's coat.]

JEFF. — "Now, then, next! Whoever's first's next. Good afternoon Mr. Macartney—Josh—Bill—if any one of you's going on the excursion I'll take him first."

[The three all start protesting in favor of the others.]

SMITH. — "I aint in no hurry."

MACARTNEY. — "After you, Smith, after you."

BILL. — "S'al right. You fellows go on."

JEFF (briskly stropping his razor). — "Now then, is any of you three boys going on the excursion?"

SMITH — MACARTNEY. — "No, I didn't think of it."

BILL (yawning). — "Well I kind of thought I might take it in. I'm on duty. I've gotta be somewhere."

JEFF. — "All right. Come along then, I'll shave you first." (Motions BILL to the chair, cranks it back with a jolt till BILL is nearly flat, throws a barber's sheet clean over him. Violent stropping of razor. Then he suddenly uncovers BILL.)

JEFF. — "Hot or cold water?"

BILL. — "Hot."

JEFF. — "Hot it is." (Covers him up again.) "I'll just put the kettle on and boil it up."

[He lights a very small flame, a mere taper, under a very large iron kettle. Then all at once an air of quiet leisure comes over JEFF's movements. He comes back from the kettle to the chair and leans against it with his

back to BILL. He takes a paper out of his pocket, puts on spectacles and starts to read it.]

MACARTNEY. — "Is that the noon paper?"

JEFF. — "No. Train aint in yet (looking through the headings). Fair and warm. It's last night's. Ten-pound bass caught in the Lake. I was looking for a piece Johnson said was here. Aged couple celebrate—that's not it. Old beaver dam found in Toronto Park—no—new coffer dam for Welland Canal—no—"

SMITH. — "Beat's all what a lot of noose there is in summer time."

JEFF. — "Will damm all Niagara—no—Ohio breaks damm—"

MACARTNEY. — "Are you looking for a silver mine?"

JEFF. — "Why, I thought it said something about the Lone Star, but it don't seem to."

MACARTNEY. — "The Lone Star! Har! Har! You won't find it in the paper any more. Why, the thing's clean broke."

JEFF. — "Broke! Why I tell you that mine's just beginning. There's more money in that mine—"

[Enter ANDY, the man of all work at Smith's Hotel. He has a club foot that drags, and a decent face, and speaks with a hunk-de-hunk in his voice.]

ANDY (looking toward SMITH). — "Say, Billy sent me over from the bar. That stranger that just come in from Toronto this morning wants a drink."

SMITH. — "Well, why don't Billy give it to him?"

ANDY. — "He says he wants a Noo York Golden Fizz."

SMITH. — "Well, tell Billy to make him one."

ANDY. — "Billy says he don't know how."

SMITH. — "He don't? Well tell him to—take about a half a pint of whiskey and—is there any eggs in the bar?"

ANDY. — "Only what was there from last week."

SMITH. — "Them'll do. Tell him to put a couple of eggs in—and anything else he's got handy—and to shake it up good. That's a Sparkling Fizz. And tell him to shake it behind the bar, see?"

ANDY. — "Behind the bar!" (Starts to go out.)

Continued on page 75.



The Gun Brand

A Romance of the Canadian Northland

By James B. Hendryx

Author of "Marquard the Silent," "The Promise," etc.

Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards



Pierre Lapierre, the river boss, who shapes up at the start like the hero of this story.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"WHAT does it mean?" asked Chloe, and Lapierre noticed that her eyes were alight with interest. "Who is this MacNair, and—"

For answer Lapierre took her gently by the arm and led her back to the log.

"MacNair," he began, "is the most atrocious tyrant that ever breathed. Like myself, he is a free-trader—that is, he is not in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. He is rich, and owns a permanent post of his own, to the northward, on Snare Lake, while I vend my wares under God's own canopy, here and there upon the banks of lakes and rivers."

"But why should he attack you?"

The man shrugged. "Why? Because he hates me. He hates any one who deals fairly with the Indians. His own Indians, a band of the Yellow Knives, together with an offscouring of Tantsawhoots, Beavers, Dog-ribs, Strongbows, Hares, Brushwoods, Sheep and Huskies, he holds in abject peonage. Year in and year out he forces them to dig in his mines for their bare existence. Over on the Athabasca they call him Brute MacNair, and among the Loucheaux and Huskies he is known as The-Bad-Man-of-the-North."

"He pays no cash for labor, nor for fur, and he sees to it that his Indians are always hopelessly in his debt. He trades them whisky. They are his. His to work, and to cheat, and to debauch, and to vent his rage upon—for his passions are the wild, unbridled passions of the fighting wolf. He kills! He maims! Or he allows to live! The Indians are his, body and soul. Their wives and their children are his. He owns them. He is the law!"

"He warned me out of the north. I ignored that warning. The land is broad and free. There is room for all, therefore, I brought in my goods and traded. And, because I refused to grind the poor savages under the iron heel of oppression, because I offer a meager trifle over and above what is necessary for their bare existence, the brute hates me. He came upon me at Fort Rae, and there, in the presence of the factor, his clerk, and his chief trader, he fell upon me and beat me so that for three days I lay unable to travel."

"But the others!" interrupted the girl, "the factor and his men! Why did they allow it?"

Again the gleam of hate flashed in the man's eyes. "They allowed it because they are in league with him. They fear him. They fear his hold upon the Indians. So long as he maintains a permanent post a hundred and seventy-five miles to the northward—more than two hundred and fifty by the water trail—they know that he will not seriously injure the trade at Fort Rae. With me it is different. I trade here, and there, wherever the children of the wilderness

are to be found. Therefore, I am hated by the men of the Hudson Bay Company who would have been only too glad had MacNair killed me."

are to be found. Therefore, I am hated by the men of the Hudson Bay Company who would have been only too glad had MacNair killed me."

CHLOE, who had listened eagerly to every word, leaped up to her feet and looked at Lapierre with shining eyes. "Oh! I think it is splendid! You are brave, and you stand for the right of things, for the welfare of the Indians! I see now why the factor warned me against you! He wanted to discredit you."

Lapierre smiled. "The factor? What factor? And what did he tell you?"

"The factor at the Landing. 'Beware of Pierre Lapierre,' he said; and when I asked him who Pierre Lapierre was, and why I should beware of him, he shrugged his shoulders and would say nothing."

Lapierre nodded. "Ah, yes—the company men—the factors and traders have no love for the free-trader. We cannot blame them. It is tradition. For nearly two and one-half centuries the company has stood for power and authority in the outlands—and has reaped the profits of the wild places. Let us be generous. It is an old and respectable institution. It deals fairly enough with the Indians—by its own measure of fairness, it is true—but fairly enough. With the company I have no quarrel."

"But with MacNair—" he stopped abruptly and shrugged. The gleam of hate that flashed in his eyes always at the mention of the name faded. "But why speak of him—surely there are more pleasant subjects," he smiled, "for instance your school—it interests me greatly."

"Interests you! I thought it displeased you! Surely a look of annoyance or suspicion leaped from your eyes when I mentioned my mission."

The man laughed lightly. "Yes? And can you blame me—when I thought you were in league with Brute MacNair? For, since his post was established, no independent save myself has dared to en-

croach upon even the borders of his empire."

Chloe Elliston flushed deeply. "And you thought I would league myself with a man like that?"

"Only for a moment. Stop and think. All my life I have lived in the north, and, except for a few scattered priests and missionaries, no one has pushed beyond the outposts for any purpose other than for gain. And the trader's gain is the Indian's loss—for, few deal fairly. Therefore, when I came upon your big outfit upon the very threshold of MacNair's domain, I thought, of course, this was some new machination of the brute. Even now I do not understand—the expense, and all. The Indians cannot afford to pay for education."

IT WAS the girl's turn to laugh. A rippling, light-hearted laugh—the laughter of courage and youth. The barrier that had suddenly loomed between herself and this man of the north vanished in a breath. He had shown her her work. Had pointed out to her a foeman worthy of her steel. She darted a swift glance toward Lapierre who sat staring into the fire. Would not this man prove an invaluable ally in her war of deliverance?

"Do not trouble yourself about the expense," she smiled. "I have money—'oodles of it,' as we used to say in school—millions, if I need them! And I'm going to fight this Brute MacNair until I drive him out of the north! And you? Will you help me to rid the country of this scourge and free the people from his tyranny? Together we could work wonders. For your heart is with the Indians, as mine is."

Again the girl glanced into the man's face and saw that the deep-set black eyes fairly glittered with enthusiasm and eagerness—an eagerness and enthusiasm that a keener observer than Chloe Elliston might have noticed, sprang into being suspiciously coincident with her mention of the millions. Lapierre did not answer at once, but deftly rolled a cigarette. The end of the cigarette glowed brightly as he filled his lungs and blew a plume of gray smoke into the air.

"Allow me a little time to think. For this is a move of importance, and to be undertaken not lightly. It is no easy task you have set yourself. It is possible you will not win—highly probable, in fact, for—"

"But I shall win! I am right—and

upon my winning depends the future of a people! Think it over until to-morrow, if you will, but—" She paused abruptly, and her soft, hazel eyes peered searchingly into the depths of the restless black ones. "Your sympathies are with the Indians, aren't they?"

Lapierre tossed the half-smoked cigarette onto the ground. "Can you doubt it?" The man's eyes were not gleaming now, and into their depths had crept a look of ineffable sadness.

"They are my people," he said softly. "Miss Elliston, I am an Indian!"

CHAPTER IV.

CHLOE SECURES AN ALLY.

A SHOUT from the bank heralded the appearance of the first scow, which was closely followed by the two others. When they had landed, Lapierre issued a few terse orders, and the scowmen leaped to his bidding. The overturned scow was righted and loaded, and the remains of the demolished whisky-kegs burned. Lapierre himself assisted the three women to their places, and as Chloe seated himself near the bow, he smiled into her eyes.

"Vermilion was a good riverman, but so am I. Do you think you can trust your new pilot?"

Somehow, the words seemed to imply more than the mere steering of a scow. Chloe flushed slightly, hesitated a moment, and then returned the man's smile frankly.

"Yes," she answered gravely. "I know I can."

Their eyes met in a long look. Lapierre gave the command to shove off, and when the scows were well in the grip of the current, he turned again to the girl at his side. Their hands touched, and again Chloe was conscious of the strange, new thrill that quickened her heartbeats. She did not withdraw her hand, and the fingers of Lapierre closed about her palm. He leaned toward her. "Only quarter Indian," he said softly. "My grandmother was the daughter of a great chief."

The girl felt the hot blood mount to her face and gently withdrew her hand. Somehow, she could not tell why, the words seemed good to hear. She smiled, and Lapierre, who was watching her intently, smiled in return.

"We are approaching quick water; we will cover many miles to-day, and to-night beside the camp-fire we will talk further."

Chloe's eyes searched the scows. "Where are the two men who attacked Lena? Your men captured them."

Lapierre's smile hardened. "Those who deserted me for Vermilion? Oh, I — dismissed them from my service."

H OUR after hour, as the scows rushed northward, Chloe watched the shores glide past; watched the swirling, boiling water of the river; watched the solemn-faced scowmen, and the silent, vigilant pilot; but most of all she watched the pilot, whose quick eye picked out the devious channel, and whose clear, alert brain directed, with a movement of the lance-like pole, the labors of the men at the sweeps.

She contrasted his manner — quiet, graceful, sure — with that of Vermilion, the very swing of whose pole proclaimed the vaunting, arrogant braggart. And she noted the difference in the attitude of the scowmen toward these two leaders. Their obedience to Vermilion's orders had been a surly, protesting obedience; while their obedience to Lapierre's slightest motion was the quiet, alert obedience that proclaimed the master of men, as his own silent vigilance proclaimed him master of the roaring waters.

When the sun finally dipped behind the barren, scrub-topped hills, the scows were beached at the mouth of a deep ravine, from whose depths sounded the trickle of a tiny cascade. Lapierre assisted the women from the scow, issued a few short commands, and, as if by magic, a dozen fires flashed upon the beach, and in an incredibly short space of time Chloe found herself seated upon her blankets inside her mosquito-barred tent.

Supper over, Harriet Penny immediately sought her bed, and Lapierre led Chloe to a brightly burning camp-fire.

Near by other fires burned, surrounded by dark, savage figures that showed indistinct in the half-light. The girl's eyes rested for a moment upon Lapierre, whose thin, handsome features, richly tanned by the long exposure to the northern winds and sun, presented a pleasing contrast to

the swart, flat faces of the rivermen, who sat in groups about their fires, or lay wrapped in their blankets upon the gravel.

"You have decided?" abruptly asked Chloe, in a voice of ill-concealed eagerness. Lapierre's face became at once grave, and he gazed somberly into the fire.

"I have pondered deeply. Through the long hours, while the scow rushed into the north, there came to me a vision of my people. In the rocks, in the bush, and the ragged hills I saw it; and in the swirl of the mighty river. And the vision was good!"

The voice of the man's Indian grandmother spoke from his lips, and the soul of her glowed in his deep-set eyes.

"Even now *Sahhalee Tyce* speaks from the stars of the night sky. My people shall learn the wisdom of the white man. The power of the oppressor shall be broken, and the children of the far places shall come into their own."

The man's voice had dropped into the rhythmic

intonation of the Indian orator, and his eyes were fixed upon the flames that curled, lean and red, among the dry stick of the camp-fire. Chloe gazed in fascination into the wrapt face of this man of many moods. The soul of the girl caught the enthusiasm of his words, and she, too, saw the vision — saw it as she had seen it upon the wave-lapped rock of the river-bank.

"You will help me?" she cried; "will you join forces with me in a war against the ruthless exploitation of a people who should be as free and unfettered as the air they breathe?"

Lapierre bent his gaze upon her face slowly, like one emerging from a trance.

"Yes," he answered deliberately: "it is of that I wish to speak. Let us consider the obstacles in our path — the matter of official interference. The government will soon learn of your activities, and the government is prone to look askance at any tampering with the Indians by an institution not connected with the church or the state."

"I have my permit," Chloe answered, "and many commendatory letters from Ottawa. The men who rule were inclined to think I would accomplish nothing; but they were willing to let me try."

"That, then, disposes of our most serious difficulty. Will you tell me now where you intend to locate?"

"There is too much traffic upon the river," answered the girl. "The scow brigades pass and repass; and, at least until my little colony is fairly established, it must be located in some place uncontaminated by the presence of so rough, lawless, and drunken an element. As I told you before, I do not know where my ideal site is to be found. I had intended to talk the matter over with the factor at Fort Rae."

"What!" That devil of a Haldane? The man who is hand-in-glove with Brute MacNair!"

"You forget," smiled the girl, "that until this day I never even heard of Brute MacNair."

The man smiled. "Very true. I had forgotten. But it is fortunate indeed that chance threw us together. I tremble to think what would have been your fate should you have acted upon the advice of Colin Haldane."

"But surely you know the country. You will advise me."

"Yes, I will advise you. I am with you in this venture; with you to the last gasp; with you heart and soul, until that devil MacNair is dead or driven out of the north, and his Indians scattered to the four winds."

"Scattered! Why scattered? Why not held together for their education and betterment? And you say you will be with me until MacNair is either dead or driven out of the north. What then — will you desert me then? This MacNair is only an obstacle in our path — an obstacle to be brushed aside that the real work may begin. Yet you spoke as though he were the main issue."

Lapierre interrupted her, speaking rapidly: "Yes, of course. Bear with me, I pray you. I spoke hastily, and without thinking. My feelings for the moment carried me away. As you see, the marks of the Brute's hands are still too fresh upon me for me to regard him impersonally — an obstacle, as it were. To me he is a brute! A fiend! A demon! I hate him!"



LAPIERRE shook a clenched fist toward the north, and the words fairly snarled between his lips. With an effort he controlled himself. "I have in mind the very place for your school, a spot accessible from all directions—the mouth of the Yellow Knife River, upon the north arm of Great Slave Lake. There you will be unmolested by the debauching rivermen, and yet within easy reach of any who may desire to take advantage of your school. The very place above all places! In the whole north you could not have chosen a better! And I shall accompany you, and direct the building of your houses and stockade.

"MacNair will learn shortly of your fort—everything is a 'fort' up here—and he will descend upon you like a ramping lion. When he finds you are a woman, he will do you no violence. He will scent at once a rival trading-post and will hurt your cause in every way possible; will use every means to discredit you among the Indians, and to discourage you. But even he will do a woman no physical harm.

"And right here let me caution you—do not temporize with him. He stands in the north for oppression; gain at any cost; for debauchery—everything that you do not. Between you and Brute MacNair there can be no truce. He is powerful. Do not for a moment underrate either his strength or his sagacity. He is a man of wealth, and his hold upon the Indians is absolute. I cannot remain with you, but through my Indians I shall keep in touch with you, work with you; and together we will accomplish the downfall of this brute of the north."

For a long time the two figures sat by the fire while the camp slept, and talked of many things. And when, well toward midnight, Chloe Elliston retired to her tent, she felt that she had known this man always. For it is the way of life that stress of events, and not duration of time, marks the measure of acquaintance and intimacy. Pierre Lapierre, Chloe Elliston had known but one day, and yet she believed that among all her acquaintances this man she knew best.

By the fire Lapierre's eyes followed the girl until she disappeared within the tent, and as he looked a huge figure arose from the deep shadows of the scrub, and with a hand grasping the flap of the tent, turned and stared, silent and grim and forbidding, straight into Lapierre's eyes. The man turned away with a frown. The figure was Big Lena.

CHAPTER V.

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS.

AT THE mouth of the Slave River the outfit was transferred to twelve large freight canoes, each carrying three tons, and manned by six lean-shouldered canoe-men, in charge of one Louis Lefroy, Lapierre's boss canoe-man. Straight across the vast expanse of Great Slave Lake they headed, and skirting the shore of the North Arm, upon the evening of the second day, entered the Yellow Knife River.

The site selected by Pierre Lapierre for Chloe Elliston's school was, in point of location, as the quarter-breed had said, an excellent one. Upon a level plateau at the top of the high bank that slants steeply to the water of the Yellow Knife River, a short distance above its mouth, Lapierre set the canoe-men to cutting the

timber and brush from a wide area. The girl had come into the north fully prepared for a long sojourn, and in her thirty-odd tons of outfit were found all tools necessary for the clearing of land and the erection of buildings. Brushwood and trees fell before the axes of the half-breeds and Indians, who worked in a sort of frenzy under the lashing drive of Lapierre's tongue; and the night skies glowed red in the flare of the flames where the brush and tree-tops burned in the clearing.

Two days later a rectangular clearing, three hundred by five hundred feet, was completed, and early in the morning of the third day Chloe stood beside Lapierre and looked over the cleared oblong with its piles of smoking gray ashes and its groups of logs that lay ready to be rolled into place form the walls of her buildings.

Lapierre seemed ill at ease. Immediately upon the arrival of the outfit he had dispatched two of his own Indians northward to spy upon the movements of MacNair, for the man made no secret of his desire to be well upon his way before the trader should learn of the building of the fort on the river.

It had been Chloe's idea to lay out her "village," as she called it, upon a rather elaborate scheme, the plans for which had been drawn by an architect whose clients' tastes ran to million-dollar "summer cottages" at Seashore-by-the-Sea.

FIRST, there was to be the school itself, an ornate building of crossed rafters and overhanging eaves. Then the dormitories, two long, parallel buildings with halls, individual rooms, and baths—one for the women and one for men—the two to be connected by a common dining-hall in such a manner as to form three sides of a hollow square. Connected to the dining-hall was to be a commodious kitchen, and back of that a fully equipped carpenter-shop and a laundry.

There were also to be a trading-post, where the Indians could purchase supplies at cost; a six-room cottage for the accommodation of Big Lena, Miss Penny, and Chloe; and numerous three-room cabins for the housing of whole families of Indians, which the girl fondly pictured as flocking in from the wilderness to have the errors of their heathenish religion pointed out to them upon a brand-new blackboard, and the discomforts of their nomadic lives assuaged by an introduction to collapsible bath-tubs and the multiplication table. For hers was to be a mission as well as a school. Truly the souls north of sixty were destined to owe her much, for they borrow cheerfully, and repay—never.

So much for Chloe Elliston's plan. Lapierre, however, had his own eminently more practical, if less Utopian, ideas concerning the erection of a trading-post; for in the quarter-breed's mind the planting of an independent trading-post upon the very threshold of MacNair's wilderness empire was of far greater importance than the establishment of a school, or mission, or any other institution—especially when the post was one which he himself had set about to control. The man's eyes gleamed and the thin lips smiled as his glance rested momentarily upon the figure of the girl—the unwitting, and therefore the more powerful, weapon that chance had placed in his hands in his battle against MacNair.

His idea of a post was simplicity itself: One long, log trading-room with an ell for a storehouse, and a room—two at the most—in the rear for the accommodation of the three women. The whole to be erected in the centre of the clearing, and surrounded by a fifteen-foot log stockade.

Boldly he broached his plan.

"But this is *not* a trading-post!" objected the girl. "The store is a side issue and is to be conducted merely to permit those who take the advantage of my school to obtain the necessities of life at a fair and reasonable price."

"Your words were well chosen, Miss Elliston. For if you begin to undersell the H. B. C., and more especially the independents, every Indian in the north will proceed to 'take advantage' of your school and of you also."

"But they are being robbed!"

Lapierre smiled. "They do not know it; they are used to it. Let me warn you that to tamper with existing trade schedules, except by one experienced in the commerce of the north, is to invite disaster. You will lose money!"

"But you told me that you yourself gave the Indians better bargains than either the Hudson Bay Company or MacNair."

"I know the north! And you may be assured the concessions were more nominal than real."

"Very well, then," flashed the girl. "My concessions will be more real than nominal, and of that you may be assured. If my store pays expenses, well and good!" And by the tone of the girl's voice, and the slight, unconscious out-thrust of her chin, Pierre Lapierre knew that the time was unpropitious for a further discussion of trade principles.

Chloe was speaking again: "But to return to the buildings—"

LAPIERRE interrupted her, speaking earnestly: "My dear Miss Elliston, consider the circumstances, the limitations." He tapped lightly the roll of blue-prints the girl held in her hand. "Those plans were made by a man who had not the slightest knowledge of conditions as they exist here."

"The buildings are to be very simple."

"Undoubtedly. But simplicity is relative. A building that would be considered simplicity itself in the States, might well be intricate beyond the possibility of construction here in the wilderness. Do you realize that among our men is not one who can read a blue-print, or has ever seen one? Do you realize that to erect buildings in accordance with these plans would require a force of skilled mechanics under the supervision of a master builder? And do you realize that time is a most important factor in our present undertaking? Who can tell at what moment Brute MacNair may swoop down upon us like Attila of old, and strike a fatal blow to our little outpost of civilization? And if he finds me here." His voice trailed into silence and his eyes swept gloomily the northern reach of the river.

Chloe appeared unimpressed. "I hardly think he will resort to violence. There is the law—even here in the wilderness. Slow to act, perhaps, because of the inaccessibility of the wild country; but once its machinery is in motion, as unbending and as indomitable as justice it-

self. You see, I have read of your Mounted Police."

"The Mounted!" Lapierre laughed. "Yes—I see you have read of them! Had you derived your information in a more direct manner—had you lived among them—if you *knew* them—your childlike trust in them would seem as absurd, perhaps, as it does to me!"

"What do you mean?" cried the girl, regarding the quarter-breed with a searching glance. "That the men of the Mounted are—that they may be—influenced?"

Again Lapierre laughed—harshly. "Just that, Miss Elliston! They are—crooked. They may be influenced!"

"I cannot believe that!"

"You will—later."

"You mean that MacNair has—"

THE MAN interrupted with a wave of his hand. "What I have told you of MacNair is the truth. I shall prove this to your own satisfaction at the proper time. Until then, I ask you to believe me. Admitting, then, that I have spoken the truth, do you suppose for an instant that these facts are not known to the Mounted? If not, then the officers are inefficient fools. If they are known, why don't the Mounted remedy matters? Because MacNair is rich! Because he buys them, body and soul! Because he owns them, like he owns the Indians! That's why!"

"Just stop and consider what is ahead of a dollar-a-day policeman. When his five-year term of enlistment has expired, he has his choice of enlisting for another term, or making his living some other way. At the end of the five years he has learned to hate the service with a hatred that is soul-searing. It is the hardest, strictest, most exacting, and most ill-paid service in the world; and the five years of the man's enlistment have practically rendered him unfit for earning a living."

"He has lived in the wild country. He

knows the wild country. And civilization, with its rapid advance, has left him five years behind the times. Our ex-man of the Mounted is fit for only the commonest labor. And, because there are almost no employers in the north, he cannot turn his knowledge of the wilds to profitable account, unless he turns smuggler, whisky-runner, or fur-poisoner. The men know this. Therefore, when an officer whose patrol takes him into the far "back blocks" is approached by a man like MacNair, with his pockets bulging with gold, what report goes down to Regina, and on to Ottawa?

"Yes, Miss Elliston, in the northland there is law. But the law is a fundamental law—the primitive law of savage might. The strong devour the weak. Only the fit survive—survive to be ruled, to be trampled, to be *owned* by the strongest. And the law is the measure of might! Primal instincts—pristine

passions—primal brutishness permeate the whole north—rule it.

"The wolf and savage *carcajo* drag down the hunger-weakened caribou and the deer, and rip the warm, red flesh from their bones before their eyes have glazed. And, in turn, the wolf and *carcajo*, the unoffending beaver and musquash, the mink, the fisher, the fox, and the otter are trapped by savage man and the pelts ripped from their twitching bodies while life and sensibility remain. They are harder to skin when cold. And with the thermometer at forty or sixty below zero, the little bodies chill almost instantly if mercifully killed—therefore, they are not killed but flayed alive and their bleeding bodies tossed upon the snow. They die quickly—then. But—they have lived through the skinning? And that is the north!"

Chloe Elliston shuddered and drew away in horror. "Is—is this possible?" she faltered. "Do they—"

"They do. The fur business is not a pretty business, Miss Elliston. But neither is the north pretty—nor are its inhabitants. But the traffic in fur is inherently the business of the north—and its history is written in blood—the blood and the suffering of thousands of men and millions of animals. But the profits are great. Fashion has decreed that My Lady shall be swathed in fur—therefore, men go mad and die in the barrens, and the quivering red bodies of small animals bleed, and curl up, and stiffen upon the hard crust of the snow? No, the north is not gentle, Miss Elliston—"

"Don't! Don't!" faltered the girl. "It is all too—too horrible—too sickeningly brutal—too—too unbelievable!" She covered her eyes with her hand.

Lapierre answered, dryly. "Yes. The north is that way. It has always been so—and it always will—"

Chloe's hand dropped from her eyes

Continued on page 83.



She turned swiftly and gazed into the face of a man who had approached from the river. She knew intuitively that the man was "Brute" MacNair.

The Romance of Power Development

How the Building of the World's
Greatest Dam Typifies Pro-
gress in Canada

By W. A. Craick

CANADA'S dependence on Pennsylvania coal fields for the very vitals of existence of several millions of her people is an alarming condition emphasized forcibly by the events of the past winter. A mere caprice of nature; a fit of human obstinacy; a declaration of national expediency—any of these, so precarious was the situation, would have been sufficient to bring down little short of a calamity on a large section of the Canadian people.

Details of the effects on the individual and the nation of an interruption to the coal supply are unnecessary. They were pictured sufficiently graphically in those anxious days when the danger was very near and very real. That they abundantly demonstrated the pressing need for a substitute that would at least minimize the evils of a fuel shortage is the main consideration. No longer if at all possible, should the people of Canada remain so absolutely dependent on a commodity, produced in a foreign country, subject to the control of a foreign government and liable to serious delay in its transportation and delivery.

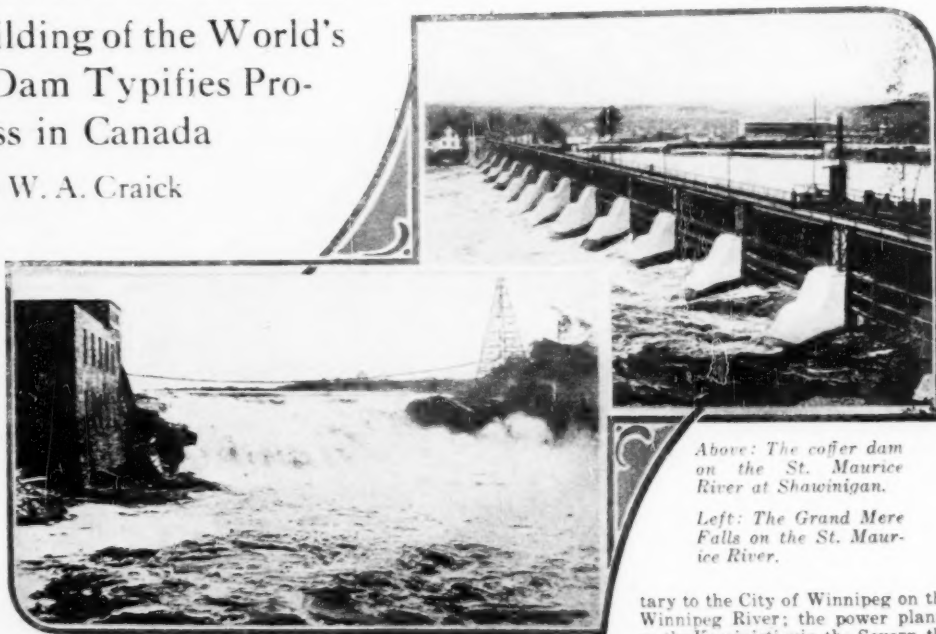
One of Canada's best hopes for an effective substitute for the black coal of Pennsylvania rests in her immense resources of what is picturesquely described as white coal. Those immense waterpowers scattered all through the Dominion, with their many millions of horsepower thundering to waste everyday, after opportunities for development sufficient to meet every possible need of Canada's existing and prospective population for years to come. For the mine, substitute the power house; for the long, grimy coal train, moving ponderously northward over miles of track, substitute the power-line; for the furnace and the stove substitute the motor and the electric heater; and the result will be a cleaner, saner and more efficient commodity.

THE WORK of harnessing the waterpowers of Canada began some years ago and already close to two million horsepower of developed

energy is available for purposes of light, heat and power. There are, for example the immense power plants at Niagara Falls, with their transmission line stretching out over hill and valley, east, west, north and south, like the tentacles of some deep-sea monster! the big hydro-electric plant at Lake Buntzen on Burrard Inlet, supplying power to the City of Vancouver; the installations of the Calgary Power Company at Horse Shoe Falls and Kananaskis Falls on the Bow River; the various important developments, tribu-

tary to the City of Winnipeg on the Winnipeg River; the power plants on the Kaministiquia, the Severn, the Beaver, the Trent and the Ottawa Rivers in Ontario; and the various St. Lawrence River systems. All these plants and others unmentioned, varying though they do in size and importance, are yet playing their part in the gradual emancipation of the country from its dependence on coal as the basis of so many of its everyday activities.

But after all the mere harnessing of a waterfall and the diversion of its current for the development of electric power is but one phase of a yet more comprehen-



Above: The coffer dam on the St. Maurice River at Shawinigan.

Left: The Grand Mere Falls on the St. Maurice River.

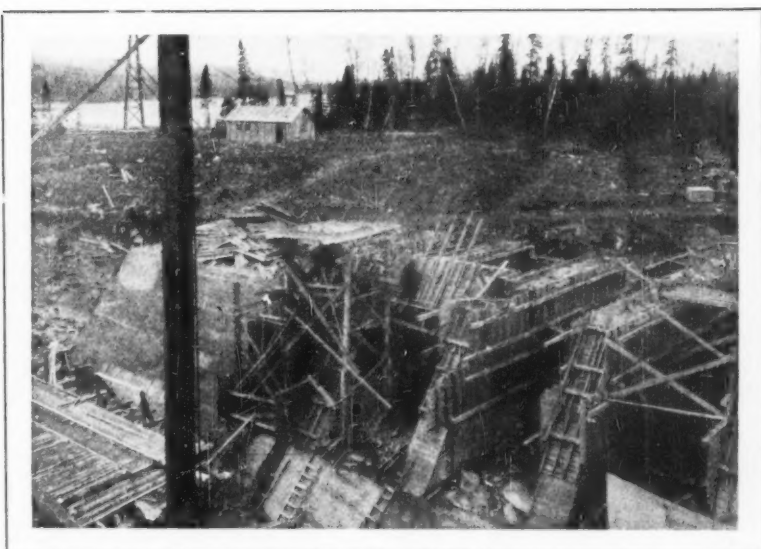


Why the La Loutre dam is necessary. The St. Maurice River in the middle of summer when the flow is at its lowest.

sive undertaking. Rivers, like human beings, exhibit varying degrees of efficiency from day to day and month to month. The flood of spring is many times more powerful than the attenuated flow of summer and numerous are the fluctuations that occur between the limits of high and low water. Yet, it is the minimum flow that determines the year-round capacity of power development on any river. No matter how much water may pour over the dam eleven months out of the twelve, it is the restricted flow of the twelfth month that prescribes the maximum degree of constancy that may be expected from that river's performance. How valuable, therefore, would any device prove that would tend to normalize the volume of water passing through the channel of a river the year round.

THERE is under way at the present time in Canada, very quietly and unostentatiously, a project for doubling the efficiency of one of the most industrially important rivers in the Dominion. The scheme is not only interesting from the novelty of the undertaking, but it is notable as well from its magnitude. It involves, in a word, the construction of a mammoth storage reservoir, double in capacity that of the largest dam yet constructed on the face of the globe. People think of the Nile as a mighty river and picture the famous Assouan dam near its headwaters as an unparalleled effort at water conservation, but when the La Loure dam, now under construction far up the St. Maurice River in Quebec, is completed, Canada will possess a storage reservoir that will take second place to none among the world's greatest hydraulic systems.

The St. Maurice is a remarkable river—one, the importance of which the average Canadian perhaps does not yet appreciate to the full. From the power standpoint, it is the Niagara of Quebec and yet it has several additional titles to fame which the Niagara River lacks. It has been in its day and still continues to be one of the great lumbering rivers of the



View showing sluice way and spillway section East Channel, La Loure.

Dominion, millions of feet of timber having been driven down its turbulent course and sawn up in the various sawmills on its banks during the past century. It has become a centre for a paper manufacturing industry surpassing in its output that on any other river in Canada. It has attracted to its various power sites millions of dollars of capital which have been invested in industries of the first importance. It is scenically very attractive, while from the sportsman's point of view it affords access to a vast territory abounding in fish and game.

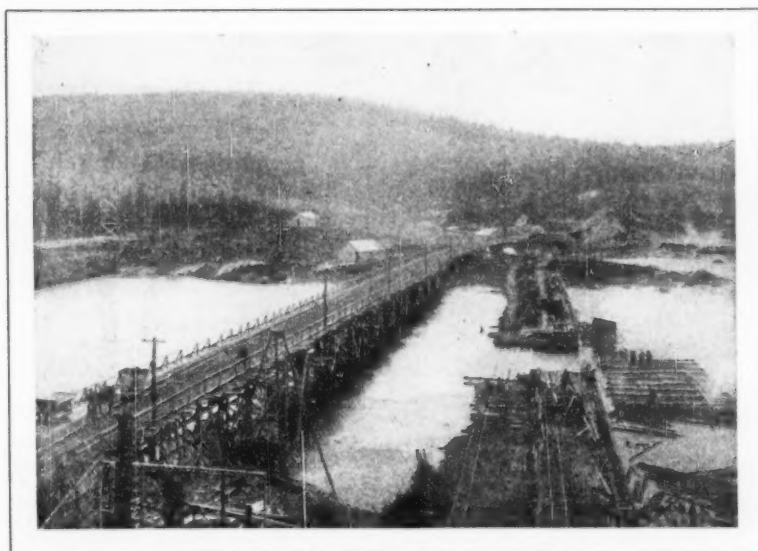
Three hundred miles and more back in the hinterland of Quebec, the St. Maurice takes its rise amid a network of lakes and tributary streams, which are hidden away

in a wild, untrodden land known only to the Indian and the trapper. Until the builders of the National Transcontinental Railway penetrated the region immediately to the south, it was a territory practically unmapped and inaccessible. From the River's source for two hundred miles down to the town of La Tuque, there is no settlement except for the camps of lumber companies, the lodges of fishing and hunting clubs and the lonely stations along the railway line. Only at La Tuque do there appear those first evidences of that industrial activity for which the St. Maurice is becoming increasingly famous.

THERE are to-day four important centres of population on the River—Three Rivers at its confluence with the St. Lawrence, midway between Montreal and Quebec; Shawinigan Falls, twenty-one miles up-stream, the scene of the greatest power development in the Province of Quebec; Grand Mere, twelve miles beyond, where the immense paper mills of the Laurentide Company are located, and La Tuque, already mentioned, one hundred miles inland, a growing town with great industrial possibilities. These four places comprise a little group whose collective importance, thanks to the resources of the River, is growing steadily greater.

Shawinigan Falls is naturally an ideal place for water power development. Just above the Falls, the River widens into a lake, while below the Falls there lies a second lake. This brings the upper and lower water-levels within a short distance of each other, providing an extremely economical location for a power plant at the foot of the slope between them. The water rights at this point are owned by the Shawinigan Water and Power Company, which sells a portion of the water to local manufacturing concerns and with the remainder operates its own 150,000 h.p. hydro-electric plant.

Through various subsidiary companies, the Shawinigan Water and Power Company distributes electric energy as far



View showing trestle and downstream cofferdam floating into position. The closure.

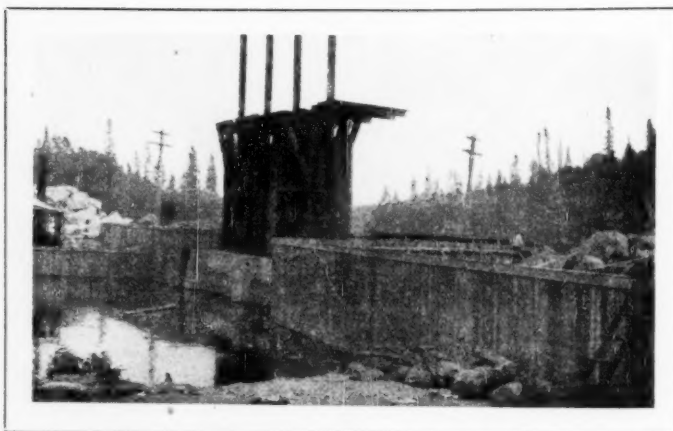
west as Montreal and as far east as Quebec, while it controls the light, power and traction systems of Three Rivers. In the town of Shawinigan Falls itself, it operates plants producing carbide, carbon electrodes, metallic magnesium and other important electro-metallic products and provides the power for such notable industries as those of the Belgo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Co., the Northern Aluminum Co., and the Canadian Electro-Products, Limited.

The dependence of the thriving City of Three Rivers on the power development at Shawinigan Falls is almost absolute. Here a considerable number of large industries, including sawmills, pulp and paper mills, textile factories, tanneries and boot and shoe factories, are located, all deriving their power plant at the Falls.

At Grand Mere Falls the head of water is 75 feet being only about half that at Shawinigan Falls. The power site is controlled by the Laurentide Power Company, in which the Shawinigan Water and Power Company holds an interest. The available power amounts to 100,000 h.p., part of which will be taken by the Shawinigan Company to supplement the output of the present plant. The Laurentide Company, in its paper mills, consumes about 10,000 h.p.

At La Tuque Falls there is a head of eighty feet, with development possibilities of 75,000 h.p. Only 3,500 h.p. is at present utilized, the power being controlled by the Brown Corporation, which operates large pulp mills in the town of La Tuque.

In addition to the three falls enumerated, there are at least eight other water-powers on the St. Maurice River, which are still in their natural state. Within a few miles of Three Rivers are the falls of La Gabelle and Les Gres, with heads of ten and forty feet respectively. These have recently been acquired by the Shawinigan Water and Power Company, which will develop them later on when the water powers of Shawinigan Falls and Grand Mere are taxed to the limit. Seven miles above La Tuque are the Sans Nom Falls, with a head of



La Loutre Falls Power. Intake and Head Gate.

128 feet. Farther on are the Vermillion, the Blancs, the Grand Cœurs, the La Grace and the De L'Île Falls, varying in size from 16 to 136 feet and still in the hands of the Crown.

HAVING observed the extent and importance of the power developments on the river; the wide territory served by the several power companies and the dependence of so many large industries on the constant supply of electric energy from its water falls, the significance of the following statement must be apparent. *The proportion of the flood to the minimum flow on the St. Maurice River is as 30 to 1.*

This bald statement, when dissected, means that the volume of water passing down the channel of the River when the spring freshets are at their maximum is thirty times as great as the volume of water carried by the River during the time of the summer drought. Thirty to one is a big variation. On the St. Law-

rence the difference is only two to one, while on the Ottawa it is but fifteen to one.

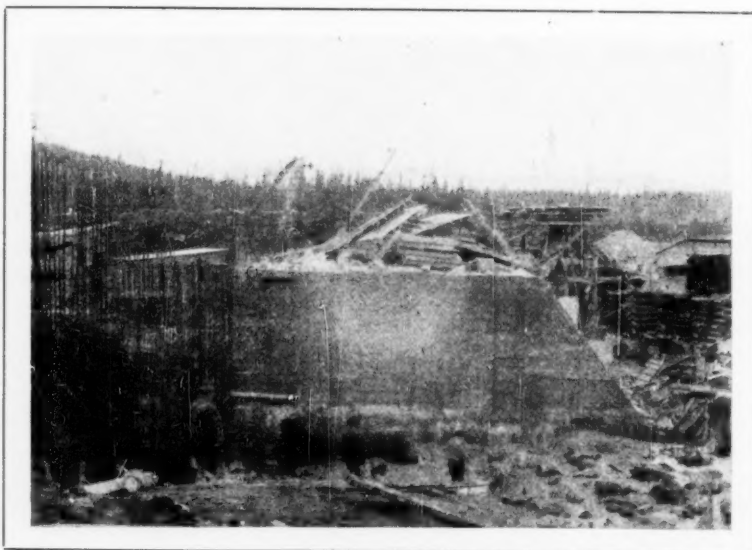
With so much at stake, it is small wonder that the Quebec Government and the power companies on the St. Maurice River were led to consider rendering the flow of water more even throughout the year. Their deliberations culminated five years ago in the determination to construct a vast storage reservoir far up the River, in which the flood waters could be preserved and served out as they were needed so as to maintain a steady flow all the year round.

The provincial government in December, 1912, passed an Act empowering the Quebec Streams Commission to proceed with the undertaking as a public work, and since then plans have been prepared, contracts let and construction proceeded with.

It is quite safe to say that, without the existence of the National Transcontinental Railway, the gigantic enterprise could not have been undertaken. The railway has rendered access to the scene of the project comparatively easy. As those who have made the interesting journey over this road between Quebec and Coharane are aware, the new transcontinental line strikes the St. Maurice River at La Tuque and follows the river valley for many miles on its westward course. It is an exceedingly picturesque section of the line. The River winds between bold and rocky hills and the track, skirting the edge of the River, now runs along a narrow ledge right over the flood of water and again sweeps back through some wooded valley. Views all along the road

are of a wild and rugged grandeur.

At the junction of the Manouan River with the St. Maurice, about 85 miles north west of La Tuque, the railway leaves the latter river and strikes west to Parent. It is at this point, at a station called Sanmaur, that one must make a digression from the Transcontinental to reach the dam just above the rapids of La Loutre. The river itself to La Loutre is 52 miles though this has been slightly shortened by the construction of a railway for part of the way. As far as the Chaudière Falls, 32 miles from Sanmaur, *Contd. on p. 101.*



End view of block at chainage. 2 x 76 East. Concreting La Loutre.

The Woman Who Understood

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Anatomy of Love," etc.

"UNCLE MOSE, oughtn't somebody to shoot that old hound?"

The decrepit negro turned slowly about and blinked at the two youthful figures in glimmering white. Then he looked down at the dog asleep in the sunlight.

"No, indeedy, Mis' Margot! Dat's mah houn'! Mis' Jinny's boy done gib me dat dawg!"

"But he's so old!"

The girl ran a hand along the dog's wrinkled back. The movement was dainty yet pitying. "And Susan says his teeth are gone."

The taller of the two girls opened a pale green parasol and moved closer to the little group, stepping with fawn-like fastidiousness over the lush grass still steaming in the sunlight. The aura of youth about her slender body was like the languid airiness of a silver-birch in early summer.

"How old is he, Uncle Mose?" she asked abstractedly.

The old servant raked through the snow-white kinks of his head with a meditative finger. Then he put down his polishing-cloth.

"How ol' is dat houn' o' mine, Mis' Effel?"

THE May sun shone down out of a sky of cobalt blue, the cobalt blue of an Ontario sky in May, shone on the nickel rims of the motor-lamps which Uncle Mose had been making a pretence of polishing, on the warm, red brick garage, on the billowing white and pink of a snow-apple tree in full bloom above a yellow-painted lattice summer-house, on the vivid green of the lawn grass still wet with hose-water. Pigeons cooed from the stable-roof. On the grape-trellis behind the summer-house fluted a spring robin. The hum of bees filled the afternoon with a lazy drone. A soft breeze fluttered the skirts of the two girls in white. The old hound, with his nose flat between his fore-paws, raised an indifferent eyelid and then lowered it again.

"How ol' is dat dawg?" ruminated Uncle Mose, as he sat down on the white-rubbered running-board of the newly washed car and solemnly contemplated the hound that lay as prone as though anaesthetised by the warm spring sunlight. "Why, Mis' Effel, I raikon dat dawg's clean as ol' as you and Mis' Margot put t'gether!"

The younger of the two girls laughed softly.

"That would make him almost forty, Uncle Mose!" she remonstrated.

"Dere's some animiles lives a uncommon long time, Mis' Mar rot," avowed the old negro. "Mos' as long as some niggers!"

"But not dogs and horses, Uncle Mose!"

"Indeedy dey do, Mis' Effel. Dey do in some fambles. De animiles in Mis' Jinny's fambly always got drefful ol'. It was always de humans what died young. An' it was Mis' Jinny's boy gib me dat dawg."

"He used to call Judge Howell's wife

Mis' Jinny," explained the older of the two girls. "That was Garnet's mother."

THE younger girl, who had been listening to the robin, nodded her head. A cloud passed like a dark wing across the grass. It lasted only a moment. The sun came out again, strong and white.

"Dat's right, Mis' Effel; Masta Gahnet was Mis' Jinny's boy. An' I raikon you notice how dat ol' dawg lif' his head when you say his name dataway. He knows. He's the wises' ol' dawg I ever see. He's mos' as wise as Jo-Anne was."

"Who was Jo-Anne?"

"Jo-Anne was Mis' Jinny's hoss. Dey was a team, Dahby and Jo-Anne. You see, Mis' Effel, Mis' Jinny was a Pinkney, one o' the Virginia Pinkneys. Her folks come no'th to Canada 'bout the close o' the Wah; dey was sent off by the Yankees for suttin' s'ditious acts an' speechifyin'. I come along wid the folks, for I was the Major's hoss-boy. Dey bought the Buthnott Fahm, and Major Pinkney he laid out to run dat fahm. Dey had a hawd time in dis country—mos' things was so diff'rent, and in dose days the ol' Major he always called it a dam' wilderness. I ain't tryin' to argufy the ol' Major was 'zackly set against dese yere C'nadian folks, Mis' Effel, for dey shore allus treat dat ol' gen'l'man wif respect. But all dem days he was kind o' eatin' his ol' heart out f'r Virginia, wifout lettin' you N'thern folks know he was pinin' f'r his own people. I was always his hoss-boy, an' the ol' Major he says to me, 'Mose, I'se gwine to bring up some Virginia stock and show dese Eskimmo blue-noses what hoss-flesh is!' But dem Pinkneys was too biggety-feelin' for truckin' an' tradin', an' the ol' Major wasn't the managin' kind, no how. De fahm she jes' went to rack an' roon, clear to rack an' roon. After the Major had his stroke, me and Mis' Jinny we done the bes' we could!"

"Mis' Jinny was jes' a girl in dem days —Lo'dy, jes' look at dat ol' houn' wag his ear when he catch the soun' o' dat name! But Mis' Jinny was the mos' high-speerited girl ever took a seben-bar gate 'stead of gettin' outen the saddle to unlock 'im, an' many a day I see her lop over a rail-fence 'stead of ridin' roun' by the gap. She was the fines'-lookin' girl in Kent County, was Mis' Jinny, an' the summer the ol' Major had his second stroke an' Judge Lowell come out from the county seat for to see 'bout the law papers, I raikon the Jedge was took wif Mis' Jinny just day he clapped eyes on her."

"Seems I was a-puttin' the Jedge's team up 'bout six times a week, dat summer. 'Bout the las' word the ol' Major says to me was: 'Mose, don't you 'low our Jinny to hitch up wif no Eskimmo blue-nose.' But two mont's after the ol' Major was put away, Jedge Lowell he come to me an' say: 'Mose, Mis' Jinny says if she comes wif me, you's got to come too! How 'bout dat?' I says I's done willin' to go where Mis' Jinny fixes to go. The Jedge he was a cold man an' I raikon twict the age o' Mis' Jinny. But he laughed and he says, 'We all think a heap of Mis'

Jinny, Mose!' I allow he was dead right 'bout dat."

"So when the Jedge marry Mis' Jinny an' dey move in the big red-brick over yonder on the ribber, I comes along too. And when the Jedge takes up the moht-gage on the ol' Buthnott Fahm an' buys it in for Mis' Jinny, Lo'dy, Lo'dy, how dat girl did carry on an' cry. You see, Missey, the Jedge was a rich man. He weren't like the ol' Major. Ev'rythin' he techied jes' seemed to tuhn into money. He had a powerful cold eye an' he never cussed and laughed wif no nigger the way the ol' Major would. But he was mighty good to me, jes' for Mis' Jinny's sake. I raikon no men folks, white or black, was ever kinder to deir wimmen."

THE secon' year dey was married he bought her the team, the team I tol' you 'bout, Dahby and Jo-Anne. Dey was a couple o' blue-grass thoroughbreds, a roan an' a bay, an' the Jedge he send me down to Covington for to fetch 'em across the Line. And I was powerful glad to git back, for the Souf ain't the Souf it used to be; an' Lo'dy, I don't even talk like dem States niggers no moah! How dem ponies could trabbel! Mis' Jinny she rigs me out wif tight pants, an' boots wif yellow tops, an' a green coat wif shiny buttons; and she sets me up on the rumble, an' ev'ry week we go zippin' out to the ol' Buthnott Fahm an' Mis' Jinny wanders roun' the ol' house an' looks over the o'chad and digs up some o' the roots outen the ol' flower-beds for to fetch back for the new town-house."

"One day the Jedge he comes to me an' says: 'Mose, I don't want Mis' Howell drivin' dat team o' colts no moah!' An' I says: 'Den we all better draw dem shoes and git 'em out to the Ol' Fahm!'—for I knew Mis' Jinny'd keep on a-drivin' dem colts, no matter what the Jedge said. So he looks me in the eye and says: 'I raikon you're right, Mose! We'll jes' tuhn 'em out to grass for a few mont's!'"

"Den b'fore the snow came Mis' Jinny had her li'l baby. Dat was Masta Gahnet!"

"Mis' Jinny mos' died havin' dat baby. But the fus' day she send for me, an' when I goes in kind o' scary, she han'd Masta Gahnet up to me an' says: 'Mose, dat's mine! mine!' An' she cry a li'l and tak' him back an' I say: 'Gawd strike me daid, Mis' Jinny, but dat's the mos' beau'f'l baby I ever clapped my ol' eyes on!' Den she laugh and cry a li'l more an' say: 'Mose, you a ol' black fool!'—say it 'zact-the same as the ol' Major'd say it. And dat made me think of the ol' days, an' I up and says to her: 'Lo'dy, Mis' Jinny, but wouldn't the ol' Major be clean out'n his boots to see you wif a chile like dat?'"

"When the Jedge come in and see Mis' Jinny cryin' again, he tak's me down to the lib'ry an' pours me out a tumbler of ol' poht wine an' den shakes han's wif me an' den tries to say something an' den walks to the windah blowin' his nose. Den he jes' pushes me out'n the lib'ry doah an' shets hisself in. My, my, I never see a father so proud 'bout havin' a chile. You

see Missy, the Jedge he was 'bout fohty years ol' den, an' I raikon he nebbur understan' what havin' one of his own flesh and blood kind o' means to a man.

An' when the spring come and Mis' Jinny got strong again, he sent for me for to fetch the team in from the ol' Buttnott Fahm. An' ev'ry day him an' Mis' Jinny and Masta Gahnet dey go drivin' through the country, gittin' me to fill up the kirrige wif apple-blossoms an' will-plum flowers an' enough field-posies for a fust-class funer'l. An' I seen Mis' Jinny hol' dat baby up against the nose of Dahby and Jo-Anne and say: 'I want my boy always to love animiles!' An' Lo'dy, but dat chile 'd pat dem sniffin' noses an' squeal and laugh an' weren't no more scairt of a hoss 'n you is of a kitten. An' his mammy 'd say to me, 'Mose, dat boy's a Pinkney, sure 'nough!' An' b'fore Masta Gahnet 'd cut his front teef dat team knew dat baby.

"One Sunday when the Jedge was readin' his law-books under the big ellum, Mis' Jinny put Masta Gahnet on Jo-Anne's back, an' let 'im ride dat mare all by hissef, roun' an' roun' the grape-ahbor. An' when Masta Gahnet slap the reins and pull Jo-Anne in under a ol' black-heart cherry tree, the lowes' branch scrapes Masta Gahnet off'n his back, sam as my hand 'd scrape a fly off'n dis fender. Dat mare jes' know she's 'sponsible for dat chile, for she stan' dere all a-tramble, not so much as liftin' one foot till the Jedge come an' hol' her haid while Mis' Jinny gits Masta Gahnet from b'tween her feet. Hurt? No, Mis' Effel, dat boy weren't hurt nohow, 'sceptin' for the scare. By the time he was six year ol', he was ridin' dat hoss all over the town and across the Big Ditch culverts, wif six or seven dawgs trailin' behin'. For Masta Gahnet always was a great han' for dawgs. Dey was all kinds o' dawgs, an' dey all jes' natcherly took to dat boy, same as a hoss did. Why, Masta Gahnet 'd ride Jo-Anne clean up the gal'ry stairs, wif the Jedge gettin' scary an' warnin' him to stop, an' his mammy c'mmandin' him to go ahead! But do you all s'pose dat Jo-Anne 'd let another chile, white or black, sit on his back? No, indeedy, not for a minit!"

"DEM was gran' times! Lo'dy, but dat boy did bring the joy o' life in to dat ol' red-brick house on the ribber! Not dat Masta Gahnet was a bad boy. He was jes' high-speerited, like Mis' Jinny—an' where dere's only one in a fam'bly dey natcherly git a li'l indulged-like. He was sure a Pinkney. I raikon dat's what made his mammy understan' the boy better'n the Jedge did. Not dat the Jedge didn't wo'ship the groun' dat boy walked on. Lo'dy, he jes' lived and wohked an' planned for dat boy, all his days. But Masta Gahnet an' Mis' Jinny was kind o' closer togedder, wid all the li'l secrets dat two young folks has.

"An' dat boy sure did like music. He'd play a mouf-organ or a banjo or a pianny, jes' by the ear, same as his mammy. Many's the time Masta Gahnet an' Mis' Jinny an' ol' Mose sot up on a peck-measure and a couple o' overturned buckets in the kerridge-shed, when the Jedge was off on his circuit—mis' Jinny wif the banjo an' Masta Gahnet wif his mouf-organ and me singin' bass, an' scandalize dem blue-nose No'thern folks singin' 'S'wanee Ribber' an' 'Dixie!'

"Dem was great ol' days, Mis' Effel! I mind the afternoon—dat was 'long 'bout

Christmas — when the Jedge and Mis' Jinny an' Masta Gahnet come drivin' home in the cuttah from the Buttnott Fahm, all wrapped up in the b'ar-skin robes an' the team a li'l sudy on the flanks an' the air nippy an' the sleighin' good. Mis' Jinny she threw down the reins and I cotch 'em up and say: 'Dat mus' been a gran' ride, Mis' Jinny!' She sot back in the cuttah an' look at the big red sun drappin' behin' the pine trees an' she says: 'Mose, I'm happy!' Den she sit on the sleigh while I onhitch the team, jes' dreamin' like. 'Mose,' she says after a while, 'dose' preachin' folks talk 'bout a Heben after dis life!' But I raikon dis is jes' Heben 'nough for me!"

"'Bout dat time nex' spring we all staht Masta Gahnet off to school. He was a powerful smaht boy. But the Jedge he allowed dat chile weren't over-stiddy wid his book-larnin'. Masta Gahnet was jes' too high-speerited to be shettin' hisself up wif a lot o' books. He was always hankerin' to be out wif the hosses, or tryin' to mend up the ol' pea-rifle w'at I kep' hid in the harness-room for him, or traipsin' off wif his dawgs, or buildin' a raf' up roun' the bend o' the ribber. He saved up an' bought a ol' rabbit-gun for a dollar, a sure-nough gun dat'd shoot mos' ev'ry time. But the Jedge took dat away from him. Den he swapped a ridin' saddle for a ol' boat. He had her mos' all rigged up for a pirit-ship—an' many's the time dat boy made me cook vittles for all dat pirit-crew o' his'n—an' he was plannin' a pirit-raid on the Lower Ribber Gang b'fore the Jedge ever suspicioned he owned dat boat. Lo'dy, I mind the day the Jedge raided dat pirit-ship an' Masta Gahnet an' his brudder pirts all took a high dive off'n the tail end. Dey dove deep an' swum the ribber. The Jedge he went white, yes'm, white as chalk, for dat man never even knowed Masta Gahnet c'd swim a stroke!"

"BUT the bigges' trubble come along 'bout the time Masta Gahnet staht to spindile out in the laigs an' took to smokin' cedar-bahk an' char-cane. Nex' thing we knows he's tryin' a puff at t'bacca, scarin' me out'n my wits les' the Jedge ketch him dere in the kerridge-shed an' hol' me 'countable. Masta Gahnet an' the English chu'ch preacher's boy ust to git up on the sunny side o' the stable-roof an' near choke deirselves to deff. Den dey jes' natcherly got bruk in to it. Mis' Jinny she did take on bad when she foun' dat out. Masta Gahnet couldn't fool his mammy for long. She jes' knew when dere was somethin' in the wind. So she sent for dat boy an' shet hersef up wif him. An' I mind she promise him a slide trombone and a bicycle on his sixteenth burfday, if he c'd come to her and say he'd never tasted t'bacca from dat day on. An' he meant to do dat, for he come to me and say: 'Mose, heah's dem cubebs an' dem odder cig'rettes I bought down to the drug stoah. Dey'll do you good. I ain't a-goin' to smoke no moah!"

"The nex' day Mis' Jinny call me in an' shet the doah an' say: 'Mose, dere's nothin' on dis earth nearer an' dearer to me 'n dat boy o' mine. I want for him to be a good boy. I ain't a-axin' for you to tittle-tattle on him, for I know you wouldn't, nohow! But I want you for to help me make my boy a good man an' a hones' man! And if you ever give dat boy a pinch o' t'bacca, I'll skin you alive!"

"An' I sure would never tittle-tattle on

dat boy, for ev'ryone thought a heap o' Masta Gahnet, the same as ev'ryone thought a heap o' Mis' Jinny. He was the kindes' boy you ever see, an' 'specially wif animiles. He had dat red brick fuller'n sick dawgs an' lame dawgs an' no-home dawgs 'n a ant-hill is full o' ants. But I raikon he loved dat houn', ol' Kaiser dere, better 'n all the res'!"

"BOUT dat time, too, he got powerful fond o' the water, slippin' off t' the ribber ev'ry chanet he saw. Many's the time Mis' Jinny sends me scootin' over to the ribber, for to root Masta Gahnet out'n the cave dem rapscallions set a stove up in, where dey set roun' on nail-kegs eatin' half-cooked cohn and kerrits. Den Masta Gahnet he bought his secon' boat, a ol' duck-boat, and make me tote kerridge-paint down behind the saw-mill, while he do her over an' gaudy her up and put in mos' all his spare time workin' over the leaks. Even Mis' Jinny neber knew 'bout dat boat. Leastways she neber knew 'bout it till the night Kaiser come whimperin' and scraitchin' at the doah, when the Jedge an' Mis' Jinny been sittin' dere puzzlin' over Masta Gahnet not gettin' home for supper. Den I jes' busts out an' tell dem the truf. An' the Jedge steadies his hand and pats Kaiser and says, 'Good dawg!' an' 'Take me to 'im, Kaiser!' An', Lo'dy, from the way he set his face I know he jes' s'mise dat chile is sure drowned. An' when I see Mis' Jinny's face I snuk out'n the house and kneel down behin' the lilack-bushes, wif the rain beatin' on my ol' haid, an' I says: 'Gawd A'mighty, spah dat chile! O Gawd A'mighty, spah dat chile for Mis' Jinny's sake!"

"It was gettin' dahk when we staht out, wif the thunder barkin' like a sheep-dawg at our heels. So we all took lanterns and kerridge-lamps and stahted for the ribber. Mis' Jinny she went by the road, along wif Jo-Anne and the ol' surrey. Kaiser an' the Jedge takes one side o' the ribber, and I takes the other. Oh, Golly, dat was a trip, through bahn-yards and chicken yards an' fahm-yards an' grave-yards, wif the Jedge callin' out 'cross the water ev'ry so long, and Kaiser whimperin' and yelpin' and leadin' the Jedge straight to where the ol' duck-boat stood under a big buttonwood. I could see the Jedge hol' his light all over dat boat. An' she sure was empty.

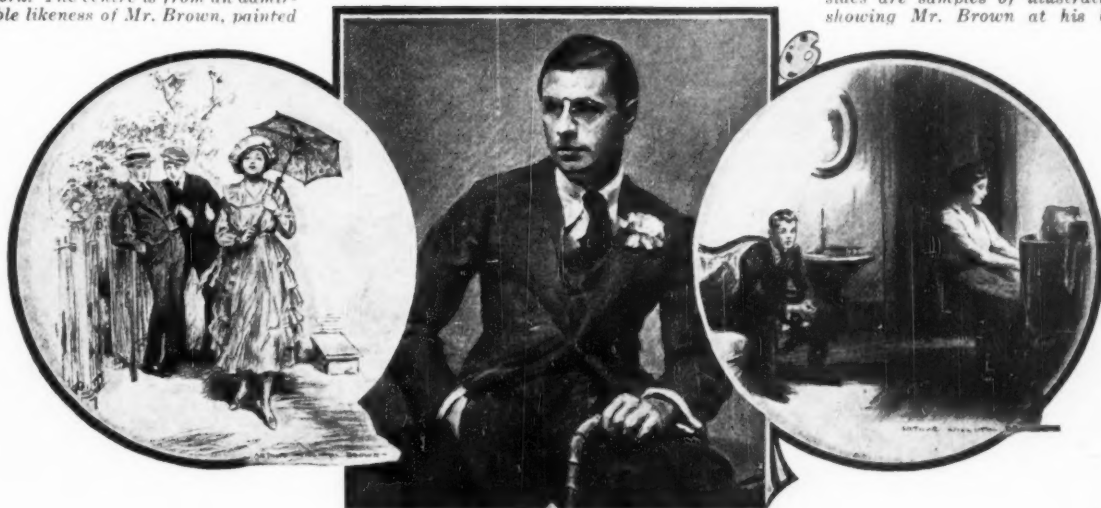
"Den, Lo'dy, I heard something up in the air whisperin' to me! I heard dat voice say, 'Mose!' an' all my ol' ha'r jes' unkink itself an' stand up on end. Den I staht to aidge away, but I hear dat voice still sayin', 'Mose, you black debbil, if you fix for to run I'll sure brain you wif dis brick!' Den I looks up at the top o' the firin' kiln, and dere I sees Masta Gahnet's haid stickin' over the aidge. Bimeby I understan' dat aint no ghos'. 'For the lub o' Gawd, Masta Gahnet,' I says, 'whad you all doin' on dat kiln-top at dis time o' night?' 'Keepin' wahn,' he says. 'I aint got no clo'es."

"An' dat was the truf. Dat chile got het up rowin' down the ribber, an' when he come to the ol' Foote Fahm, he jes' natcherly peeled off and tuk a swim. An' when ol' Foote's cows come for to swim the fohd, dat chile raikoned he'd ride one o' dem cows acrost. Ol' man Foote gib him the chase, an' stole his clo'es, an' when the rain come on, dat

Continued on page 80.

Arthur William Brown and his work. The centre is from an admirable likeness of Mr. Brown, painted

by James Montgomery Flagg. At sides are samples of illustrations, showing Mr. Brown at his best.



Canadians in New York

By Beatrice Redpath

CANADIANS in New York! Where are they, you wonder, and where are they to be found? You ask the first American whom you meet, but he appears vague.

"Canadians in New York?" he responds, blankly. No, he has never heard of them. For the truth is that the Canadian who has come to New York has been so successful that the New Yorker claims him as his own.

But there are plenty of Canadians in New York, and this is realized by referring to the various Canadian societies in the Metropolis.

Perhaps the most interesting of these, and one with the most national spirit, is the Canadian Society. Its ex-president, and one of its most active members, is Dr. MacPhee, who was born in Prince Edward Island, and who was a gold medalist before he came to New York to take up the study of nervous and mental diseases. He is now a professor of mental and nervous diseases at the New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital.

Dr. MacPhee is a staunch Imperialist, and his aim has been to make the Canadian Society stand for Imperial Unity, for Canadian Nationalism and Anglo-American amity. He contends that in another country a Canadian society will not represent public opinion if it does not stand for the Empire.

"A society of this description must be a charitable one," he says; and in his efforts in this direction he has lived up to his ideals. He has always subordinated his own interests to those of the club, assisting it largely financially and with his time and interest.

DURING the war the Canadian Society has suspended its public banquets, and the members do not expect to hold any national functions until the war is ended. The reason for this is that they

are fearful of appearing to attempt the influencing of public opinion. Also they wish to devote all their resources to the relief of the dependents of the Canadian soldiers living in the States. Apparently no provision was made by the Canadian Patriotic Society for the families of these men, and the Canadian Society in New York has the satisfaction of being able to say that they have provided for all the applicants on this side of the border without any aid from Ottawa. This has been due in a very large degree to Dr. MacPhee, although he declines to admit it.

This society has also a bed endowed at the Presbyterian Hospital, and a fund for sending indigent Canadians back to Canada. It is almost with surprise that one learns of the numbers of Canadians living in the States who have gone over to France to join the Allies. It would have seemed as if after years spent in another country they would have become more or less dis-associated with the land of their birth, but there appears to be no diminishing of nationality in the hearts of the Canadians living in New York. They are eager to be known as Canadians, though at the same time cautious in their speech on the subject of nationality, feeling as they do the sensitiveness of their friends, the Americans, because of the manner in which they feel their real sentiments have been misrepresented to the world.

AN interesting club that has grown up in New York and that now has a long list of prominent members, is the Canadian Camp. Its object, like that of the Canadian Club in New York, is purely social, its purpose being to create a feeling of friendliness between sportsmen, its only requisition being that a member must have at some time camped in Canada.

The idea of the Camp was originated by Dr. Curtis about fourteen years ago, and he has been entirely responsible for

its success. The members meet once a year at a large banquet. Speeches are made on all subjects of interest to sportsmen, such as forestry, natural history, and travel, by men who know their subjects thoroughly. Besides this, they attempt to have an unusual menu of different kinds of vegetables and animal flesh not usually found in our markets, so as to show the members how different food may be prepared so that in case of shortage of provisions on an exploring trip, they could make the most of what they found growing in the neighborhood. There are quite a number of Canadian members who every year make a point of attending the dinner.

THERE are so many successful Canadians in New York that it is only possible to mention a few. It seems as though in all parts of the world Canada was beginning to stand for success whether on the blood-stained fields of Flanders, where the name of Canada has been spelled in blood and tears, to here in a neutral land, where, whether in art or literature, business or politics, medicine, or any other profession, those from Canada seem to win through to achievement in whatever they undertake to do. There are so many that it is possible in this article to deal only with one class of successful Canadians; and it has been elected to deal with those who have made headway in arts and letters.

Consider first one young Canadian who has in a literal sense interpreted New York to the New Yorkers. As O. Henry has done for Broadway, so has Harvey O'Higgins done for the East Side. He has depicted largely the life of the Irish who have settled there. He has done it with a humor, an Irish drollery, and a pathos that have made his stories a permanent contribution to the literature of "Gotham." The day laborer, the night watchman, the mother of the tenements,

the little servant, they are all here. Mr. O'Higgins has portrayed them all with an infinite humor and tenderness and with a realism that brings both a laugh and a tear.

HARVEY O'HIGGINS was born in London, Ontario. While at Toronto University he made up his mind to be a journalist, so he devoted most of his time to the study of history and fiction. To help out his rather meagre resources, he worked as a purser during the summer months on one of the Niagara River Line steamboats.

His first journalistic work was done for the *Toronto Star* as a reporter, and during this time he did some work that received recognition. But, not satisfied with the prospects ahead of him, he threw up this position to go to New York, his mind filled with dreams of what he would accomplish there.

It took six years of hard work. From space writing for Sunday papers at from five to ten dollars a column, he went into more active newspaper work, doing special assignments as an interviewer and as a telegraph editor.

"I wrote up everything from Chinatown to Harlem, and then I went on the telegraph desk of a daily till I had some words with the editor and he told me that I couldn't write English, and so I went back to newspaper work," relates Mr. O'Higgins. And all the while he was sending in stories to the magazines, refusing to be discouraged by rejections. At length he wrote a prize story for *Collier's Weekly*, for which he received twelve hundred dollars. About this time he was doing stories of the New York Fire Brigade, which later were published in book form as "The Smoke Eaters."

Mr. O'Higgins tells an amusing incident about this series of stories. He had a fireman friend in the Greenwich Village dis-

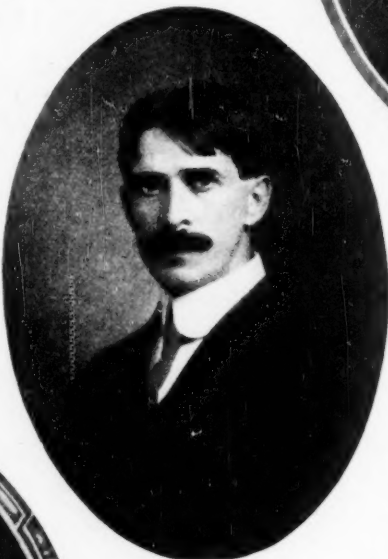
trict, and he would go in to see him. One of the men in this fire department remarked to his friend that he didn't think much of Mr. O'Higgins' stories.

"They're not literature," he said. "It's what any fireman knows. That book wasn't written by an author. Some fireman wrote it."

It is interesting to know that during these days, Harvey O'Higgins, Arthur Stringer, and Arthur MacFarlane shared a flat together in Greenwich Village, and together these three young Canadians dreamed, worked and struggled towards recognition and success. And now that success has come to all of them, they are still friends, with a friendship born of the struggle.



Harvey O'Higgins, a Canadian who interprets New York to the New Yorkers.



Arthur E. McFarlane, Canadian author, who makes his headquarters in New York, but is at present living in the West



Arthur Stringer who carved out a career in New York but some years ago moved back to his native town of Chatham, Ont.

desire was always to go to a large city where there would be scope to realize his ambitions. His insistent thought was that as soon as he had four hundred dollars he would go to New York, and this wish being at length gratified, he went, and duly started work at the Art Students' League.

But studying at the League was a slow process on the road to success, and Mr. Brown evolved the enterprising idea of going on the road with Barnum and Bailey's Circus, to do sketches of circus life. The originality of starting a career with a traveling circus appeals so much to the imagination that you feel that the man who carried it through will undoubtedly have succeeded. Slivers, the clown, who killed himself so tragically about a year ago, was the clown of Barnum and Bailey's at the time, and Mr. Brown, who says he found him an interesting and unusual character, would often assist him in the ring, taking the part of a clown himself. At the time he looked upon his circus experiences in the light of a joke, but it was the first step towards success for his sketches, which he sold to the *Saturday Evening Post*, brought him recognition. But, even so, it was a struggle, and for some years Mr. Brown was glad to have the opportunity of doing trifling work of any description for the magazines.

Arthur William Brown is now one of a notable group of illustrators which also includes F. R. Gruger, Wallace Morgan and Henry Raleigh. Like all in this group, his idea of illustrating it to bring the personality into the picture. His people are alive and vital, the people you know, the people you see every day. He has a special fondness for doing young girl and boy illustrations at the falling-in-love stage. His illustrations for Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen," are, he

O'Higgins' first novel, "Don o' Dreams," was finished before he commenced to write Irish stories of which, by the way, he has written over a hundred. Among his most successful plays are, "The Argyle Case," "the Dummy," and "Polygammy."

The New York papers proclaim Mr. O'Higgins as "the one man who can write Irish stories."

ANOTHER interesting Canadian and one who has been unusually successful at a very early age, is Arthur William Brown, whose illustrations are to be found in any of the best current magazines. Born in Hamilton, his great



Arthur Crisp and a mural panel that shows him at his best.

considers his best work to date. He is perhaps best known for his baseball pictures, many of which have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*. To do these, Mr. Brown does not sit in his studio and draw what he fancies will delineate what he desires to express. Instead, he either goes to the spring training camp or travels with one of the major league teams. There he gets the expression, the living personality, the real spirit of baseball; and that is why his people live and are not dead clay — puppets that the author pulls about by wire. Mr. Brown's illustrations could of themselves tell the story without the need of an author at all.

Mr. Brown is the youngest of this group of illustrators and with a vivid personality and a large amount of energy, he will unquestionably go far on the road to his ambitions.

ARTHUR CRISP, the mural artist, is another Canadian who has accomplished much by continuous hard work. Work, he says, has been the dominant thing in his life.

He met with an accident when very young, and most of his boyhood was spent as an invalid. Consequently, his parents thought that he would never be able to stand the hard work of an office day by day, and so they began to think of something easier, some less laborious work for him to do. So one day seeing him busily at work drawing pictures, they decided that the problem was solved. He would be an artist!

"They could not very well have thought of anything that entailed more hard work," says Mr. Crisp now, "especially as mural decoration was the form that appealed to me. When executing a large canvas, I am like a day laborer, running up and down ladders all the time."

Arthur Crisp went to New York when he was nineteen. He worked in the office of the Art Students' League at night and attended the classes during the day. After a year and a half he left the League and did not attend any school after. For a time he designed book plates at his studio on Fifth Avenue. Then he did decorative pen drawings, magazine covers, and so on, step by step, until he finally reached the goal of his ambition, mural painting, the oldest art, and, in his opinion, the highest. He got his first opportunity in this line from David Belasco, who commissioned him to paint seven mural panels for the Belasco Theatre, covering a space of one thousand square feet. It was

besides doing a large panel for a private house.

Although his success has come to him young, Mr. Crisp has not arrived where he is without hard times. He says it makes him smile to read of the Chicago Board of Health planning how it is possible to feed a person on forty cents a day. Two dollars a week was his average allowance for food when he first came to New York, and he says he has never enjoyed life more than when living with five or six other artists equally poverty-stricken. They were all struggling to get on, not caring how little they had nor what they went without.

TO be an editor and a publisher at the age of thirty-three, appears to be something of an achievement, especially when it is attended with such success as in the case of Francis G. Wickware, the editor of the *American Year Book*.

Mr. Wickware seems to have all the necessary requisites for a career—an indefatigable spirit for work, a quiet strength, and a capability for sustained thought and effort being among his chief characteristics, as his article published in the *American Year Book* of 1915 is proof of.

This article concerns the history "of the reactions of the European war in America," and is an intensely interesting treatise on trade conditions and international law. It touches also on the American notes regarding the outrages on American shipping, and in fact deals with everything that has affected America during the period of the war.

Mr. Wickware was born near Smith's Falls, Ontario. He graduated at McGill, and there took his degree, at present being President of the McGill Society in New York, spending a large portion of his time seeking out the McGill students who come to New York. After a course in Mining Engineering, in which he led his class, he was appointed to the Dawson Fellowship in Mining, and became an instructor in both engineering and English, while during the summers he undertook some surveying and railroad work in British Columbia.

But before he had served the full year of the Fellowship, and at the age of twenty-three, he was offered the associate editorship of the leading engineering monthly of both New York and London. Leaving college to become an editor seems so unusual as to be almost unheard of. Suc-

Continued on page 93.



Francis G. Wickware.

Jordan is a Hard Road

Concluding Instalment of this Strong and Stirring Serial

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Author of "The Weavers," "The Right of Way," "The Money Master," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

NATURE HAS HER SAY.

BRIBERY answering blackmail is not the highest form of diplomacy, but it was successful in the case of Robert Simeon Struthers, who sailed from Vancouver on the last sea-voyage he would ever make. Minden had some heart-searching as to the propriety of the course he had taken, but anything likely to injure his daughter caused him to harden his heart. To make her happy was an obsession. That was why he focused his interest upon the Sink-or-Swim Mine. Through it she could be provided with an "elegant" husband and a fortune also. He believed in the mine now even more fanatically than Sheldon. So it was that when Sheldon came to him in great anxiety, because of injury to the mine by fire and the break-down in machinery, also in regard to costs of the law suit which, though he had won, were heavy, Minden met him with a cheerful eye.

"How much do you want?" Minden asked him, going straight to the heart of the business.

Sheldon hesitated a moment, then he said, "I don't like telling you, it seems such a big sum. The break-down and the fire and the law costs will eat up ten thousand dollars, but—"

He paused. There was something on his mind and he hesitated to say it.

Minden came to his rescue. "Well, what is it, youngster? Got brain congestion? Out with it! Don't mind me."

The young man pulled himself together and returned Minden's look firmly. "Of course I ought to speak out frankly to you as a partner, but I feel you're risking so much on my—"

"I'm risking nothing at all," interjected Minden with a chuckle. "I know what I'm doing'. If there's one dollar in that mine there's millions, and I saw from the start you'd got to have more money. There's nothing in working a big mine penuriously. On your present plan there's a good livin' and there's twenty per cent. or more on capital; but another forty thousand put into machinery, development and hands 'd make the profits three hundred per cent. I know what I'm talking about. You want ten thousand dollars for break-down and the law costs. Settled; you've got it. Then there's forty thousand dollars that's wanted for development before we float the Company for five million dollars. Settled; you've got it—anyhow you'll have it in three days."

Sheldon was staggered. When he could get his breath he said: "It doesn't seem possible you mean it—but yes, of course, you do. You're not loaning all this money to the mine without a mortgage on my share?"

"No mortgage if I know it. I want another quarter of the mine; then you and I'll be goin' halves, and I'll think I got it cheap."

Sheldon's face lighted. "I'm glad you

said that," he replied. "By rights you ought to have three-quarters of the mine, because I mightn't have had anything out of it, if it wasn't for you. I'm mighty glad you can do it."

Minden nodded. "So am I. But I am saying this too, son, that as soon as this matter is fixed, you're goin' to have ten thousand a year for managing the biz."

SHELDON made a protesting gesture. "Oh, I don't mind that for the present! When I'm married though I want more cash. It doesn't cost me much to live now, but ten thousand dollars a year won't be too much then, of course."

"Yes, it doesn't cost you much to live now," remarked Minden. "As near as I can figure, you spend 'bout as much as one of your workmen; but you've got to have something like what you're worth when you get married. To my thinkin' you'll have fifty times what you're worth when you're married, Sheldon," he added meaningly.

A warm, happy look crossed over Sheldon's face. "Yes, she's worth fifty times what I am, Mr. Minden," he replied.

"You don't think you'll ever repent marrying a girl like her, seein' what you've come from?" Minden asked, his eyes searching the other's face closely.

Sheldon laughed happily. "She's a lady, isn't she? Is there anything the matter with her manners? When the Governor's wife passed through, did you see any difference 'twixt her and Her Excellency?"

Minden chuckled. "Goin' just as easy with Her Excellency as with me," he answered—"talkin' as if they were sisters."

"Well, that's being a lady," answered Sheldon decisively. "What more do you want? I've seen a shoemaker as well bred as any royalty."

"You wouldn't want to give her up then?" asked Minden lightly, but with an inquisitorial look.

"That's what I'm always afraid of," answered Sheldon. "I don't want to give her up, but I might have to if she took a fancy to someone else."

"Then why don't you marry her at once?" queried the other.

"Because I want the mine to be steadied down to its work and going strong, so that she won't see any trouble in my face as there was in it to-day."

Minden smiled. "That's right, son, that's right; you've got the hang of the thing. You be good to her always like that. I guess you can get your marriage license out. With the fifty thousand dollars I'm going to pay for another quarter share, you can bet that mine'll run with greased wheels — like a snake down a hole."

"Well, I think you're right," answered Sheldon.

"Then go and see the lady and fix the day," urged Minden, "for you never can tell what'll happen. Better take things when the fit's on. I've got a fit on for the

Sink-or-Swim, and you've got a fit on for the finest girl ever was; then let's act while it's on—while it's on."

They shook hands with a great swing and parted. Minden looked after the athletic figure with pride in his eyes. "There's a lot in good blood," he said. "You can breed men same as you breed animals."

This conversation occurred at the City Hall within the Mayor's office.

AS MINDEN stood ruminating on the departure of Sheldon upon a mission which brought back vividly the boisterous joy of his own courtship twenty-five years before, a misshapen figure in the open doorway of the room disturbed his vision.

"Well, Kernaghan, what brings you here? Isn't the cheque all right?" he said, remarking the green-looking paper in Kernaghan's hand. He saw it was a cheque he had given Kernaghan the day before for some casual work.

"Aw, Mr. Mayor, sir," answered Kernaghan sadly, "I took this cheque to the bank, an' they sez to me this morning, 'Put your name on the back of it,' they sez. 'I'm not paid for doing that,' sez I. 'Well, you'll get no money unless you do,' sez they to me. An' there I stood in the arly mornin' with my strength not come full, writin' me name on the back of a cheque. Then what d'ye think happened? I was just passin' it in, an' they was countin' out the money behind the bars of the cage, where they kep it, when in comes the Young Doctor, and what d'ye think he said? He wasn't lookin' very well. Shure, he always had a kind word for me no matter what time o' day it was, but in he comes an' just nods to me. Then he goes to the counter. 'I want to see Mr. Bristow' he sez—that's the Manager, you know. Just then Mr. Bristow comes into the cage behin' the bars. 'Good morning,' he sez to the Young Doctor. 'Good morning, Bristow,' sez he. 'Here's a pretty bad business,' sez he. 'What's that?' sez Mr. Bristow with a sharp look. 'Prince's Bank is gone,' sez the Young Doctor. 'It closed it's doors this mornin'. I have a telegram. Ten cents on the dollar I s'pose,' sez he; 'an' I had five thousand dollars in it?'"

AT THE name of the bank, Minden paled, and a sort of film came over his eyes. His hand had been in his beard as he listened to Kernaghan, and at the mention of the bank-catastrophe the fingers clutched the beard so that his lower lip was dragged into an involuntary grimace of torture. That was all. He stood rigid and dazed.

"Prince's Bank! Prince's Bank—an' you sure that's what the Young Doctor said?" he asked huskily.

"Aw, it's Prince's Bank in Winnipeg, all right," answered Kernaghan. "There's no mistake about that. It's the same that's on this cheque you give me yesterday. Am I to be losin' it, Mr. Minden? Is it that

Continued on page 94.

She Was a Peach!

By Hopkins Moorhouse

Who wrote "The Centre of Gravity," "What the Gods Send," etc.

Illustrated by
Ben Ward

WITH complete dissatisfaction Mr. Arbuthnot Shoebottom eyed the gnawed bones that littered the little square of sawdust in which he squatted. There was also a sprinkling of peanut shells a few peach-stones and a banana-skin which a small boy had insisted on dropping into the cage.

Mr. Shoebottom's eyes smouldered as he looked upon the long toe-nails of his two bare feet, upon his brown hairy shanks, upon the girdle of leopard-skin and the black matted hair of his chest and arms. In the little hand mirror, hanging directly in front of him, he could get a glimpse of a great shock of long coarse black hair that cascaded about his head, of two eyes gleaming through it, of a big brown nose protruding and a wide mouth that just now was grimly shut.

Mouth, nose, eyes—these were genuine Shoebottom property while the black matted hair grew amid the pores of Mr. Shoebottom's skin and was accordingly genuine; the shanks—and the hair upon them—were likewise genuine, Mr. Shoebottom having used them for walking purposes ever since he was fourteen months old. But the great shock of long coarse, black hair had once switched flies from the flanks of an old nag while the brown tint of all the human cuticle in sight had come out of a can of walnut stain!

For the small sum of ten cents, one dime, you could have mounted the plank platform, walked over to the square wooden box arrangement covered with red bunting, and through the meshes of the wire cage that projected above it you could have convinced yourself that Mr. Arbuthnot Shoebottom was from the jungles of the Philippines and was wild! Only you wouldn't have known that his name was Shoebottom nor would you actually have seen him "eat 'em alive!"

BUT it was not the knowledge that he was a humbug which bothered Mr. Shoebottom. Nor was his discontent born of the fear that his salary would not be forthcoming; "Old Boy Week" in Ontarioville was proving quite a wind-fall for most of the show people who had transferred their tents and paraphernalia at the close of the neighboring county fair. No. But it was the first time necessity had driven Mr. Shoebottom to link up with "a bunch of pikers!"

Just that—the whole caboodle from the animal circus gang right down to "Papita, Queen of the Gipsies," who told fortunes and financed all the fake gambling games on the grounds. The way things were conducted jarred upon Mr. Shoebottom's delicate sense of the artistic; the crowd wasn't given a run for its money. As for Nelles, his own boss,—he had as much business brains as a bug and there were fresh scratches on Mr. Shoebottom's bare shoulder where the rummy had really punched him with the steel prongs fixed to the stock of the whip! The way the "Buried Alive!" show quit had put the finishing touch to Mr. Shoebottom's con-

tempt for his present associates; instead of getting busy, Williams, the "barker," had contented himself with trying to sell tickets by pointing to the banner that topped the tent, with the result that the public didn't seem to care whether the "Professor" stayed buried under six feet of earth without food or drink till Judgment Day.

When Mr. Shoebottom thought of the possibilities if that show was handled right—! Decidedly this atmosphere of dimes and dirty collars was no place for him!

Mr. Shoebottom might have kept right on till he had developed a bad case of the reveries if Nelles hadn't mounted the "ballyhoo" out front and began to beat a brass gong. It was time for the first "spiel" of the afternoon and wandering sightseers were beginning to thicken to some semblance of a crowd. Mr. Shoebottom tossed away the end of his cigarette and listened to Nelles clumsily launching into his harangue.

"If this wild and savage creature ever escaped," concluded the showman, "there would be no hope—no-o hope for any poor mortal who crossed his path! Ig-a-loo, the Wild Man of the Jungles, would tear 'em limb from limb, just as re-presented in the picture before you!"

With his whip he slapped the canvas spread, lurid with paint. It was the signal for Mr. Shoebottom to leap to the top of the cage, clinging to the heavy wire meshes and shaking the structure till it rocked.

"Down, sir! Down!" thundered Nelles, drawing his revolver and running over to the cage with raised whip.

A sharp prod with the prongs in the stock of the whip warned Mr. Shoebottom that he was clinging longer than

usual. He dropped back out of sight with a snarl. He had been staring at a girl in a red tam-o'-shanter who stood in the front row, holding timidly to the arm of a big, young man. The latter was looking at her with a questioning grin.

"Gee, she's a peach!" muttered Mr. Shoebottom.

"Step right up, ladies and gentlemen. Only a dime. Better take off that red hat, lady," Nelles cautioned. "He's awfully fond o' bright colors—might try to snatch it, y'understand."

The two stool-pigeons who were paid \$1.25 per day for leading the "rush" for tickets at the end of every "spiel" were



BEN WARD

Mr. Shoebottom was grimacing into the little mirror and twisting it about in his hands.

already at the cage, pointing into it with delight and wonder. When the girl peeped cautiously over the edge, clutching the lapel of her escort's coat, Mr. Shoebottom was grimacing into the little mirror and twisting it about in his hands.

"Some class all right!" murmured Mr. Shoebottom under his breath. "A queen for fair! Clean, strong guy she's with, too; looks like an easy mark, but Lord help the markers if he found out!" He caught sight of the gold band on the third finger of her left hand.

"Married!" grunted Mr. Shoebottom to himself. He threw the little mirror into the sawdust and, grabbing the chain with which he was fastened, pulled at it till the great muscles on his shoulders bulged to thrilling proportions.

"Oh Joe, look—the poor thing! I just think it's a shame to abuse a poor wild creature like that! Look at those scratches!" Her cheeks flushed with excitement. "The man said he liked bright colors and I'm going to give him my tam."

She stuffed it through the cage as she spoke and the "poor thing" reached for it with a gibber of delight. He caught a glimpse of her eyes, swimming with tears of pity, before her husband pulled her hastily away.

"Gee, she's a peach!" muttered Mr. Shoebottom wistfully.

AND then right on top of that there was a shuffle of feet and three faces grinned down into the cage. One belonged to Nelles; one to Williams, erstwhile "barker" for the defunct "Buried Alive" show; one to "Professor" Smith himself. The three faces were promptly withdrawn.

"What d'yuh know 'bout that?" gasped Nelles.

"Quick!" growled Williams. "Pipe the zink's phiz so yuh'll know 'm. That's the yap we got a string on. Fi' thousand cold an' you're in on it, Nel. See yuh later an' put yuh wise. Some pickin's, believe muh!"

Mr. Shoebottom listened, his jaw sagging. He leaped to the top of the cage and shook it wrathfully. He saw the girl and the big young man wending their way towards the animal circus. Williams

and the "Professor" were descending the steps out front and Nelles was beginning his "spiel" once more.

II.

ONTARIOVILLE usually put out the cat and crawled between the covers not later than ten o'clock. After that hour it did not take the showgrounds long to become deserted; by midnight the flaring gasoline torches had gone out, tent-flaps were dropped and guy-ropes tightened, only the litter of paper bags remaining as souvenirs of the departed crowd. Here and there dull dots of lantern light glowed through the canvas of the smaller living tents at the rear and presently most of these faded out. Only a heavy-eyed watchman or two prowled about half-heartedly, frequently yawning.

The hour was propitious for little games of poker—and the hatching of mischief. There were no playing-cards or chips spread on top of the pine box around which the three men sat in "Professor" Smith's tent; the space was occupied by a couple of whisky bottles, a siphon of soda, glasses and a box of twenty-five cent cigars.

Even so. For it must be said that, when the eminent Ontarioville barrister, Mr. J. Cronyn Fennel, city father and petty grafter, set out to do a thing he did it with a fine appreciation of the psychological importance of frills. The grandest residence in the "South End," the fattest bank account, the strongest political pull—these are things compatible with twenty-five-cent cigars; besides, Mr. Fennel had long ago discovered that cats-paws work better when well buttered.

The chestnuts the eminent gentleman was after just now belonged rightfully to Joseph Crawford, a young farmer from the neighboring county, whose mother owned a very desirable factory site in Ontarioville—a piece of property against which Fennel held a mortgage for \$5,000, falling due within a week. In view of the fact that J. Cronyn Fennel had drummed up a chance to sell the property for a good round sum to the Dolliver-Grant Manufacturing Company, of Boston, it was unfortunate that Joseph Crawford had been carefully saving up his money to lift the mortgage as a present to the old lady when it fell due on her birthday. Fennel had been too much surprised at this unexpected news to think clearly until with equal unexpectedness he had run across an old political hench-

man in the trustworthy person of "Bat" Smith—otherwise Professor Smith—

Under the stimulation of this meeting and a few drinks it was easy to see that if Joseph Crawford was parted from his five thousand dollars there would be nothing to prevent the foreclosure of the mortgage and the consummation of the deal with the Boston people.

Supposing that Mr. Smith and a couple of trusty friends had an option on some vacant property that Fennel owned; that Mr. Smith had a nephew who was private secretary to Mr. Dolliver, of Boston, and had received inside information that the Dolliver-Grant Company was going to locate its factory on the aforesaid Fennel property—supposing these things, would it not be possible to form a little syndicate to buy the Fennel property and hold up the factory people for a stiff sum? Wouldn't it be a splendid opportunity for a local man with some ready money to make a quick turn-over? It was easy to see that such a frame-up would divert suspicion from J. Cronyn Fennel. And this was the scheme, hatched in the wily Fennel brain that the three of them around the pine box—Smith, Williams and Nelles—were discussing.

"THE slick part of the thing," enthused Williams, who undertook to explain the deal to Nelles, "is that Punkin-Seed hands over his fi' thousand to a gazabo he's acquainted with down in Fennel's office. He puts up the coin in—in his crow, an'—"

"In his wha—at?"

"In escrow, you poor boob!" scowled Professor Bat Smith, helping himself to his fifth drink.

"I knowed it was somethin' like that. It's law lingo, Nel, meanin' sort o' stakeholder, y'understand."

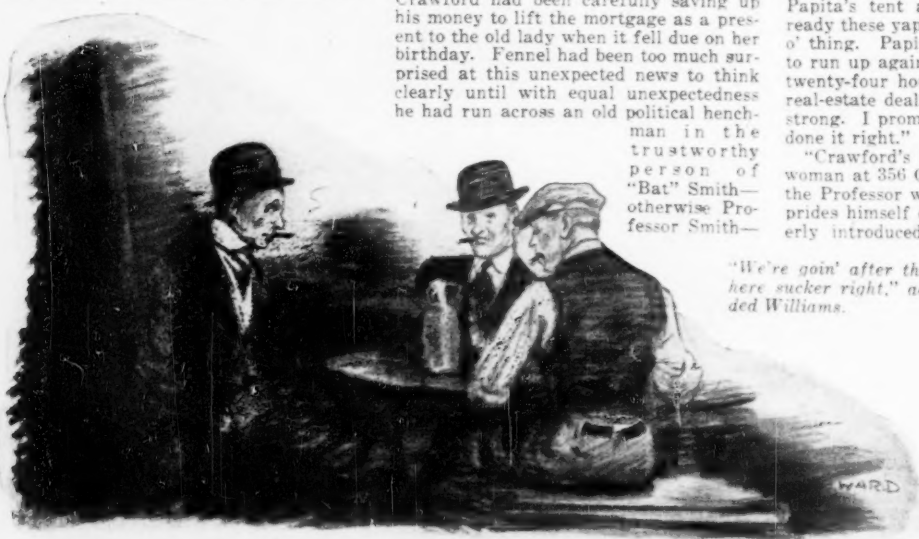
"I'm having some cards printed for you, Nelles," nodded the Professor. "You'll meet Crawford Monday night and as manager of the Boston firm, all you got to do is to say you've decided to buy from us and are ready to hand over a check to our syndicate on the spot. That releases Crawford's coin an'—we fit."

"We're goin' after this here sucker right," added Williams. "He was doin' the whole works here to-day. Him an' his girl had their fortunes told over in Papita's tent an' yuh know 'bout how ready these yaps is to believe in that kind o' thing. Papita told 'em they was due to run up against a bunch o' luck within twenty-four hours—said it looked like a real-estate deal to her. She advised 'em strong. I promised Pap a hundred if she done it right."

"Crawford's hangin' out with the old woman at 356 Oxford St.," supplemented the Professor with the air of a man who prides himself on detail. "We got properly introduced an' laid our lines this

afternoon. He's keen for it an' his money'll be posted in the morning." He yawned.

Very cautiously Mr. Arbutnot Shoebottom backed out beneath the bottom of the tent. The disused coffin-box, in which the Professor had been buried alive for such a short and unprofitable time, was between Mr. Shoebottom and the



"We're goin' after this here sucker right," added Williams.

group near the tent-pole; it had afforded splendid concealment while he listened to the confab and now it completely protected his noiseless retreat.

For, although he was more or less of a humbug, Mr. Shoebottom didn't belong among "pikers" like these. He knew his duty. Anyway, she was a "peach."

BUT his plans for stopping the villainy that was afoot were completely upset next day. He was in his cage, waiting for the opening of the afternoon session, when Nelles mounted the staging, accompanied by McNulty, one of the animal circus men. With sudden misgiving Mr. Shoebottom noted that Nelles has donned a brand new suit of clothes which might readily have been worn by the manager of a concern like the Dolliwer-Grant Manufacturing Company, of Boston.

"Goin' to look over the town with some friends this af, Shoebottom," he announced as the pair reached the cage. "Mac here will be ready to do the spiel in a few minutes an' you help him all you can. Here's your salary to date an' there's an extra 'V' in it fer yuh do real good this p.x. Looks like pickin's to-day."

Mr. Shoebottom merely nodded as he stowed his salary inside the tight-fitting trunks beneath the leopard-skin girdle. "Seems there was a reporter took my spiel yesterday down in shorthand," grinned Nelles amiably. "Son-of-a-gun made quite a yarn of it—'bout you bein' some dangerous if yuh ever got loose an' so on. Good business, eh? You're doin' well, Ig. Eat 'em up! Horrify 'em! S'long."

Nelles and McNulty had no sooner withdrawn than Mr. Shoebottom began to do some rapid thinking and it may be recorded at once that the Shoebottom thinker at full speed could travel fast. The fact of the matter was that he had



BEN WARD —

He swung at anchor. His long legs wobbled. He was scared dumb.

been figuring he had until Monday to perfect his plans, as yet but half formed. Apparently the three conspirators had found the plum so ripe they had decided to pluck it and partake of the fruit without waiting over the week-end and running unnecessary chances.

Cautiously "Ig-a-loo, the Wild Man of The Jungles," raised himself till he could sweep a hurried glance over the grounds. A big blue automobile was standing at the far end of the Midway and Nelles was walking briskly towards it. There was no mistaking the two waiting occupants; the Professor was in the driver's seat and Williams was lounging in the tonneau, smoking a cigar and laughing. There was an insolent cock-sureness in the fellow's attitude that made Mr. Shoebottom grit his teeth.

HE dropped back onto his feet, his mind made up. Unless something were done at once to prevent the appoint-

ment with Crawford the deal would be consummated and the young farmer would not wake up till Monday to the fact that he had been buncoed. By that time the precious trio would be far away. There was no time to send a messenger with a note to Crawford, even a trustworthy messenger. Mr. Shoebottom had a plan that promised better than that.

He chuckled at the daring of it as he reached quickly in behind the loose board at the bottom of his cage and grabbed up two articles. The red tam-o'-shanter for a mascot he thrust inside his girdle; an unopened can from his supply of walnut stain followed suit.

Seizing the huge combination of bludgeon and tomahawk, supposed to be his native weapon in the days when he ran wild in his jungles, Mr. Shoebottom pulled away a second loose board and slipped through the opening. He crawled quickly along under

the plank platform till he could peer out over the grounds in hasty survey.

Then gathering his hairy brown legs beneath him and drawing in a big breath, he suddenly sprang out into the glare of the afternoon sun. With a genuine blood-curdling yell he brandished his terrible club around his head and sped like the wind, heading as the crow flies, straight across the lot.

III.

DINNER was over, the dishes washed and Ontarioville just sallying forth for another afternoon of it in white dresses and ribbons, crash hats and post-prandial cigars. Quite a crowd had already foregathered in the neighborhood of the "Tented City." The newspaper review of the "goings-on" had caught the Old Boy carnival spirit with clever fidelity; the half serious description of

Continued on page 106.

Records of Success

A department given over to sketches of
interesting Canadian men and women

America's Best Wheat Grower

By Norman Lambert

ABOUT ten years ago, at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, a scientific mind applied itself to the production of a grain of wheat which when planted in the rich soil of the Western plains would grow and develop so rapidly that it would mature into a fully ripened crop ten days to two weeks earlier than any other kind of seed. The object which the scientist had in mind in doing this, was to enable the prairie farmer to secure his wheat crop from the ravages of frost, which so often have been felt in the West toward the end of August. Without sacrificing the quality or the quantity of the Western wheat crops but at the same time ensuring an earlier harvest, the scientist finally evolved a variety of grain which since has become widely known as "Marquis."

Early in the spring of 1911, a small five-pound package of this Marquis wheat was sent from the Central Farm at Ottawa to an obscure little farm near Rosthern, Saskatchewan. In April of that year it was duly sown, and in the following August, from an area comprising one-twentieth of an acre, a crop of wheat was taken which yielded at the rate of 80 2-3 bushels per acre. In October, at the New York Land Show, a bushel of this same wheat was on exhibition, in competition with bushel lots of wheat from every part of America. It was a world competition, and the specimen from the little farm at Rosthern won the highest honors, which were in the form of a thousand dollars in

cash and a fine silver loving cup. That was the way in which Seager Wheeler, of Rosthern, Saskatchewan, was introduced publicly to the people of Canada. Since 1911 he has exhibited samples of his wheat at International land shows and farming congresses in different parts of the United States and Canada, and three times he has captured the first prize, entitling him to a world reputation as a grower of grain.

In Western Canada, Seager Wheeler is famous from one end of the prairie plains to the other. He is known as the wizard of seedsmen. His ability to select the best kind of grain to plant in the ground each spring has been the secret of his success. He has applied gardening methods to grain-growing on the boundless prairie. In the West, the standard of a man's success on the land is only too apt to be the number of acres he possesses. But Seager Wheeler brought with him from the old country certain principles of thoroughness in his relationship to the soil which he never forgot even on the prairie where the temptation to deal in wide areas often overcomes any inherent desire to practise agriculture intensively. While others were breaking up vast tracts of prairie and becoming the owners of thousands of acres of partially developed land, he remained content with his homestead, improving it by thirty and forty acres at a time, and finally transforming it into one of the most carefully cultivated farms in Western Canada.

SEAGER WHEELER was born at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. He came to Canada in the Spring of 1885, and arrived in the Northwest in time to see something of the Rebellion. He had no capital and very little experience with which to support himself on a prairie farm at that time. The C.P.R. was being built across the plains in 1885, and Seager Wheeler went as far West as he could make his way. He found himself at Moose Jaw in the month of May, and a few months later trekked northward 175 miles to a friend's farm, near the present City of Saskatoon. There, he learned the stern lessons of a pioneer farmer on the prairie. It was necessary to trail to Moose Jaw every fall and spring for supplies. Speaking of the first crop of wheat he harvested in Canada, Mr. Wheeler said on one occasion, that he and his friend managed to prepare thirty acres for wheat, the seeding of which was done by throwing the grain broadcast. "Farm implements were pretty scarce in those days," he said. "The grain was sown mostly by hand, and I have seen men harrow it with branches of trees. Needless to say, we did not have big yields in those days."

After two years of pioneering on his friend's farm, Seager Wheeler returned to Moose Jaw to work on the new railway. He spent two years with the C.P.R., saved some money, and then left again for the northerly part of the country where he filed on a homestead bordering on the banks of the Saskatchewan River. Speaking of his work on this first farm of his own, he records that he did not attempt "to farm large acres." "I used to pick over my seed by hand," he said, "in order that all weed seeds and inferior grains

Snapshots of Seager Wheeler
taken on his Rosthern farm.



should be taken out. I wanted to sow the very best grain even in those days." Finally, after doing well on the homestead located beside the Saskatchewan River, Wheeler decided to move still farther north to a better piece of land, near the town of Rosthern. This was in the late nineties, and he has been in the same place since that time, believing as he has testified many times that his particular soil cannot be beaten for grain growing by any other in America. Some time ago the writer had the privilege of calling upon Seager Wheeler in the middle of the crop season. His snug little farm cottage was nestled in the midst of a grove of trees and shrubbery, which spoke eloquently for the first work which the little Englishman did upon locating near Rosthern. He had planted hedges of Southernwood, Caragana, maples, Russian poplar and willows. At the time of the Queen Victoria Jubilee, Lady Aberdeen sent out to the settlers in the West, small packets of lilac seed obtained from the grounds of the Government House at Ottawa. Wheeler had received a packet, and had carefully planted the seeds. Today, the healthy, vigorous bushes that have sprung from those seeds, bloom

luxuriantly and add a touch of beauty to that well cultivated little farm at Rosthern which could not be equalled by acres of golden wheat.

"It was always my object," he told me, "to do things thoroughly on the farm, as far as I was able. I am a book farmer and an indoor farmer as well. We often hear uncomplimentary things about such men, but show me the farmer who does not read and I will show you a poor farmer. Problems are worked out in the arm chair by the fire as well as observing outside during the daytime." This man also said that he was a subscriber to one daily, three weekly and five farm papers. A strict devotion to the details of agriculture, working out little, knotty problems at night-time with pencil and paper and above all being particular about the quality of the seed he plants each year, have contributed to the success and marked achievements of Seager Wheeler. For instance, the bushel of wheat which took the first prize at the New York Land Show was practically hand picked and thoroughly cleaned. "It was cleaned," he said, "in the same manner as I clean my own grain every year for seed purposes. There were no broken grains in it, no im-

mature grains, no useless immaturities and no smut. It is just this giving attention to small details that counts."

SEAGER WHEELER was simply one of the many "green Englishmen" who have been seen in all parts of this new country during the past twenty years. But if he was green at one time, he was never careless. Probably there is no other one grain grower living in the Middle West who has done as much to add to the sum total of Canada's wealth as Seager Wheeler of Rosthern, Saskatchewan. His crops are not now grown for the grain exchange. They are produced for other farmers to plant. His seed has been sought and secured from all districts of the West. His crops have in this way increased a million fold. Dr. Charles Saunders, in the laboratories at the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa, discovered the early Marquis wheat for the prairie farmer. It was Seager Wheeler, however, who cast this seed into the ground and saw it bring forth much fruit. He demonstrated its practical qualities, and incidentally brought great credit and international fame to his country and himself through his work.

The Artful Forks

By Mary Gaunt

Illustrated by J. W. Beatty

"A BLOOMIN'—" the older man paused to give weight to an entirely unprintable adjective—"fool! That's what I reckon a chap who takes the trail with the thermometer at anything below forty-five degrees; an' when he calkulates on toddlin' along on his lonesome an' negotiatin' them Artful Forks—Well—" He let out a blast of profanity that ought certainly to have raised the temperature even in the heart of the Yukon at midwinter.

"And why particularly the Artful Forks?" asked Chinnery, impatient to be off. He had lingered too long already helping old Pete Taylor, and he wanted to reach Lockhart's Crossing before Nan Magary had left, and she was going back to Lenana to-morrow. If he wanted to see her (and he did want to see her badly), he must be there to-night. It could be done, even though the temperature was low.

"Them Artful Forks is deceivin'," said Pete, turning over the quid in his cheek and spitting thoughtfully on the stove; "partic'larly when the temperatoo' is low and there ain't no sun. They got O'Rafferty, Bin on the trail longer nor any man in the Yukon, he had, but we picked him up in March on all fours, a stiff un, up False Fork. An' they done for Compton an' O'Donnell, two of 'em together!"

"I've been along pretty often," said Paul Chinnery, tying on his moccasins preparatory to setting out, "and I've never had any difficulty."

THE Artful Forks had a sinister reputation among the scanty inhabitants of the district. Four rivers met there in a marshy, open space to form Lockhart's

River, which eventually flowed into the Yukon; and the little frozen rivers, in the winter time, were the roads into the interior. One went down to Anderson's claim, abandoned now; another, the one Paul Chinnery was on, led past old Pete Taylor's cabin to the Lenana Mission station, where Daniel Clark and his niece, Nan Magary, ministered to the Indians.

A third, carefully followed, ran to another small Indian encampment; but it was the fourth that had the evil name. It went away into the northern wilderness beyond the ken of white men, and it was whispered there was something uncanny about the False Forks. It enticed men to their doom.

There was O'Rafferty, and he did not drink, so no man knew why he had gone up the False Fork, instead of up the Little Fish to Pete Taylor's and Lenana; and there were the two men Compton and O'Donnell, who, going down the river to Lockhart's were still enticed into the False Fork and perished, leaving no word of the why and wherefore of their having turned from the right road.

"You ain't bin along it, son, with a temperatoo' 'at fifty below an' no sun. That's when them Artful Forks does the trick."

Paul Chinnery did not believe in the legend of the Artful Forks, but he had no doubt for the rest that old Pete Taylor was right. It was not wise to travel, and to travel alone, with the temperature below forty-five degrees.

But a girl's word rang mocking in his ears.

"Slacker!" he heard she had said. "I call a man who does not join up when his country wants him, a coward!" and

he felt that her mouth had shut with that determined air it wore when she was laying down the law to a small rebel in her class at the mission school.

Oh, Nan Magary was sweet and tender and charming, but she had a mind of her own, and he felt it bitterly that she should hold him up to scorn. He wondered she did not know that it was she who kept him in Alaska, and he wanted to tell her that it was only since the last mail had come in, that unexpected chance mail, that he had thoroughly realized the call the Great War was making on the sons of the empire, realized that he ought to go.

HE HAD gone to Lenana to tell her so; and behold, she and her uncle were making a rare visit to Lockhart's Crossing. He felt if he started out in the great cold he had some chance of seeing her there, of spending the evening with her, of explaining and thrashing out the whole matter before they parted for perhaps—since he was going to the front—ever. He had left a letter for her, but he must go.

What if it was cold? As long as things went well, the cold didn't really matter. Nine hours to Lockhart's Crossing, and his gear was already there. What could happen to him in nine hours with Nanook to keep him company? And as for the sinister Artful Forks, he had hit the right trail so often he really did not see how he could go astray.

Anyhow, he was willing to risk it, and he tied the last string of his moccasins, pulled his parka over his face, and whistled cheerily to his dog.

"So-long," said he to Pete Taylor, and he and Nanook slipped out of the door



In two minutes a great fire was dancing on the snow, and the missionary was stripping off Paul's footgear.

and down onto the ice of the frozen stream.

Nanook was a handsome silver-grey malemut with a sharp black muzzle and a bushy tail, a little depressed now, as if he were not quite pleased at leaving the warmth of the fire and traveling in such cold.

IT was cold. It smote Paul Chinnery in the face and took his breath away. But though he paused for a moment, he took the trail, the narrow, dark trail that curled and twisted and ran in and out and up and down across the gentle, snow-white undulations around him.

It was all dead white far as the eye could see. Overhead was the clear sky

without a cloud, but the light was soft and gray and subdued. There was no sign of sun—there would be no sun. This mitigated daylight was all he could hope for on the 20th of December so far north.

Oh, and it was cold! The ice was forming on his lips and stiffening them; there were icicles on his eyebrows, and the hair of his parka was frozen by his moist breath against his cheeks. Again and again he put up his mittened hand to brush away the ice, and again it formed. Over Nanook's head was a little misty cloud.

Well, he was bound to go if it was seventy-five degrees below, and he was glad he was traveling light. He musn't come to grief, though, that was certain;

for there would be no one out on the trail to help; and having come to that comfortable conclusion, he tried to whistle cheerily to Nanook, and laughed when he found he could not. His beard and mustache were frozen into a sheet of glass. Clearly he must avoid accidents. And there was no need to whistle to Nanook. He was trotting along very soberly beside him, his gay tail, that usually curled defiantly over his back, lowered despondently.

It occurred to him for the first time that the dog didn't like the weather.

"Cheer up, Nanook," and he put out a mittened hand and patted his head. "We're not likely to come to grief, you and me." And again he looked round on the white waste in the subdued light, and thought a poor lookout for him it would be if he did.

TWO hours—three hours—the going was good. He was nearing the Forks. He would stop there and build a fire, and rest by it and eat his noonday meal, the biscuit and bacon that he carried inside his jacket, with just a little titbit to make the noontide halt pleasant for Nanook, and show him that he was not forgotten.

The cold against his bare face was painful, and even his hands inside his mittens, for all his brisk exercise, were tingling. Forty-five degrees below—perhaps it was more than forty-five, and he spat because he had read somewhere that spittle would crackle as it hit the ground at fifty degrees below. There was a sharp little snap almost under his nose, and he stood still for a second.

It had cracked in the air! What did that mean? Nanook looked up at him gravely, questionably. And Paul Chinnery slapped his mittened hand against his thigh. If it meant anything, it meant that the temperature was considerably below fifty degrees, more than eighty-two degrees of frost!

"Nan, Nan," he said aloud, and his voice sounded strange and lonely and feeble in the cold stillness, eighty-two degrees of frost. At least I can't be called a slacker any more," and even as he spoke the ice gave way and he sprang back hastily.

There were springs in this stream that never froze, even when the river was solid to the bottom as it was now, and to get into one of them would necessitate a stop and a fire to dry himself. They were not easily seen, for the top was frozen, and over that again lay a thin coating of snow.

He had evidently hit one of them.

"That was a near shave," he said, and his voice seemed smaller and lonelier than ever; and to counteract the feeling he sank his mittened right hand into Na-

nook's thick fur and, turning, scrambled up the bank and looked around. Seeing the danger of the springs, perhaps, it would be better if he kept off the river.

BUT IT was impossible. Away, away stretched the snowy landscape, grey white, subdued, soft, with every angle rounded, every rough corner smoothed; away till it mingled with the sky in one toneless blend of gray whiteness that threatened—yes, threatened.

The sun would have made it dazzling; every snowflake would have glistened and reflected his rays like a jewel; but there was no sun, and the white grayness under the twilight sky was sinister. It was so still, too; nothing moved; there was no sound of bird or beast, and it seemed to him that his own footsteps and those of the dog in the heavy, dry snow were trespassing on the silence of the secret places that was indefensible and inexcusable.

And the snow was everywhere. It covered all the driftwood piled along the banks. The stunted spruce and willow were half buried in it; their branches were heavily weighted with it, and beyond the timber it covered up all the inequalities of the earth. Before he had taken half a dozen steps he knew, as he had known all along, that the only possible going was on the little river. It would be impossible to make Lockhart's Crossing any other way, and he turned back almost with a sigh of thankfulness.

The loneliness was not so impressive, so overwhelming down on the river. The stream stood between him and an empty world.

He stood on the bank for a moment, looked over his shoulder with a faint shudder, patted Nanook between his prick ears with a strange sense of thankfulness for his presence, and then, because the bank was a little steeper here, swung himself down onto the ice and—went in up to his knees.

HE WAS out again in a moment, but the thing was done. He sprang for the bank again, and as he scrambled up he felt the icy cold gripping his feet and ankles in a vice. And then, before he had gathered together a pile of dry grasses and driftwood on the snow to make a bed for the fire, all feeling had died out and the numbness was creeping upward.

"My God!" he cried in alarm. Who would have thought the cold could have been so quick? His instincts had been right. Terror *did* brood over the gray loneliness, and he hastily tossed together the driftwood and the grass under a willow tree and felt in his pocket for the tobacco box in which he carried some strips of rag well soaked in kerosene to serve as tinder.

He got it out, but the tin top stuck and his hands in his mittens were too clumsy to unfasten it. He dragged off a mitten, and the tin box-lid stuck to his fingers—and even as he looked he saw his hand grow white and dead-looking, felt it numbing.

He hastily tore the box away, beat his hand back to tingling life again, and thrust it inside his jacket and shirt against his flesh.

And now he could no longer feel his feet. He was standing there certainly; but he had to look down to make sure he was standing on his own feet. All sensation had gone. Nanook settled himself down with his big bushy tail like a blan-

ket drawn over his nose and paws and his wise little eyes looked out approvingly.

His master was going to light a fire. That is what he thought he ought to do. That is what by his drooping tail he had been trying to convey to him was the proper course. But the fire was not lighting, and he looked up with a little friendly remonstrant whimper.

And Paul suddenly felt desperate. He must get that fire, *must* get it, even at the cost of frozen fingers. If he lost his fingers and toes he might yet save his life. He snatched out his hand again, ripped off the mitten, got the matches, and struck one. The little yellow flame was strangely friendly in the dim gray sameness. He applied it to the nearest bunch of dry grass.

It was too close under the tree, it was too far from the little platform he had made for the fire, but he had no time to choose, and it flared up cheerfully.

But his hand was frozen again. He thrust it inside his jacket, and with the other still mittened he flung on small branches and dried twigs. It was imperative he get off his moccasins. The firelight was leaping and dancing, and Nanook uncoiled himself and sat up straight looking into the flames.

FEVERISHLY Paul worked. He was numb past his knees now, and one hand was helpless, but he must get the fire so big there would be no fear of its being quenched by the melting snow.

There was grave danger of that here among the timber. The little trees were laden with it, and even if he had had the time he had not the power to carry the life-giving flame beyond their range. If he would save his feet he must act quickly. He stooped to unlace his moccasins.

The cords were stiff wires, the leather was cast-iron, and as far as his sensations were concerned his feet were not inside them. One hand he kept inside his shirt, beating it feebly against his body in the vain hope that he could thaw it, and the other in the mitten was clumsy beyond words. He went closer, closer to the dancing flames, and a glow of thankfulness came to his heart when he found the hard leather of his moccasins growing moist and soft. Now surely—

Something stirred, something else moved, there was another sound beside the crackling of the flames. He looked over his shoulder with a strange feeling of dread, and before he could even think how he was to safeguard himself he saw that all the snow-laden little tree beneath which he had built his fire was moving.

He looked at it, dazed with the feeling that he ought to do something to save his precious fire, his life-giving fire. Something might be done he was sure if he were only quick enough, but he felt tied and bound as in an evil dream, and the snow, with a soft, slurring sound, melted underneath by the heat of the fire, slipped from the branches, for a second little by little and then with a great rush, and all his dancing flames, the flames that just made the difference between life and death, were gone, buried beneath a miniature avalanche.

It was so small, so pitifully small, but it did the trick for him. The friendly yellow flames were gone, and the grayness and the still silence of a midwinter day beyond the Arctic Circle settled on the scene once more.

It spelled death—death. He knew it. Death. That was what threatened him when he looked out just beyond here. And Nan Magary was not so very far away, but he was well on the road—

He would not die! He would *not*! It only wanted a fire to save him. He had matches, he had tinder, he had fuel heaped up, and by the armful! Why should he be conquered by the cold?

HE TOOK out his frozen hand and looked at it as if it belonged to some one else. He put it back in his furs. His feet were like logs, but his left hand was still good, and he piled up with it small branches and dried grass, and in the midst he put the tin box full of kerosene rags that he could not open, and then he got out his matches again.

But to strike a match with one hand helpless and the other in a fur mitten is well-nigh impossible. He tried to put it in his mouth, but because of the fringe of icicles he could not get it there.

"Damn!" he said; and then recognizing his own helplessness, "O God! O God! help me!" and the numbness was creeping up his legs.

Yes, death had threatened. Death was more than threatening now. Yet if only he could get the fire, all might still be well. Nanook blinked at him out of his wise little eyes fringed with white hoar frost that made him look like an old, old dog; and then he sat up, listened, gave one long-drawn howl that sounded intensely mournful and lonely in the stillness, and settled down again with his tail arranged over his paws.

Ah, Nanook could afford to wait, but his master was desperate. And old Pete had warned him against the Artful Forks. He thought of O'Rafferty, the man who had been found on all fours—"a stiff 'un"—and he put the matches back in his pocket and started to run. It was hopeless he had been told, but clearly it was equally hopeless to stand here fumbling with the matches. If he took the mitten off his other hand, that would freeze, too. He must get a little warmth into his limbs before he attempted such a thing, and he dropped down onto the river again and began helplessly running on his way, abandoning the precious box with its tinder and the grass he had gathered for a fire.

HE KNEW he was running, but how he was doing it he did not know, for into his feet came not the smallest sensation. Still he moved on over the ice, and he might have been gliding in the air just fighting a little against a weight which dragged him down.

At first he ran madly, but then he sobered down. If he must die, at least he would die decently. He must be more than ten miles from old Pete's, and though he had still twenty-five miles to go before he could reach Lockhart's Crossing, he still went on. He could not reach old Pete's unaided; that he knew. Still less could he reach Lockhart's Crossing; but if there was going to be anybody on the trail—and he laughed a bitter laugh at the thought, no one was likely to be such a fool as he had been—it would be between the Artful Forks and Lockhart's Crossing.

He thought of old Pete's warning about the Artful Forks. Well, it couldn't make much difference to him which fork he turned up. It struck him he was going to

end it here in the wilderness. The gray waste that threatened had him, had him fast.

He was nearing the forks, too. The stunted, snow-covered timber on the banks was evidently a little heavier, and the river was opening out.

And now he was going to die, he said to himself; he was going to die. Well, he had offered his life for his country. He was sorry it should be of no account; sorry that, perhaps, after all, Nan Magary would not understand.

THERE came to him the thought that he would not die as O'Rafferty had died, on all fours, and if he stumbled on like this that is how it would end. He would stop and try once more to make a fire, and if he could not, then he would lie down in the snow and wait for the end. It would be better, more dignified, and he derived a curious satisfaction from the thought that he would die in more dignified fashion than O'Rafferty had done.

He could not have climbed high banks now, but here were no banks. In all probability during the brief summer it was all marsh, and he turned aside and sought feebly for grass and autumn leaves. Nanook came after him evidently interested. He yelped and whined, and when after the most futile effort Paul sat down, the dog crept up to him and put his muzzle against his cheek.

It comforted him in his loneliness, and he wondered pitifully what would become of the dog when he was dead. Poor, faithful dog. There were so many men in Alaska who could not appreciate a good dog. If he could only have written and asked Nan Magary to take him. But his right hand was dead, dead. He was beginning to feel sleepy, and if he slept—

The dog was tugging at his jacket, tugging and lifting up his voice and yelping. So he knew his master was going, and Paul derived a certain strange satisfaction from being thus mourned before he was dead. It took away from the loneliness that was pressing in on him. He had dared the cold wastes of the north, and the north was demanding his life as a just and fitting sacrifice.

"Old chap!" he said, and again he felt how small a thing was his own voice, "old chap! Good dog!"

But the dog would not let him die in peace. He yelped, the yelp rose to a howl, and he rose up and ran a little way down the river, looking back over his shoulder as if inviting his master to follow. And for a moment Paul hesitated.

Surely he had done enough, suffered enough, and if the dog liked to desert him—and then because the loneliness was more terribly oppressive than ever without his companion, he made an effort and rose to his feet, and looked round, for the last time he felt, over the waste.

HE STOOD now just a little higher than the surface of the river, and he could see that he had arrived at the meet-

ing place of the waters. It was cold, cold and gray, the heaped-up snow that covered everything was gray, cold and gray, the surface of the river was cold and gray.

This was the Artful Forks where four little streams met, and as he looked out drearily and hopelessly, his eyes following the dog, a darker mark on the frozen grayness, he felt he understood why men had taken the wrong turning and gone on into the wilderness. He was not sure, now, that he could hit the river that led to Lockhart's Crossing.

Not that it mattered. The death that had threatened had his hand on his shoulder, and Nanook had gone. He seemed to stand outside himself and to see himself pitifully watching the dog, his last friend, fleeing down the icebound river, deserting his master in his extremity.

It was cruel, cruel. It brought home to him the hardship of dying as nothing else could have done.

"Nanook! Nanook!" he called, and put all his failing strength into the shout so that it seemed to echo and re-echo through all the waste places. "Nanook!"

But Nanook the faithful, the obedient, never looked back, and he called again, "Nanook!"

It was hopeless to overtake him, hopeless to think of moving now. Oh, the bitterness of being abandoned even by a dog!

He called once more, and felt he would never speak again. It was too awful calling into the gray desolation. "Nanook!"

AND THERE came an answer. A weird, long-drawn call it seemed to him; a call that might have come from the very spirit of the frozen waste. To his failing senses it seemed not articulate, not of this world.

It came again. A long-drawn-out cry. With his mitted hand he rubbed his eyes. It came from the north, from the False Fork.

Another cry, a little nearer. There was the way he had come, there was the way to Lockhart's Crossing nearly due south, there was the river that led to Anderson's old claim, and there was the False Fork leading straight into the desolate north—and the cry came from there.

He was going mad. He was! He rubbed his eyes again, and it seemed to him there was a sled drawn by six dogs and two people with it, and Nanook was bounding along beside them, leaping and dancing and running on ahead.

It was impossible—he was dreaming—he was dreaming—this was an illusion.

And the sled had drawn up, and Nanook, like a thing demented, had his paws on his master's shoulders and Paul Chinnery was looking into the eyes of Daniel Clark, the missionary in charge of Lenana, and beyond—beyond—the eyes that looked out of the fur hood were surely the dancing brown eyes of Nan Magary!

"My God!" said the missionary, tak-

ing in the situation at a glance. "Just in time!" and without another word he felt in his pocket for a piece of dried birch-bark, and in two minutes a great fire was dancing and leaping on the snow, the girl was heaping on fuel, the dogs were lying blinking at it, and the missionary was stripping off Paul's footgear.

"Come and rub his hand, Nan Magary," he said. "We're in time, I think, but only just. He'll lose his toes."

"But," said Paul when he had gathered his wits together, "what were you doing on the False Forks?"

The missionary looked up from his rubbing, and Paul saw a scared look come into his eyes.

"The False Forks," he repeated. "We were just scooting home quick as we could go because we got word last night little Arthur, the half-breed, was very sick, and Nan thinks they won't take proper care of the poor child unless she's there to look after him. And she's about right, too. I don't hold with traveling with the thermometer so low, but two of us—" and then he broke off. "The False Fork, did you say?" he repeated. "I guess it was lucky we saw the dog and heard you call—"

"Indeed I'm grateful," said Paul, and he felt the pain of returning life in his feet, and his voice broke though he tried to make light of it. "But I guess honors are easy. I've come down from old Pete Taylor's just now along this river, the turning for Lenana's—"

The girl broke down and hugged the frozen hand against her warm bosom.

"Oh, Uncle Dan! Uncle Dan! The Artful Forks were getting us after all! Oh, Uncle Dan! We'd just turned into the False Fork when Nanook came along! Oh, Paul Chinnery, if you hadn't come along!"

GRAY, gray and desolate was the sunless world. Away to the north it threatened as it had threatened all the morning, but here, a miracle, was the leaping, dancing firelight, and here, a greater miracle, surely, was the girl he loved looking at him with tender, love-lit eyes. Painfully the life was coming back to his limbs, and in his heart was the joy too great for words.

"A man's a fool that travels with a temperature below forty-five degrees; alone or in company he's a fool. I've always said it, and I ought to have stuck to it," and Daniel Clark spoke low. He himself, an old-timer, had been rescued from the fatal False Fork.

But the girl bent forward and the look in her eyes was a caress.

"We'll go back along the river to Lenana," she said with a quiver in her voice, "and look after you properly there. Surely only the good God could have arranged we should meet at the Artful Forks in time to save each other from death."

And Nanook gave a joyful yelp. "Don't forget my share in the business!" said he.

Four splendid short stories will appear in the June issue from Sir Gilbert Parker, Hopkins Moorhouse, A. C. Allenson and Arthur Beverly Baxter. : : :

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

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The New Rulers of Russia

A Review of the Men at the Head of the Provisional Government.

ASIDE from the war itself the Russian revolution is the greatest event of the century from the historical standpoint. It is still so recent that the world has failed to realize yet its full significance. It is epochal, immeasurably important in its bearing on the future of the human race.

What form the new government will take has not yet been decided and the chief interest at present centers in the provisional government that has been formed. In this connection it is interesting to quote from an article by Isaac Don Irvine in the *American Review of Reviews*, describing the leaders of the revolution who now control the destinies of the Russian nation:

Dangers there still are in the path of the new Russia, but the new government is composed of men of sterling ability and profound vision. The Committee of Safety proceeded to form a new Cabinet as soon as the old government had been overthrown. It is the most fortunate, the most gifted, the most expert Cabinet that ever took over the helm of a nation after a revolution. It represents the cream of Russia, the noblest sons of which have been drafted into its ranks. It has the ability to steer Russia safely to victory and an era of light and liberty and justice. It has the vision and the idealism necessary to make Russia not a mere member of the family of democracies in the world, but a great and fit leader of humanity.

Prince George Lvoff, the new Russian Premier, is the Russian Lloyd George. A man of royal extraction, for he is a descendant of

Rurik, the first Russian ruler, Lvoff is a democrat to the last fibre of his constitution. A man of prodigious working capacity, of enormous business experience accumulated in the course of his Presidency of the All-Russian Zemstvo Union, of penetrating vision, Lvoff is also a great humanitarian. His heart as well as his house is open to all. Charming in his humility, mild-tempered, but steadfast, the Prime Minister of the new Russia is the only man in the empire who can command the respect of all factions and parties.

Perhaps the latter trait is the most important of all. For party strife is more bitter in Russia than in the United States or Great Britain. Russia and France will fall into the same category in regard to factionalism. Every big Russian leader is necessarily an active party man. Prince Lvoff is probably the only eminent Russian liberal who has never become an active party man. Nominally he is a member of the Constitutional Democrats. In actuality he devoted himself to constructive work under the old regime, while the other Russian liberals indulged in fiery oratory and futile denunciation.

The Russian revolution is in a great measure the product of one man's work. This man is Prince Lvoff. History will in all probability call him the father of the Russian revolution. For the Russian revolution could not have been successful without the army. And no man in Russia did more toward winning the army than Lvoff. He created the All-Russian Zemstvo Union, which began thirty months ago with fifteen men and has developed into an organization numbering one million social workers. These workers have done and are doing but one thing—helping the army. The latter slowly came to appreciate the work of the Zemstvo Union. It perceived that it was not the government but the Zemstvos who took real care of the army,

who supplied it with food, medical assistance, munitions, reading-rooms, and actual support and affection. The Zemstvos thus alienated the army from the Czar, with the resulting overthrow of autocracy and the possible erection of a Russian republic. And Prince



—From the *Evening Post* (New York).
The Duma now holds the sceptre.

Lvoff, history will remember, has brought about the transformation of the army's traditional status.

Russia's Foreign Minister, Paul Miliukov, is to-day the most capable Foreign Minister in the world. The speaker of about a dozen foreign languages, a student of history, an author and journalist of note, Miliukov is also

a practical statesman of first rank. He is the leader of the Constitutional Democrats, the editor of the great liberal paper, "Retch," and undoubtedly the foremost authority in the world on the Constantinople and the Dardanelles question. For ten years he led the Russian democracy. His speeches in the Duma were historical events. He wrecked the Stürmer Ministry with his memorable indictment of Stürmer for pro-Germanism from the platform of the Duma on November 15 last. He hammered ceaselessly and convincingly at the tottering institution of Czarism. No single man in the empire did so much toward the creation of liberal sentiment in the nation and the solidification of the popular opposition against the government.

At the head of the War and Navy ministries has been put Alexander Guchkoff, the head of the Committee for the Mobilization of War Industries. Next to Prince Lvoff, the new War Minister is the foremost expert in the Cabinet. He is the Russian counterpart of the French Albert Thomas, only his achievements have been more marvelous. To mobilize Russia's industries, and to create new ones there, is many times more difficult than to do the same in France. For Russia is industrially the most backward nation in Europe. But the war's demands were so tremendous and the government's incompetence so glaring that all organization was created with help of the Duma for the purpose of increasing Russia's production of war materials. At head of this organization stood Guchkoff. What this organization did is hardly credible. It developed and transformed industrial Russia to the highest state of efficiency. It multiplied Russia's output of munitions hundred-fold. And without this body the Russian army would have never delivered that staggering blow at Austria in 1916. The army appreciates this. To put Guchkoff at the head of it means pushing the war to the limit with an army that has the fullest confidence in its chief.

Russia's Minister of Agriculture, Shingareff, is another phenomenal person. He is a graduate of a medical college, and was a rural physician years ago. His works on the sanitation of peasants had attracted wide attention. A man of keen observation power, of enormous capacity for work, Shingareff became one of the leading members of the Duma when elected a Deputy there from Petrograd. At the outbreak of the war he identified himself with the Military Committee of the Duma. He soon developed into its leading genius. Cooperating with Guchkoff, he contributed a vast amount of work to the cause of national defense. Last year he visited the allied countries as a member of the Parliamentary delegation. He studied England's, France's, and Italy's war preparations and brought home with him much knowledge that he was prevented from applying to conditions in Russia by the old regime.

Shingareff is considered the foremost organizer in Russia. His appointment will be hailed with universal joy by the people. For the Ministry of Agriculture has charge of the food situation. Shingareff is sure to solve it quickly and satisfactorily. He will then devote his energies toward the improvement of the moujik's lot. His career began in the midst of the peasantry and he will be happy to be able to ease the conditions of the hundred and twenty million Russians who till the soil in the sweat of their brow without opportunity to partake of life's benefits and opportunities.

A spectacular and revolutionary individual is the new Minister of Justice, Kerenski. He is the only socialist in the Russian Cabinet. A brilliant orator, a gifted lawyer, he was elected to the Duma as a representative of the Labor party. No man in the empire would fit the post of Minister of Justice better than Kerenski. Justice is his passion, his ruling idea, his very soul. When General Sukhomlinoff, the traitorous ex-War



—Bernard Partridge in Punch, London.

THE ROAD TO VICTORY.

Germany: "Are we nearly there, All Highest?"

All Highest: "Yes, we're getting near the end now."

Minister, was captured by the people in the course of the revolution and was about to be executed Kerenski suddenly appeared at the place. If Sukhomlinoff was a traitor, pleaded the Minister of Justice, he will be executed by the government. He asked to let the courts determine if he was guilty. His argument calmed the crowd and the ex-War Minister was handed over to the authorities and held for trial.

Russia is to become fully civilized within the briefest time possible. The new Minister of Education will see to that. The ex-president of the Moscow University, Professor Manuilov, symbolizes in the new Cabinet erudition and free thought. He is the editor of the great Moscow daily, *Russkia Vedomosti*. The Russian intelligentsia will welcome Manuilov to the post of Minister of Education, for he has suffered with the rest of Russia at the hands of the autocratic regime. He was ousted from the presidency of the Moscow University by the reactionary government. No better man could have been chosen for the important post he holds.

A fierce advocate of the rights of oppressed nationalities is N. V. Nekrasoff, the newly appointed Minister of Communications. He has had a great deal of experience in connection with transportation problems while serving on the various Duma committees which tackled the country's transportation difficulties. Nekrasoff was Vice-President of the Duma. He was also one of the leading members of the Constitutional Democracy.

A. Konovaloff, Minister of Trade and Commerce, is the son of a famous Moscow merchant and the head of a great mercantile establishment. He has early identified himself with the Russian liberal movement, for the corruption dominating the old regime, more than anything else, proved to him the unfitness of the Czar's government. Konovaloff is not the only professional business man in the Cabinet. Terestchenko, the Minister of Finance, is another. The latter is one of the wealthiest men in the country. He is Russia's greatest philanthropist. He comes of a celebrated Kieff family and is a radical by nature. It would be hard to find a man in Russia to match Terestchenko as Minister of Finance.

The new Controller of the State, Godneff, has been one of the Duma's most industrious workers. Godneff is on Octobrist, representing the moderate element in the nation. Before the war the Octobrist party was a conservative body. The war has made it very progressive. Rodzianko, the head of the Committee of Safety, is also the leader of the Octobrists. Rodzianko's reluctance to take office has probably led to the appointment of Godneff. As a leading member of the Duma's financial committee, Godneff will undoubtedly prove the right man for the post.

The new Russian government is nearly ideal. It is not headed by professional revolutionists, visionary agitators, or narrow doctrinaires. At the helm of Russia to-day stands a group of men representing civilization at its best, democracy at its highest stage, sane statesmanship and decisive action.

The revolution began in the Duma. Circumscribed though its political powers were, the Duma gradually came to exercise a broad influence on public opinion in Russia and in that manner paved the way for the outbreak. Arthur Ruhl contributes to *Collier's* an interesting picture of the Duma:

In general appearance and arrangement the Russian Lower House is not unlike similar gatherings in our part of the world. The deputies sit at desks in a semi-circular hall, lighted from above, with a president or speaker looking down on them from a desk a little above the tribune into which each deputy ascends as he addresses the house. Reactionary delegates sit on the right, and the house grows more liberal the further left you go, through the moderate liberals of the center to the Social Democrats of the extreme left. There are a dozen or more political groups, but nearly three-quarters of the 442 members now act together in the "Progressive bloc." This coalition occupies the center of the house and includes the Octobrists—so called from the Constitutional Manifesto of October, 1905—led by Mr. Guchkoff; the Constitutional Democrats, or Cadets, the best-organized and most active party in the house; and the Progressives, who sit between them.

There are a few peasant deputies with trousers tucked into their boots, and on the right several priests with hair falling on their shoulders, blue cosacs, and crosses on chains hung about their necks. Most of the other deputies wear frock coats or business suits and look much as such gatherings would elsewhere. Some, indeed, particularly in the center of the house are quite "western"—Mr. Maklakov, for instance, one of the Cadet leaders, and perhaps the best speaker in the house. He was introducing an interesting and important bill increasing the rights of peasants on one of the days when I visited the Duma. The chamber was full that afternoon, as it always is when he speaks, several rather long-drawn-out discussions of what was happening in the cold-storage warehouses were abridged, and the deputies, most of whom had gone out for a glass of tea, Russian-fashion, before Maklakov's turn came, were all ears when the Cadet deputy ascended the tribune.

CONFEDERATION ARTICLES

On July 1, the Dominion will be fifty years old! The July issue of MACLEAN'S will contain a number of extremely good articles and stories dealing with Confederation.

The Defences of New York

How the American Metropolis Would Stand Siege From the Sea.

CITIZENS of New York, now that their country is at war, are beginning to ask themselves what would happen if German warships stood off Long Island and started to drop shells in the direction of Manhattan. The Woolworth Building would make a grand target for naval gunnery.

A writer in the New York Sun, Mr. Robert G. Skerrett, asks and answers the questions: What is the present state of New York's defenses? In what do they consist?

Perhaps it is not generally known that according to international law New York is technically a fortified city, and as such is properly open to bombardment. This is because the military authorities have placed at strategic points along the shore approaches great rifles and batteries of hidden mortars which have a range over wide areas of near and distant waters. When these guns and batteries were first placed in position it was planned that they would hold the enemy so far off that none of his projectiles could fall within the city's limits. This calculation, however, has been wholly upset by the great increase in the range of battleship fire. The only thing that would now prevent a bombardment from the shore would be the intervention of our own fleet.

This leads Mr. Skerrett to consider the practical question whether our navy could intercept a determined enemy and prevent him from getting within striking distance of New York. On the Atlantic coast to-day we have thirteen dreadnoughts, one pre-dreadnought, and two armored cruisers. Then there are battleships and armored cruisers constituting the reserve force of the Atlantic Fleet, numbering in all nineteen ships. Among these ships, however, many are out-of-date and incapable of doing more than constituting a second line of defense and at the present time there are not enough men available to man them. Mr. Skerrett thinks it is doubtful whether more than a third of this reserve force would be able to render a good account of itself in an engagement with swift battlecraft of the up-to-date sort.

We have with the active fleet fifty destroyers in the Atlantic, and none in re-

latter class of vessels our force on the Atlantic seaboard is composed of twenty-three craft, six of which are stationed in the Canal Zone; three others are assigned to experimental work and are not considered effective military units. This leaves immediately available but fourteen submarines for the defense of the Atlantic seaboard, with a total stretch of 2,435 nautical miles. It is said that Germany has one submarine for every two miles of her North Sea coast, and so has been able to safeguard her shores against Great Britain's vastly superior sea strength.

Suppose now that an European power at war with the United States should decide to risk sending an army of invasion 100,000 strong. Such a situation has, in fact, been dealt with by the Navy Department as one of its "problems." Assuming the enemy's fleet to be somewhat stronger than our own, it was found that their battle-cruisers would have no difficulty in reducing our scouting line by more than one-half in the first attack, because the enemy's battle-cruisers had more speed than any of our cruisers, and also had very much more powerful batteries. Having driven our scouts in on our main body, the enemy knew exactly where our heavy ships were located and was able to land his troops from the transport ships. This outcome of a problem in naval strategy was reported about a year ago to some inquiring Congressmen by Rear-Admiral Sims. It would seem that our navy's lack of proper scouting craft makes it possible for a powerful foe to elude our main battle fleet, while luring it away from the point chosen for the landing of an

invading army. If, then, New York should be the enemy's objective what may be counted on as a means of defense?

As already explained, an enemy's fleet does not have to be exposed to the sweep of our 12-inch rifles and mortars mounted at Sandy Hook or Forts Wadsworth and Hamiliton at the Narrows, but by taking station in the deep water south of Rockaway Beach it might destroy the Brooklyn Naval Yard, the oil works at Bayonne, or bombard a large section of the city without fear of injury from any of our sea-coast batteries.

It would take too long to build and mount the 14-inch and 16-inch guns now required to hold off an enemy from New York Bay, but several smaller pieces have been placed at Rockaway Beach.

The eastern approach to Long Island Sound remains to be considered. There, too, it has been the intention to place 16-inch guns in a heavily armored turret, but the plans are not yet finished. A hostile army could be landed inside of Montauk Point and from there the Long Island Railroad would furnish a comparatively easy path of approach to the city, which might soon be brought under the fire of siege guns. In that event the only chance to block the enemy would be to meet him as far from the city as possible, and to interpose an equal if not larger force. It would be necessary to cover a front extending from the north shore of the island to the Atlantic side. As to transport service, it has been estimated that there are available in Greater New York enough automobiles and auto trucks to move 150,000 fighting men in a short time. This kind of transport might be greatly needed in checking an enemy's advance on Long Island.

A New Cure for Rheumatism

Remarkable Results Are Ascribed to the New Treatment.

THE announcement of a new method of treating rheumatism is contained in an article contained in an article from Henry Smith Williams, M.D., in *Hearst's Magazine*. It is a somewhat revolutionary treatment and the writer very frankly anticipates the opposition of the medical profession or, at best, a long continued degree of skepticism. His description of the new method, which consists of the administration of non-specific proteins, is a somewhat technical one, but is quoted herewith for the interest it must hold as an important medical discovery:

It is interesting to recall that the discovery of the value of the non-specific protein method in this connection was made by my colleague quite by accident. A patient suffering from the exceedingly painful condition termed rheumatoid arthritis — technically called *arthritis deformans* because it tends to bring about the disability exemplified by the "ossified man" in the circus — was being treated with non-specific vegetable proteins for quite a different malady. Presently the patient called attention to the fact that she was beginning to use her hands, as she had not been able to do for a long time. For example, she could button her clothes. Moreover, her pains, hitherto very persistent and exasperating, were relieved.

Improvement was progressive. Swelling and tenderness of the joints decreased. A large measure of freedom of movement was restored. The patient could now use her hands for all ordinary purposes, whereas for many months before they had been absolutely useless. She was now able to write, and could use a needle in sewing. The bony changes about the joints were not modified, but the surrounding inflammatory swellings decreased and there was entire freedom from pain.

As the case had proved utterly intractable to all previous methods of treatment, it seemed reasonable to suppose that the improvement might be ascribed to the protein medication. To test the matter, the same

treatment was administered to a second patient suffering from rheumatoid arthritis of a very severe type that had absolutely resisted a great variety of therapeutic measures, including careful dieting, regulation of functioning of the digestive tract, and the administration of a variety of vaccines. At the time of her first visit this patient suffered intensely from inflamed rheumatic joints of the hands, wrists, elbows, ankles, and knees. She was carried into the office, being unable to walk. Pain was so intense that she took large doses of anodyne regularly.

Under non-specific protein treatment (administered hypodermically, of course) the patient's improvement was gradual but definite, and she finally reached and maintained a state of health satisfactory in every respect. The infiltration and thickening of soft tissues about the joints was entirely relieved; pain disappeared, so that anodynes were no longer required; and normal activities were restored. During the course of the treatment the patient gained twenty-four pounds in weight. Her general health became excellent. Presently she was able not only to conduct ordinary household activities, using her hands with perfect freedom and comfort for such mechanical operations as writing, fine sewing, and the like, but she was also able to indulge in such vigorous outdoor recreations as playing tennis and swimming.

In a word, she was restored to a condition of functional normality; and this was fully maintained when the patient was last seen, many months after the cessation of treatment.

After such results were noted, the treatment was applied, as a matter of course, to other cases, and our confidence in the method has seemed to be abundantly justified. And latterly, reports have begun to appear in which other physicians, working quite independently, and using various protein extracts, record comparable gratifying experiences. Sometimes it happens that the physician who first uses a new line of treatment gets results that others are not able to duplicate. In this case, however, the new method is demonstrating its efficacy in various hands. The results appear to be definite and unequivocal.

Thus we find two Chicago physicians reporting recently a series of cases of acute,



serve to make up for losses or break-downs. Thus, in case of hostilities, our battle fleet would be hampered in maintaining an effective screen, or in dealing promptly and vigorously with enemy submarines. As to the

sub-acute and chronic rheumatism treated with non-specific proteins with very striking results. These physicians adopted a more heroic dosage than we think advisable, giving thirty minims of a four per cent. protein solution, whereas we usually begin with five minims of a two per cent solution and increase the dose gradually. When their supply of specially prepared protein ran short, they substituted the proteins comprised in the bodies of dead typhoid bacilli—not because they conceived that there is any relation between typhoid fever and rheumatism, but because they believed the action to be a general response that could be invoked by one form of protein as well as by another.

The results justified the expectation. Of the first ten cases of acute rheumatism thus treated, three were seemingly cured by a single heroic dose (150,000,000 dead typhoid bacilli). A fever was induced which terminated by crisis, and the joint tenderness began to disappear almost immediately, and within from twelve to twenty-four hours the joints were apparently normal. The seven remaining cases yielded completely after receiving three or four doses.

Results no less satisfactory were obtained in cases of subacute rheumatism of from three to nine months' duration. Great relief followed a single injection, and after three or four injections the patient could move his joints with comfort, could dispense with his cane, and in general showed most gratifying improvement.

Such results, where a malady hitherto so intractable as rheumatism is in question, are nothing less than spectacular. Personally I do not recommend or use the heroic dosage employed by the Chicago physicians. Nor do I think it advisable to use typhoid or any other pathogenic (i.e., disease-producing) bacteria, so long as non-toxic proteins may be extracted from numberless vegetable substances. But these are technical details that sink into significance in comparison with the broad general observation that the protein method furnishes a new equipment—medicines, etc.—for the physician in dealing with one of the most painful and hitherto baffling of maladies.

It remains to say a few words as to the probable manner in which the non-specific proteins operate to produce the spectacular results above quoted. Here we enter the realm of theory, but not without guide-marks of a pretty definite character. The clue is found in the observation that rheumatism is very commonly associated in its origin with some source of infection, from which there is absorption of septic matter. Not long ago it was pretty generally supposed that the infection might usually be traced to a particular type of bacterium called a diplococcus, the favorite haunt of which is the tonsil. Acting on this hypothesis, it became customary to make a culture of this diplococcus, and from this culture to prepare a vaccine to be used in the treatment of rheumatism. This treatment, associated with the removal of the tonsils, sometimes produces very gratifying results. But, on the other hand, it was frequently disappointing, the rheumatic condition continuing after the supposed source of infection had been permanently eradicated.

Then it began to be apparent that the sources of infection might be much more general; and gradually the idea has gained ground that the underlying cause of the disturbance that manifests itself in inflammatory conditions about the joints is a disturbance of protein metabolism of whatever origin—that is to say, a failure of the bodily organism to make effective disposal of the albuminoid matter that comes to it, whether through the agency of bacteria or merely as partly undigested food products. That is why an excess of meat in the diet may tend to induce the rheumatic condition, by unduly taxing the organs of digestion and assimilation.

But if, as thus suggested, the rheumatic condition implies an excess of protein-products in the system, how can we hope to remedy this state of things by introducing more proteins?

That does seem a puzzle. But the solution is found in the fact that the non-specific proteins introduced hypodermically as medicaments are of a different type from the pro-

teins already present, and that the system responds to these new intruders in a manner more vigorous than that of its response to the agents to which it has become accustomed. The nature of the response consists in the calling out of the bodily agents capable of dealing with protein products. These agents, according to the newest theory, are the blood corpuscles; in particular, the type of leucocytes known as large monocytes (to deal with the full-sized protein molecule) and the red corpuscles (to deal with the end-products of protein digestion).

The new treatment, thus interpreted, furnishes another illustration of the modern doctrine that safety against disease is to

be found rather in the fortification of the bodily mechanism than in the search for specific remedies. If your system is in really robust condition, you are practically invulnerable to the attacks of the disease germs. There is every premium on "preparedness." It is wise to avoid undue exposure to the elements (getting chilled, wet feet, etc.), which reduces your store of bodily energy and makes you susceptible to infections; but it is wiser still to endeavor by proper hygiene to keep yourself in such condition that your reserve energy will suffice to guard you against unpleasant consequences should you, on occasion, be caught out in a storm without rubbers or umbrella.

The British Army of To-day

A Word Picture of a Wonderfully Efficient War Machine.

THE British army as it is constituted to-day is a wonderfully efficient machine. So James H. Simonds describes it in the *American Review of Reviews*. He says, in part:

My readers are familiar with the fact that I have been at times a severe critic of the British army, although most of my criticisms have agreed with the comment of British writers themselves or have been justified by the evidence that became available in the end. It was for this reason that I found my visit to the British front of great interest. In the course of it I met Sir Douglas Haig, the commander-in-chief, the commanders of two of the five armies, and also two of the generals commanding corps in the sector which is now attracting world-wide attention.

As a result of this experience I should say this: In all the things that are considered the machinery of an army, the British have now passed both the Germans and the French. Their equipment, their armory of heavy artillery, their stocks of munitions, are unequalled, and their soldiers are cared for and provided for as are no other troops about whom I know anything. In the mere matter of heavy artillery the British are now firing four shells to the Germans' one, and at the Battle of the Somme their air service took and retained absolute control of the air.

In the first battles the British faced heavy artillery and machine guns with field artillery and rifles, they were destitute of all the utensils of trench war, and the Tommy was compelled to manufacture his bombs out of meat tins. To-day the British have as many trench weapons as the Germans, and

many of their best weapons, the products of American invention, surpass those of their opponents. Nor can one fail to realize, riding over the roads, how many thousands of motor trucks have been brought over and what a wealth of transport has been assembled. Whole new railway lines have been created and the old French lines have been double-tracked. Calais and Boulogne have become industrial cities given over to army work, and Havre outranks Liverpool as a port of call for British ships.

Of the British army, one might say that it reminds an American of all that he has heard of the Army of the Potomac when Grant came to it in 1864. It is a volunteer army largely commanded by civilian officers, with its high commanders drawn from the old regular army, but proven by long test and representing the survival of the fittest. It represents in rank and file the best of the manhood not alone of the United Kingdom, but of Canada and Australia.

I do not think anyone would claim for this army the military efficiency that belonged to the German army that entered Belgium in August, 1914; I do not believe anyone would claim for its staff and army commanders quite the combination of ability and training which belonged to the army that halted the Germans at the Marne and made the Battle of the Marne the greatest battle in all French history. In the same way one would not have compared Grant's army with the army of Moltke, which six years later disposed of the French Imperial forces.

But the new British army is something of the same thing that Grant's army was; it is an immense sledge hammer, made up of men coming from the best manhood of the nation, and the Germans, like the French, have already lost their best troops in battle. It is a volunteer army, because the troops raised by conscription have only just begun to cross the Channel, and it is a volunteer army led by men who have the experience of more than two years of war, and its ranks are filled with the survivors of all the battles from Mons to Bapaume; it is a veteran army.

And the spirit of the British army is this: For two years the men in the ranks have fought off the Germans and held on while they lacked all the resources of modern warfare which belonged to Germany; they have unosed bodies to shells, and rifles to machine guns. Having in this long time successfully held on, they are now conscious of having a superiority in all that machinery means in war, and their spirit remains the spirit of the men who died at Ypres when the odds were five to one and the losses approached actual annihilation.

I have listened to the stories of young officers, whose duty it was to head forlorn hopes in the old days, or to hold on under conditions that held out no chance of victory, and in these stories I have found the key to the present temper of the British army. In those days these soldiers, officers and men, knew that they had no chance of victory, little chance of life; to-day the whole British army feels that it has better than an even chance. It knows the slow but sure decay of German morale going on before it, and it has a conviction of victory growing as the lines creep forward, but based rather on the human equation than on the war map.



—From *Saturday Evening Post*.
The Amateur Stepmother.



Sketches at the French front.

—By Henriot in La Baionnette.

Heroism of Big Game Hunter

A Tribute by Theodore Roosevelt to the late Frederick Selous.

ONE of the heroes of the great war whose death caused world-wide regret was Frederick Courtenay Selous, the great African explorer and big game hunter, who is said by some to have been the original of Rider Haggard's "Allan Quartermain." A tribute to the memory of the great hunter is paid by Theodore Roosevelt in *The Outlook*. He says, in part:

Last December, just before reaching the age of sixty-five years, Selous, the great hunter-naturalist and explorer, was killed in action against the Germans in East Africa. In the brief press despatches it is stated that he was shot and mortally wounded, but continued to urge forward his men until he was hit a second time and killed. It was a fit and gallant end to a gallant and useful life. In John Guille Millais's delightful "Breath from the Veldt" the frontispiece, by Sir John E. Millais, shows the "Last Trek" of a hunter, dying beside his wagon in the wilderness. The hunter in this picture is drawn from Selous. Many of us used to think that it was the death he ought to die. But the death he actually met was better still.

Selous was born on the last day of the year 1851. Before he was twenty years old he went to South Africa, and a year or two later he embarked on the career of a professional elephant hunter; a career incredibly wearing and exhausting, in which mortal risk was a daily incident. For a quarter of a century he was a leading figure among the hard-bit men who pushed ever northward the frontier of civilization. His life was one of hazard, hardship, and during adventure, and was as full of romantic interest and excitement as that of a viking of the tenth century. He hunted the lion and the elephant, the buffalo and the rhinoceros. He knew the extremes of fatigue in following the heavy game, and of thirst when lost in the desert wilderness. He was racked by fever. Strange and evil accidents befell him. He faced death habitually from hostile savages and from the grim quarry he hunted; again and again he escaped by a hair's breadth, thanks only to his cool head and steady hand. Far and wide he wandered through unknown lands, on foot or on horseback, his rifle never out of his grasp, only his black followers bearing him company. Sometimes his outfit was carried in a huge white-topped wagon drawn by sixteen oxen, while he rode in advance on a tough, shabby horse; sometimes he walked at the head of a line of savage burden-bearers. He camped under the stars, in the vast wastes, with the ominous cries of questing beasts rising from the darkness round about. It was a wild and dangerous life, and could have been led only by a man with a heart of steel and a frame of iron.

There were other men, Dutch and English, who led the same hard life of peril and adventure. Selous was their match in daring and endurance. But, in addition, he was a highly

intelligent civilized man, with phenomenal powers of observation and of narration. There is no more foolish cant than to praise the man of action on the ground that he will not or cannot tell of his feats. Of course loquacious boastfulness renders any human being an intolerable nuisance. But, except among the very foremost (and sometimes among these also, as witness innumerable men from Caesar to Marco Polo and Livingstone) the men of action who can tell truthfully, and with power and charm, what they have seen and done add infinitely more to the sum of worthy achievement than do the inarticulate ones, whose deeds are often of value only to themselves. Selous when only thirty published his "Hunter's Wanderings in Africa," than which no better book of the kind has ever been written. It at once put him in the first rank of the men who can both do things worth doing and write of them books worth reading. He had the gift of seeing with extraordinary truthfulness, so that his first-hand observations—as in the case of the "species" of black rhinoceros—are of prime scientific value. He also had the gift of relating in vivid detail his adventures; in speaking he was even better than in writing, for he entered with voice and gesture so thoroughly into the part that he became alternately the hunter and the lion or buffalo with which he battled.

Elephant hunting in South Africa as a profitable profession became a thing of the past. But Selous worked for various museums as a field collector of the great game; and as the pioneers began to strive northward, he broke the trail for them into Mashonaland, doing the work of the roadmaker, the bridge-builder, the leader of men through the untrodden wilderness; and he continued his hunting and exploration. His next book, "Travel and Adventure in Southeast Africa," was as good as his first. He now stood at the zenith of his fame as the foremost of all hunter naturalists.

Soon after this he left South Africa and returned to live in England. But he was not really in place as a permanent dweller in civilization. He longed overmuch for the lonely wilderness. At home he delivered lectures, rode to hounds, studied birds, and lived in a beautiful part of Sussex. Whenever he got the chance he again took up the life of a roaming hunter. He made trip after trip to Asia Minor, to East Africa, to Newfoundland and the Rockies, to the White Nile. He wrote various books about these trips. One, "African Nature Notes," is of first-class importance, being his most considerable contribution to field science—a branch of scientific work to the importance of which, in contradistinction to purely closet science, we are only just beginning to awake.

The eighteen or twenty years he passed in this manner would of themselves have made a varied and satisfactory career for any ordinary man. But he was not wholly satisfied with them, because he compared them with the life of his greater fame and service in the vanguard of the South African movement. Speaking of the fact that his "Nature Notes" sold only fairly well, he remarked one day,

"You see, all the young men think I am dead—at any rate, they think I ought to be dead!" He read much, but only along certain lines. I was much interested, on one occasion, to find him fairly enthralled by the ballad of "Twa Corbies." He himself possessed all the best characteristics of simplicity, directness, and strength which marked the old ballads and ballad heroes.

Then the great war came, and for months he ate his heart out while trying in vain to get to the front. But they blundered in various ways—Ireland offers the most melancholy example. The cast-iron quality of the official mind was shown by the rigid application of certain rules which in time of stress become damaging unless made flexible. The War Office at first refused to use Selous—just as they kept another big-game hunter, Stigand, up the White Nile doing work that many an elderly sportsman could have done, instead of utilizing him in the East African fighting. Selous was as hardly as an old wolf; and, for all his gentleness, as formidable to his foes. He was much stronger and more enduring than the average man of half his age. But with a wooden dullness which reminded me of some of the antics of our own political bureaucracy, the War Office refused him permission to fight and sent him out to East Africa in the transport service—his letters on some of the things that occurred in East Africa were illuminating. However, he speedily pushed his way into the fighting line, and fought so well that the home authorities grudgingly accepted the accomplished fact, and made him a lieutenant. He won his captaincy and the Distinguished Service Order before he died.

It was my good fortune to know Selous fairly well. He spent several days with me at the White House; he got me most of my outfit for my African hunt. He went to Africa on the same boat, and I came across him out there on two or three occasions. I also saw him in his attractive Sussex home, where he had a special building for his extraordinary collection of game trophies. He was exactly what the man of the open, the outdoors man of adventurous life, who is also a cultivated man, should be. He was very quiet and considerate, and without the smallest touch of the braggart or brawler; but he was utterly fearless and self-reliant and able to grapple with any emergency or danger. All men of the open took to him at once; with the Boers he was on terms of close friendship. Indeed, I think that any man of the right type would have found him sympathetic. His keenness of observation made him a delightful companion. He never drank spirits; indeed, his favorite beverage at all times was tea.

It is well for any country to produce men of such a type; and if there are enough of them the nation need fear no decadence. He led a singularly adventurous and fascinating life, with just the right alternations between the wilderness and civilization. He helped spread the borders of his people's land. He added much to the sum of human knowledge and interest. He closed his life exactly as such a life ought to be closed, by dying in battle for his country while rendering her valiant and effective service. Who could wish a better death, or desire to leave a more honourable heritage to his family and his nation?

How Conscription Works in Britain

An American Estimate of John Bull's Tremendous Task.

IN the course of an article under the title "What the war has done to the English," William Hard tells in the Metropolitan, of the way in which conscription is worked in the Mother Country, linking the recital up with a discerning and kindly estimate of the effect.

The war has undoubtedly made the English really gentler and kinder. It has made them, in a good sense of the world, softer.

Testimony on this point is virtually unanimous. The best witness about it would be a man who was not an Englishman but who had observed the English for a long time not only during the war but before it. Such a man I found in Edward Price Bell, London correspondent of the "Chicago Daily News." He has been here nineteen years. I asked him if the English were being brutalized. He replied without any hesitation:

"No. Not in the slightest degree. In fact, instead of becoming more brutish, they are becoming more human, more humane. The war has ploughed up England's heart. It has released England's feelings. There is more goodwill now, more inward light, more sensitiveness to things of the spirit, more piety."

Now I am convinced that one reason why the English have not been brutalized is that they have not been militarized. To have militarism it is necessary that the military shall be top-dog. But the military are no nearer being top-dog in England to-day than they were in August, 1914.

I will illustrate this fact by describing the "tribunals" which administer the Compulsory Service Acts. They are the most English institutions I have ever seen in England. And they are ridiculous. They are ridiculous, that is, from the standpoint of militarism, from the standpoint of militaristic "efficiency."

To begin with, they are not appointed by the army. They are not appointed even by the nation. It seems incredible, but they are appointed by the "local registration authorities," by bodies like our aldermen and county commissioners. The general rules, issued from London, provide that "Labor" shall be given "adequate representation." It gets it. So does every other important local interest. There may be five members in a tribunal. There may be twenty-five. They summon the prospective soldier before them. They also summon the army. The army comes by a representative, who is called the "military representative." But this "military representative" has no vote. He is there simply to argue on behalf of the army, just as a barrister in court argues on behalf of a client. The decision is to be made by an assemblage of local civilian interests.

So much for how the tribunals are organized. Now for what they do. Case by case, they decide whether it is "expedient" to take a man for the army or "expedient" to "exempt" him. They are supposed, in certain classes of cases, to follow certain general rules and to arrive at certain general sorts of decisions. In other classes of cases they are supposed to use their own judgement. That is the theory of it. In practice the "tribunals" seem to use their own judgement almost all the time. One tribunal will exempt a man who is growing carrots; because England has to have carrots. Another tribunal will conscript a man who is growing carrots; because England has carrots enough. It is chaos. Some tribunals are "lax" in sending men into the army; they incline toward the view that England, to win the war, must maintain its industries. Other tribunals are "stringent" in sending men into the army; they incline toward the view that England, to win the war, must win battles. Both views are correct. A balance has to be struck between them. It gets struck. But how? Not by a master-mind in London.

Above all, not by a military master-mind in London. No. It gets struck by the give-and-take of thousands of ordinary minds drawn from all elements of the population in 24 Metropolitan "tribunals," 255 Borough "tribunals," 660 Urban "tribunals" and 531 Rural "tribunals," scattered all over England, each one of them being a magnificent and an absurd embodiment of all the sense and of all the nonsense in its own locality.

I finally saw where it was that we Americans got our early passion for local option in government. The English are actually administering national conscription on a sort of local-option basis.

Yet, in the end, three results emerge.

1. The army does, somehow, get all the men it can really equip and use. I doubt if many Americans realize that England in this war is bearing four burdens, three of which touch its Allies either lightly or not at all. England must find millions of men, literally millions, for the tasks of the sea—for operating hundreds of warships, for operating countless patrol-ships, for operating thousands of freight-ships to and from all corners of the world, for building new ships of all classes (to replace incessant wastage) and for manufacturing the immense and intricate equipment and digging the unending coal which all these ships require. England must then find other millions of men to manufacture war-supplies and other supplies of innumerable sorts for all its Continental Allies, and England must—it cannot escape from this task—it absolutely must continue to manufacture ordinary commercial goods for ordinary commercial export in order to secure the financial strength out of which it can—and does—ad-

vance about two million dollars a day to the treasuries of certain of its Allies. Only when it has found the men for these three tasks, which are peculiarly its own, can England go on to find men for its army. Nevertheless it has now found more than five million men for its army (which means as much for England as twelve million men would mean for the United States); and its preposterous "tribunals" do continue, somehow, even if weirdly, to pour thousands of new recruits into the training camps every day.

2. There have been no riots like the draft riots that took place in the North during the Civil War. The "tribunals" have carried conscription gradually, little by little, to a people who are temperamentally anti-conscriptionist; and they have carried it to them successfully, with no disturbances.

3. The military authorities have remained subordinate, utterly subordinate, to the civil authorities, in organization and in feeling, not only at the headquarters of government in London but in every little hamlet throughout the length and breadth of Britain.

Americans who fear that swaggering militaristic officers will soon begin to push stock-brokers and plumbers off the sidewalks in England may take heart. It will not happen. It cannot happen. In our early American state constitutions there was frequently a provision that the military arm must remain inferior to the civil arm. We derived that principle from England. England, as I have seen it this year, is just as faithful to that principle to-day as on the day when it gave it birth. The question now is whether or not a state so faithful can survive. England is staking its existence on the chance that the answer is "yes." For if it is not "yes," England would prefer to do what Pitt once spoke of—wrap its flag about it and sink in its ocean.

Three Kinds of Heaven

Different Classes of Spiritualists See the Future Life Differently.

EVERY reasonable and convincing plea to the public to avoid embracing spiritualism, which is sweeping in so many of the brightest minds in Europe as converts, appears in the Fortnightly Review from the pen of John Beattie Crozier. He argues for a very careful consideration of all phrases, even in the face of the conversion of so outstanding a man as Sir Oliver Lodge. Many of the reasons that the writer advances for his own disbelief in spiritualism are good but the most striking is given in the following paragraphs:

I had a kind of contempt, even horror, of the revelation which these trances of Mrs. Piper betrayed—of poor bewildered spirits wandering about in the shades, conscience-stricken, and wringing their hands; because of what? Because they had mislaid some door-key or other trifle on earth, some forty or fifty years before! When talking the matter over with Mrs. Chandler Moulton, the American poetess, some time after, we both shuddered at the thought of such a future existence, and agreed that a belief in it would only add a new terror to death.

And now for my more positive and practical objection to all these phenomena—drawn from Medical Science and Psychology, and a wider outlook on the world.

The last of these nearly killed my faith in the Spiritualists' account of the "other world" at the outset. It was this: that not only the ordinary Spiritualist "mediums," but the great Initiates, Mahatmas and Seers of Spiritualism, when asked what they saw in the other world and in Paradise, instead of agreeing, always saw what was taught in the particular religion in which they had been brought up. The Yogis and Hindoo Seers declared there was no one there at all! But what they called the "Eternal One"—or Deity—into whom all souls,

after successive re-incarnations, resolved themselves. The great Mohammedan Spiritualists, on the other hand—the Sufis, as they are called—declare that they see, with their second sight, bright-eyed women in Paradise, lounging along its languid streams, waiting to be the spoil of the ever-lustful, but faithful Arab or Turk—precisely as in the Koran; while the great Christian Seers, like Swedenborg, see in their trances the same spirits, quiring, like cherubim and seraphim with their harps, around the throne of God—as in Handel's "Messiah," and the Revelation of St. John. Now, if all three could see the same Paradise so differently, what could I think but that the things they professed to see were but reflections of their own minds, and not of future world-realities at all? This hit the Spiritualists badly, I thought; but I did not despair of them altogether, until on reflection I found that no "medium," even among the greatest of them who are supposed to be in touch with the Eternal Himself, had ever revealed through Spirit agency (even if what they said were true) any information of the slightest value for human souls, either in this life or another. For I observed that they had never revealed any new Law of Nature, until it was first discovered by the ordinary human faculties; and only after they had picked the brains of those who had discovered them; no law of Physics, Mechanics or Chemistry (else why does not Sir Oliver Lodge's son tell him the constitution of the Ether, which still baffles and perplexes him so much); no law of Astronomy or the Newtonian Gravitation; no Darwinian or other hypothesis of Evolution; no laws of the evolution of Civilization and States—nothing but "vibrations," as a substitute for the laws of the Mind; the "vital principle," for the explanation of Life; and, if they were pressed, I suppose the "principle of Baldness," for the loss of the hair!

Handling British Food Supply

A Review of the Work Done by the New Food Dictator.

IN the course of a review of the work of the new British Ministry, a writer signing himself Auditor Tantum deals in the Fortnightly Review with the handling of the food problem in Great Britain. He does not believe that the situation has been well handled in the main though he praises Devonport's moderation. The situation has been changed somewhat since the article was written but it is interesting to quote in part what was said on the question of food dictatorship:

One of the primary objects of his (Lord Devonport's) appointment was to protect the long-suffering general consumer from the exploitation of traders, both wholesale and retail, to keep prices within reasonable bounds, and to see fair play all round between the rival interests. But when the enemy's submarine menace became intensified, another of his duties acquired an even greater importance. That, of course, was the conservation of the nation's food supply, which has led him along the path of voluntary food rations. To conserve the food supply is his special duty, while that of the Board of Agriculture is to increase it, and Mr. Prothero has been devoting all his energies to persuade farmers to produce the last ounce of food from every acre of land. But then came a succession of knock-down blows. Lord Devonport's prices were fixed not for their encouragement, but for the protection of the consumer; and the War Office dealt "the staggering blow" of warning for immediate service 30,000 of the skilled men still left on the farms.

It cannot be pretended that the situation has been handled with conspicuous ability. There has been a lot of loose talk, quite out of keeping with the actual facts of the case. The governing factor of the agricultural position has been for many months the grave deficiency of labour. It does not improve, but grows worse with every skilled man who is taken from the farms, for no substitute can replace him. The Government do not seem to have made up their minds whether they are in grim earnest or not about the absolute necessity of increasing the home production of foodstuffs. If they are, they would set at once an absolute limit to the number of men whom they will allow the War Office to withdraw from the farms, and they would call for agricultural recruits in very different language from that which they now employ. They would also have taken practical steps before this for setting the 6,000 German prisoners, who are skilled agriculturists, to actual work in the fields. They would also have made arrangements whereby men with agricultural experience in the home-service units would have been rendered available for training the raw substitutes whom the War Office is now distributing over the countryside. But there still seems no passionate conviction in high quarters that the increase of home food production is a matter of equal urgency with the filling up of the ranks of the Army, and the result is that instead of an increase in the home-grown crops this year over those of 1916, many good judges are afraid that there will be an actual decrease. All the physical conditions have been adverse, but worst of all has been the farmer's perpetual uncertainty as to what his position was going to be in the immediate future. Prices have been fixed for much that he produces; but prices have not been fixed for what he has to buy. The British farmer is proverbially a first-class grumbler; and he has many characteristics which expose him to effective criticism. But in the present case his grumbling has very good justification, for it is useless for the Government to tell him to produce more, when at the same time they take away his best men, set no limit to the prices of his fertilisers and feeding-stuffs, and shrink from giving him any guarantee of prices over a reasonable term of

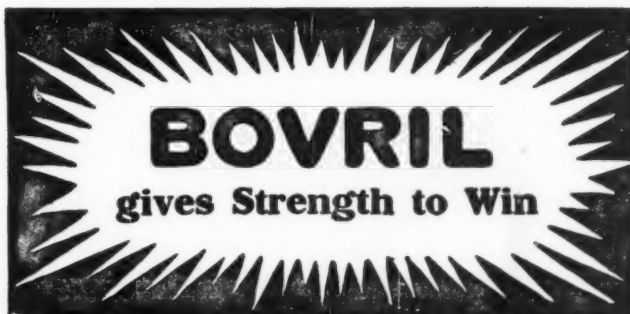


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years. It would have been a miracle if confusion had been avoided, for the country has not had a national agricultural policy for seventy years, and it is only after hundreds of thousands of tons of our merchant shipping have been sunk that Radical politicians have been torpedoed out of their cynical refusal to give practical encouragement to the home production of foodstuffs. Mr. Prothero knows quite well what ought to be done for British agriculture. He has done what he could in the reorganisation of his Department, in the preparation of surveys by the Agricultural War County Committees, in the provision of tractors, etc. But he has been overridden, in the crucial matter of labour, by the War Office, and in the matter of prices by the Food Controller, acting in the superior interest of the general consumer. It is not fair to put a Minister under duress and then blame him for not being a free agent, and Mr. Prothero's rather pathetic observation, that he was sure he had the sympathy of the House of Commons, however much members might differ from him, fairly sums up his actual position. It is not he who gave the fantastic order to plough up part of Richmond Park, for he has continually insisted that it is far more important that the land already under tillage should be fully cultivated, than that new and inferior acres should be laid under the plough. Perhaps a stronger man would have put up a more successful fight against the War Office, for imminent danger of actual starvation in this country would weaken the military strength of Great Britain and the Allies far more than a deficiency of a few thousand men in the fighting ranks. It is not at all likely to come to that, but it is disquieting to know that the farmers will almost certainly produce less foodstuffs in a season when it was most desirable that they should produce more.

Hitherto the Food Controller and his Department have escaped serious criticism, though they have already issued a considerable volume of orders. The reason for this immunity doubtless is that the Food Controller has felt his way very cautiously before coming to decisions, which up to the present have been distinguished by mildness rather than by severity. Himself a successful man of business, Lord Devonport has known the value of establishing friendly relations with the leaders of the industries with which he is compelled to interfere, and it has been the invariable practice of his Department to lay the position frankly before them, and invite their suggestions as practical men of affairs, before issuing such orders as have seemed to him to be required by the general public interest. There is nothing novel in such a procedure, though it has not been uniformly followed by other Government Departments.

Departmental interference of any sort inevitably causes serious business disorganization, and by imposing a minimum of inconvenience upon the affected trades the Food Controller has sought to carry the traders along with him and secure their co-operation. Moreover, his policy has obviously been to leave to the public as liberal supplies as possible for the immediate enjoyment of to-day, consistent with the public safety of tomorrow. Thus he has shown himself hitherto a not very formidable autocrat of the breakfast and dinner-table, and those who feared the advent of a Dictator, using dictatorial powers in a dictatorial way, have been agreeably surprised at the suavity of the orders issuing from Grosvenor House, where the Food Controller performs the combined functions of Pharaoh's Chief Butler and a Roman Prefectus Annonæ.

Indeed, in view of the extreme gravity of the submarine menace, many would have welcomed orders of a much more drastic nature, and would have cheerfully accepted a declaration from the Food Controller that, until he saw the national food supply absolutely secure till next harvest, he would take no risks whatever, and would put considerations of public safety above the comfort and convenience either of traders or of the consuming public. Food reserves and all strict necessities first is the only safe principle for these days, and a good deal more could have been done in this direction without the introduction of compulsory food rations. That, of course, will come as a last resort, if other devices fail, and the Food Controller has very properly caused

it to be made that the framework of the necessary organisation is being prepared in advance. But a system of compulsory rations would require a host of officials to carry it out—and the country is already rather dismayed at the new army of civil officials which has been created—while the experience of Germany and Austria has shown that it is easier to frame compulsory food rations than to secure their general observance, without causing hardships such as large sections of the working classes of this country would most bitterly resent. Of this the politicians are well aware, and probably nothing influences their decisions more. They shrink from putting the patriotism of the industrial classes, especially in certain centres, to a test which has proved almost too much for German docility.

Must Austria Be Dismembered?

Can Peace Only be Obtained by Breaking Up the Hapsburg Empire?

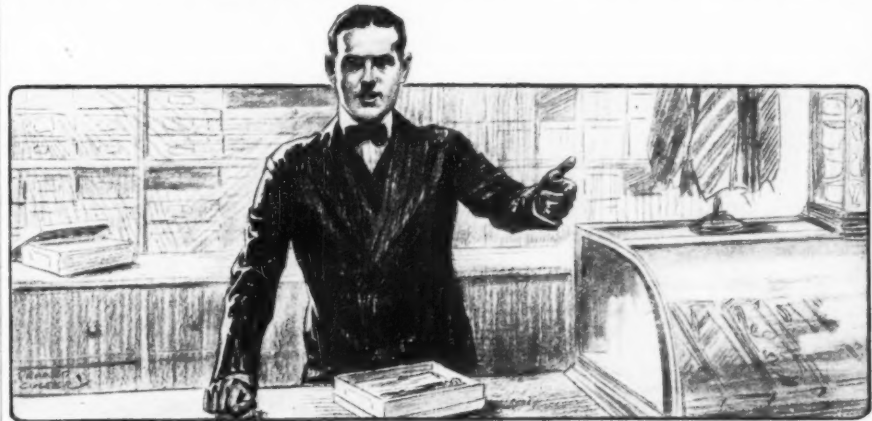
MUST Austria-Hungary be dismembered as a step to permanent peace in Europe? The point is answered very emphatically in the affirmative by Henry Wickham Steed in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*. He deals largely with the problem of the Slavic races in the northern portions of Austria-Hungary but broadens his argument to take in the problems of peace terms. He writes:

There existed in Serbia a noticeable tendency, if not, indeed, an actual party, in favour of a far-reaching political and economic agreement with Austria, while the motto of the Austro-Hungarian Southern Slavs was then 'Union: within the Monarchy if possible, but, at all costs, Union.' But it would have needed an Austrian Cavour to read the signs of the times and to carry through a policy which would have secured for the Hapsburgs a predominant influence in the Balkans, and would at the same time have given them a solid basis for retrieving their former independence in Europe. In view of these possibilities no surprise can be felt that Germany should have moved every lever in Austria and in Hungary to force an anti-Southern Slav attitude upon Vienna, and to preclude any pro-Hapsburg solution of the Southern Slav question. Indeed, on looking back over the years between the annexation crisis and the outbreak of the present war, the hand of Germany appears even more visible in the policy of Vienna than it was to contemporaries: observers on the spot. All the Austrian and Hungarian politicians and writers, including the notorious Dr. Friedjung, who were most prominent in the anti-Serbian and anti-Southern Slav campaign, were precisely those who were most intimately connected with Berlin. This phenomenon—the identity of anti-Southern Slav propagandists with the agents or dupes of Germany—has also been noticeable during the war, and is too significant to be lost sight of in any consideration of the terms of a lasting European settlement.

Like the establishment of an ethnographically complete Rumania and a reunited Poland—objects which the Allies are admittedly pledged to obtain—the creation of a united Southern Slav State is now incompatible with the continued existence of Austria-Hungary. No false solicitude for the welfare of 'those nice people, the Austrians,' ought therefore to militate against either Southern Slav Union or the formation of an independent Bohemia, or Czecho-Slovakia. It is necessary clearly to recognize that in no case can Austria-Hungary continue to exist as a self-controlled monarchy. If she be not dismembered by the Allies in the interests of European security, she will be transformed and directed by Germany in the interests of Pan-Germanism. It is for this reason that the 'Pro-Austrianism' of the Clericals, of Cosmopolitan High Finance, and of some deluded publicists and diplomatists among the



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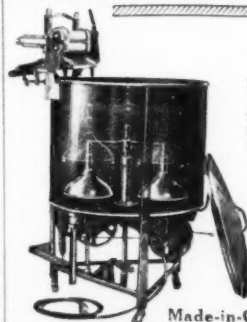
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For those who want to enjoy the pleasures of the pathless woods, and yet secure all the comforts of good service and social companionship, there are first-class hotels. For those who care little for hotels in the ordinary sense, yet cannot adopt altogether the idea of the "simple life" under canvas, there are log-cabin camps, which can be used as headquarters while exploring the Park. At these camps there is a large central lodge or meeting-place, and in close proximity to it there are series of individual log cabins, comfortably furnished, and with modern conveniences, including bath rooms with hot and cold water. The large lodge is used for a general rendezvous and the log cabins furnish privacy for families or parties.

The Park is a paradise for the canoeist,

containing, besides numerous rivers, over one thousand lakes, varying greatly in size. Most of these lakes are connected by deep, still-water channels, or racing streams of strong water, making it possible for the canoeist to paddle fifty miles without having any long portages.

The abundance of fish in all the waters of the park assures the angler of plenty of sport. Among the special varieties to be caught are the genuine square-tailed brook trout, redspotted or speckled; the gamey black bass of the small-mouthed variety, ranging from half a pound to four pounds, and the black-spotted salmon, or its near relative, the grey trout.

Wild life roams unmolested inside the Park and splendid pictures are taken by the camera enthusiast. The prohibition of hunting greatly adds to the opportunities of the picture-hunter, since the wild creatures are much more approachable than in localities where they are persistently hunted. Bathing, boating, tennis, and billiards may be enjoyed at the Highland Inn. An excellent tennis court and a sandy bathing beach are among the facilities which have been added at the Inn, which is situated directly at Algonquin Park Station (the Park Headquarters), and overlooks beautiful Cache Lake.

The log-cabin camp hotels are also operated by the Grand Trunk Railway System—Nominigan Camp being situated on the shore of Smoke Lake and Camp Minnesing on Island Lake. The roads are now being rapidly developed in the Park, and for those who take pleasure in long "hikes" through the bush there are many walks which it would be hard to surpass. Of these the tramps from the Algonquin Park Station to Nominigan Camp—seven miles—and to Camp Minnesing—ten miles—are especially favored.

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Allies, is, in effect, but a form of Pro-Germanism. The argument that to add the German provinces of Austria to the present German Empire would be to 'strengthen' Germany, will not bear examination. There are, at most, between nine and ten million Germans in Austria. (Those in Hungary are *enclaves* and isolated.) The addition of these Austrian Germans to the German Empire would hardly make up numerically for the losses Germany would sustain by the inclusion of the Duchy of Posen in a reunited Poland, the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France, and possibly of Schleswig to Denmark, while the subtraction of the other 42,000,000 Hapsburg subjects from the political and military command of Germany, and the organization of most of them into independent States, would create, on the basis of the principle of nationality, a new counterpoise against the German block. It is, besides, improbable that the inclusion of 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 Austrian Germans in the German Empire under a Hapsburg Sovereign would leave unaltered the composition of the Federal Council or the balance of forces in the Empire itself.

From what has been said it should be clear that a chief corner-stone of any solid and lasting European reconstruction must be the creation of a united Southern Slav State consisting of the kingdoms of Serbia and Montenegro, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Croatia-Slavonia-Dalmatia, and the purely Slav portions of Istria, Carniola and Styria, with due allowance for the necessity of fixing a practicable geographical boundary. Unless this State is formed, the main purpose of the Allies—the destruction of the power of Prussian militarism—can scarcely be achieved. The German road to the East will not be blocked, the principle of nationality will not have been vindicated, and the seeds of future wars will have been sown. It is a grave error to regard the Southern Slav question as merely an isolated issue in the Great War, a thing which the Allies can attend to or neglect without affecting substantially the quality of their victory. It was the immediate cause of the war. Hence the importance of understanding it thoroughly and of facing betimes the difficulties by which it is surrounded.

Some idea of these difficulties may be gleaned if it be remembered that the interests of Roman Catholic and Orthodox 'clericalism,' as well as the claims of extreme Italian 'nationalism,' militate against the complete unification and fusion of the Southern Slavs; while, within the Southern Slav family itself, differences of development and tradition require the most careful and far-sighted treatment. By Orthodox 'Clericalism' is meant the tendencies associated with the Russian Holy Synod in its narrower manifestations, which are apt to oppose any 'inquisition' of Serb Orthodoxy by the association of the Orthodox, or Serb, with the Croat and Slovene, or Roman Catholic Southern Slavs in one and the same State. By Roman Catholic 'Clericalism' is meant the tendencies which would fain keep the Catholic Southern Slavs politically segregated from the Orthodox, lest political unity and the establishment of complete religious equality hamper Roman Catholic propaganda. I do not for a moment believe that the religious interests of either Church would be adversely affected by Southern Slav unity. Rather the contrary. By extreme Italian 'nationalism' is meant illiberal claims to the annexation by Italy of considerable tracts of purely Southern Slav territory, partly for ill-defined 'strategic' reasons, partly in the name of historical memories extending from the Roman Empire to the fall of the Venetian Republic, and partly out of a desire to prevent the establishment of any strong State on the eastern shore of the Adriatic. Apart from the general consideration that to sanction the application of the 'strategic principle' against the Southern Slavs, in defiance of the principle of nationality, would deprive the Allies, including Italy, of any moral right to combat the equally 'strategic' claims of Germany in Belgium, there is the practical consideration that the deliberate creation of an anti-Italian Southern Slav Irredentism would tend to perpetuate those very causes of unrest which helped to bring on the present war. Unless the new European settlement removes all the main causes of Slav unrest by reuniting the Poles,



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and uniting the Czecho-Slovaks and the Southern Slavs, it will be halting and precarious. There is the less reason to run this risk in that a fair and amicable settlement of the Italian and Southern Slav claims in and around the Adriatic is perfectly feasible without doing grievous wrong to either. Once in possession of Trieste, with a sufficiently deep littoral and defensible border extending from the present Italian frontier eastwards and southwards round the Gulf of Trieste, and including at least the western half of the Istrian peninsula with Pola and the Riva Arsa; with the Istrian Islands, besides Lissa and Vallona, the Italian strategic situation in the Adriatic would defy attack without infringing any essential Southern Slav rights. There would remain the question, which naturally appeals strongly to Italian sentiment, of preserving the traces of *italianità* at the few points on the Dalmatian coast where they remain 'in being,' and, in particular, of assuring the position of Italian-speaking minorities of the population. No experienced student of the Southern Slav question can anticipate any real difficulty on this score, provided that the Italian Government and the Southern Slavs alike be persuaded that agreement and co-operation are essential to both, and take their stand frankly on the principle laid down by the Italian Premier Sigr. Boselli in the Chamber on the 7th of December, that peace, to be lasting, must be based upon 'an equilibrium built up upon the rights of nationalities.' Lord Robert Cecil said truly, at the inauguration of the British Italian League on the 24th of November, that there is no real conflict between the Southern Slav and the Italian National ideals. 'I am certain,' he added, 'there is room for both. It only wants clear understanding on both sides to avoid misconception.'

The United States Going Dry

Prohibition is Keeping Pace With the Sweep of Democratic Dominance.

PROHIBITION is gaining ground so rapidly in the United States that it is now considered quite possible that a nation-wide dry campaign will have been brought to a triumphant culmination by 1920. The facts are concisely marshalled in World's Work, an interesting analogy between prohibition and Democratic dominance being drawn. The article reads, in part:

Draw a map of the states that re-elected President Wilson and then place beside it a similar map showing the states that now have the prohibitory law. These two exhibits suggest certain startling possibilities. Though in spots the maps show variations—Wyoming, Utah, California, and Texas are not yet prohibition—in their essentials they are the same. Thus the South is almost as solid against alcohol as it is solid against the Republican Party. Prohibition has swept the territory west of the Mississippi to a degree that can be compared only with the success of the Democratic candidate. New England has one solitary state—New Hampshire—that voted for Mr. Wilson; likewise it has one solitary state, Maine, that flies the anti-alcohol banner. The great populous Eastern states that have always, since the Civil War, determined Presidential elections—New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois—are now strongholds of Republicanism, and they also stand out stalwartly against the prohibition crusade. Of the four states that adopted prohibition in November, two—Nebraska and Montana—also cast their electoral votes for the Democratic candidate. In Missouri the battle was so close that only the brewery-riden town of St. Louis saved the day for alcohol.

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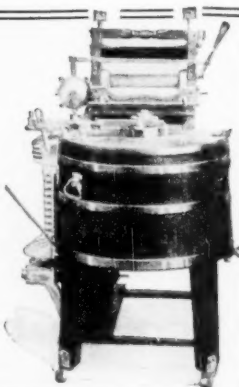
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its most popular campaign orator, already says that national prohibition will lead all other issues in 1920. By that time the issue may have disappeared, for it is not impossible that the constitutional amendment enforcing national prohibition may have become effective. When three or four years ago, the Anti-Saloon League raised the cry of a "saloonless nation by 1920," the ambitious programme was generally derided. But consider a few facts: a constitutional amendment requires the ratification of three fourths of the states, that is, thirty-six. At the present moment 85 per cent. of the territory of this nation, comprising 63 per cent. of its people, is under some form of prohibitory law. Twenty-three states have state-wide prohibition. Others will soon place themselves on that side; thus Utah elected a Democratic governor on the Prohibition issue, and the successful Democrat in Florida, the Rev. Sydney J. Catts, defeated his opponent in the primary on the prohibition question. In other states the prohibition cause is gaining so rapidly that it will probably win in the next two or three years. Indeed if the teetotalers make as much progress in the next quadrennium as they have in the last, they may easily have the thirty-six state votes needed to place 100,000,000 people under a prohibitory law.

Technical Sides of Submarine Menace

The Speed of the U-Boat—New German Method of Provisioning.

THE submarine menace is one of the outstanding phases of the war and it is clear that Britain faces a very great danger indeed. However, in *Cassier's Engineering Monthly*, "A Naval Architect," says that "in Sir Joseph T. Maclay, the Shipping Controller, the country has, in common opinion, for once in a while got the right man for the right job." In discussing the building of standard ships the writer thus refers to the manner in which the mariner meets the submarine menace:—

"In the matter of speed, experience has shown that in general 10 to 11 knots is sufficient to enable a cargo boat to evade the attention of enemy underwater craft. There is, therefore, no call for any greater speed than this. The latest type of U-boat, it is true, is credited with a considerably greater speed than 11 knots, when at the surface, but with a good gun and expert gunners, with which the national freight carriers will, of course, be supplied, there need be little to fear from the attack of a submarine. Shipmasters generally are of one opinion in regard to the potency of a gun in dealing with the submarine. As a rule, the latter will not come to the surface if he sees the quarry is armed, and, in view of this some enterprising commanders have had dummy guns fitted on their vessels, it is stated, with good results. In attacking an armed merchantman the submarine usually relies on his torpedoes, and, as his supply of this weapon is strictly limited, after a trial or two, he finds it necessary to return to his base—that is, he is partially out of action for a time."

Another writer in the same magazine calls attention to an important scheme that is receiving the attention of the Government. Remarking that in the shipbuilding trade specifications have been issued for a number of cargo steamers of the single-deck type to carry 8,000 to 10,000 tons dead weight, to be as simple and inexpensive in design as possible, the writer goes on to say:—

"The hulls and machinery are to be standardized, and the vessels are to have priority in construction. These specifications have been in the hands of the builders for some time, and already it is stated that orders for some twenty ships have been placed on the Clyde and that a like number are in process of being contracted for on the North-East Coast and elsewhere. Before long it is esti-

mated that forty to fifty of these vessels will be in hand, and as nothing is to stand in the way of their construction, early delivery is expected. As completed they will be taken over by the Admiralty and engaged in trades essential to the nation, chiefly grain and food carrying. After the war is over the vessels will be offered for sale to private owners, and will then find ready buyers. It, therefore, looks as though before the year is half spent the country will be in possession of some 400,000 to 500,000 tons of useful shipping ready for employment in supplying the nation with food and raw materials."

In the *London Magazine* Percival A. Hisslam, writing on "The Truth About the U-boat Peril," says:

"Apart from the gun and torpedo-carrying submarines and their minelayers, the Germans have made arrangements for supplying their ocean-going U-boats with supplies at sea by means of other submarines, which take out fuel, stores and ammunition, and meet the U-boats proper at prearranged rendezvous. The idea is obviously practicable. If the *Deutschland* can get out of the North Sea with marketable merchandise for the United States, and other submarines with torpedoes and shells for the murder of British seamen, there is clearly no reason why yet others should not take out reserves of oil and stores for the craft engaged in the work of commerce-destruction."

"An ordinary submarine, when normally cruising on the surface, uses only ten tons of fuel for every thousand miles she travels; and as the normal storage capacity can be increased very largely by filling the greater part of the ballast tanks with fuel, it is quite possible that there exist to-day submarines with a cruising radius of 10,000 miles, or even more. Only recently the German Admiralty announced with gusto that a submarine had returned after a successful cruise at sea extending over fifty-five days, without entering any harbor or receiving any external help. At the moderate average speed of eight knots, this represents a journey of no less than 12,000 miles, showing to what extent, geographically, the U-boat menace may yet extend."

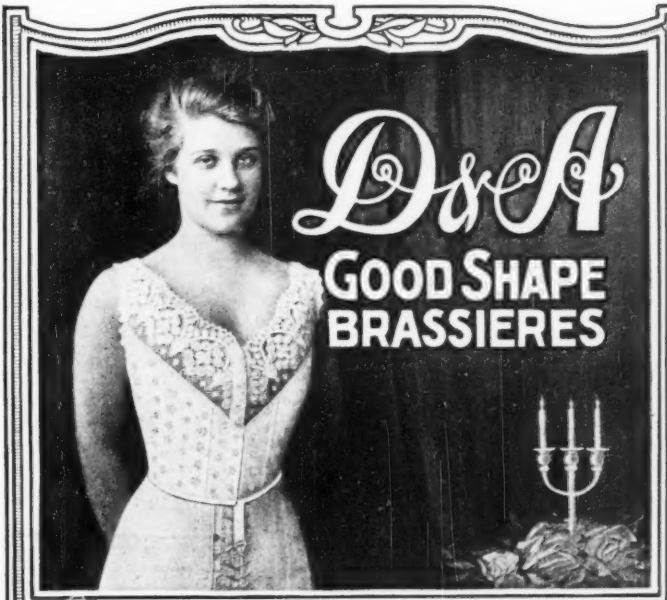
Unrest in Bohemia

The Czechs Have no Heart in the War and Hate Their Rulers.

STORIES of the disaffection of the people of Bohemia, the Czechs who have been oppressed by the Saltzburgs for centuries, have been current ever since the war started. The Czechs, being a Slavic race, have had no heart in the war against their brother Slavs of Russia and Serbia. The extent of this unrest is indicated in an article appearing in the *Bohemian Review*, a periodical published in New York by the Czechs in the United States. The following paragraphs tell graphically what the real situation is:

Our people were thunderstruck by the imperial order commanding the enlistment of men up to the age of 51. Bohemians looked upon it as a deliberate attempt of the Vienna and Berlin rulers to slaughter the Austrian Slavs. As it was impossible to protest in parliament, which had not been called together during the war, Bohemian deputies attempted to protest in print against the drafting of elderly men, but declarations signed by the Bohemian Club and by the Socialist Club, comprising together all the Czech deputies, were confiscated and never saw the light of day. The irony of it was that the government in its proclamations cynically assumed that these elderly men would joyfully sacrifice their lives in company with their sons in the defense of the Austrian "fatherland."

The new recruits must report upon a certain day, according to the year of their birth, and are at once sent to Hungary or Saltzburg. Bohemia, on the other hand, is filled with Rumanian, Magyar and German recruits.



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They are very bold in their contact with the public, conscious of their privileged position in the empire. In Pilsen soldiers of a Magyar regiment treated women and all civilians with indecency and violence in full daylight. In Stara Boleslav, Dr. Saroch, mayor of the city, greatly esteemed in the whole district, was brutally beaten by soldiers of the local garrison, when he reproved them for their violence. In Hungary the contrary is true. In Szegedin our soldiers had to suffer insults from the civil population and were virtually decimated by the terribly insanitary state of the barracks. Several thousands of Bohemian conscripts were here packed into dirty, dilapidated barracks, their sleeping quarters were filthy and infested with vermin, and two hand pumps in the square furnished all the facilities for the ablutions of thousands. The toilets were in an unspeakable condition. The result was an epidemic of typhus and cholera. A young friend of mine, not quite eighteen years old, touched with tuberculosis, dared to complain that he was sick. For that he was chained to the wall and left in chains until he fainted.

The stories we heard were hard to believe, but occasionally some desperately sick man

came back and verified the rumors. Once I received a postal card from a friend who was in Szegedin as a so-called one-year volunteer. He wrote "It is not true that our life in Szegedin is hell, that typhus and cholera rage here. It is not true to say that when a Czech soldier goes by the people here raise their hands to imitate the sign of surrender and that we are insulted. There are no trenches and wire entanglements in this neighborhood. And it is not true, as the rumor says, that 15,000 Roumanians fled from this region into Roumania. We are having a fine time, lots

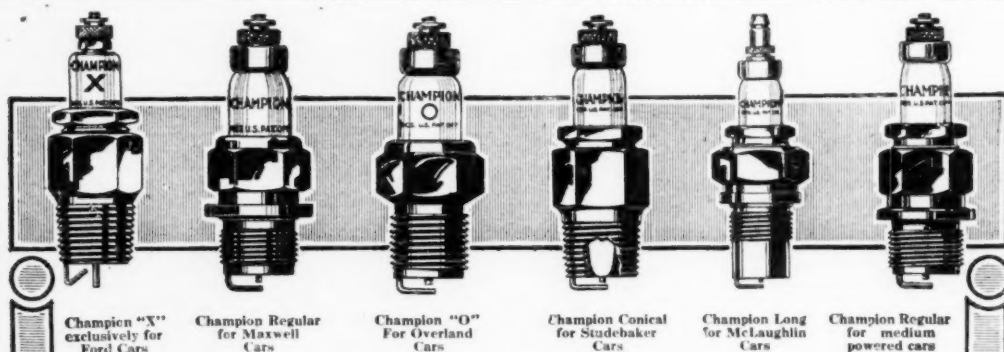
of fun and think of you often." Why did my friend write "it is not true"? I never said or wrote to him anything of that sort. It was the only way he could inform me that the things he denied were facts.

Terrible are the straits amid which our nation lives. The military rulers of the state send our people to the slaughter, and the percentage of killed among our countrymen will be much higher than among the Germans and Magyars. And yet we are not discouraged. We shall not perish, neither shall our children.

The Future of the Aeroplane

THE future of the aeroplane is discussed by Orville Wright in *Harper's Magazine* in the form of an interview, the writer being Burton J. Hendrick. He deals with many very important points, but chief interest perhaps attaches to his prediction that the aeroplane will be a potent factor in ending war. On this point he says:

"I really believe that the aeroplane will help peace in more ways than one—in particular I think it will have a tendency to make war impossible. Indeed, it is my conviction that, had the European governments foreseen the part which the aeroplane was to play, especially in reducing all their strategical plans to a devastating deadlock, they would never have entered upon the war. Possibly they foresaw something of the pre-



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sent development, but not definitely. When I was in England several years ago I found the British Government not at all enthusiastic about the aeroplane, since the English military experts regarded it as a menace to England's isolation. This was the time when the nation was aroused over the fear of a German invasion; there was a widespread belief that the Germans were planning a descent in several forms of aircraft, and many very sensible people regarded such an enterprise as not impossible. Naturally they looked with suspicion upon any instrument, such as the aeroplane, which might facilitate such an operation. This illustrates the mistaken notions which were entertained concerning the practical uses of the aeroplane in warfare. Most of us saw its use for scouting purposes, but few foresaw that it would usher in an entirely new form of warfare. As a result of its activities, every opposing general knows precisely the strength of his enemy and precisely what he is going to do. Thus surprise attacks, which for thousands of years have determined the event of wars, are no longer possible, and thus all future wars, between forces which stand anywhere near an equality, will settle down to tedious deadlocks. Civilized countries, knowing this in advance, will hesitate before taking up arms—a fact which makes me believe that the aeroplane, far more than Hague conferences and Leagues to enforce peace, will exert a powerful influence in putting an end to war."

"I presume you would welcome such an outcome?" I said.

"Yes, indeed," answered Mr. Wright, quickly. "I should hail this as the aeroplane's greatest triumph. My main interest is in the aeroplane as a real promoter of civilization. Recent events have made us regard it almost exclusively as a weapon of war. Probably many people believe that, as soon as peace is signed, the thousands of aeroplanes that have contributed so greatly to it will be scrapped. That is not my belief. After the war we are told we shall have a new world and a new type of civilization; in my opinion one of the factors that will contribute to this changed order will be the part which will be played in it by the aeroplane. We shall have an entirely new form of transportation, which will serve many ends and contribute in many ways to the welfare and happiness of mankind."

"Yes," I remarked, "we have many prophets who tell us of the wonderful future in store for your invention."

"Yet I am not one of those," answered Mr. Wright, "who entertain extravagant ideas concerning its future. All sorts of ridiculous notions are afloat, largely fathered by people of lively imagination and of limited information. I do not believe that all transportation in future will be through the air. The aeroplane will not supplant the railroad, the trolley-car, or the automobile. All our present methods of transporting passengers and freight will continue to render excellent service; the aeroplane will merely be another agency for performing a similar kind of work. There are certain things that it will do better than the railroad or the automobile, and its use will therefore be limited to these, for we must realize at the start that the aeroplane has decided limitations. In saying this I am discussing the machine as we know it to-day. It is not impossible that other forms of aircraft, built upon other principles, may be invented, which may accomplish all the wonderful things certain imaginative people prophesy for the present aeroplane. We see numerous pictures to-day of aircraft as large as ocean-liners, but these are merely vain imaginings. We shall have no aeroplanes as large as the *Lusitania*. Any one who understands the fundamentals of air mechanics will immediately understand why this is so. The aeroplane is built essentially upon the same principles as a bird; it has the same flying capabilities as a bird, and precisely the same limitations. The best flyer among birds is the humming-bird. Have you ever noticed how it poises itself in the air, in almost identically the same place, perhaps for an hour at a time? The humming-bird is one of the smallest of birds; and certain insects, which are much smaller, such as the dragonfly, are also wonderful flyers. It is a law of nature that the larger the bird, the poorer its flying ability. The barnyard fowl has



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great difficulty in getting over a fence, while the ostrich does not fly at all. All creatures that live in the air are small; we have nothing, among flying animals, which can be compared in size to the horse or the elephant. There are excellent mechanical reasons for this. The main one is that, as a bird increases in size, its weight increases at a much greater rate than the area of its wings. Thus, if a bird doubles in size, it would need, to lift itself in the air, not twice as much power, but eight times as much. That is, its weight increases as its cube, whereas the area of the wings increases as its square. You can easily see where that mathematical principle will soon land you. This is the principle that limits the size of birds, and it is also the principle that limits the size of aeroplanes, which fly just as birds fly. Each increase in size demands a much greater proportional increase in motive power, the result being that we have to add so enormously to the weight that the aeroplane soon reaches a size where it cannot leave the ground. Many attempts have been made to make bigger machines, but nothing is gained in economy or usefulness by making them. The aeroplane is a method of transportation that works best and least expensively in small units. We can get better and cheaper service out of two aeroplanes of moderate size than we can get out of one which is twice as large. There are other factors that will limit our present aeroplane practically to its present size, but it is unnecessary to go into the matter in greater detail. Ten passengers have already been carried comfortably, yet it is a fact that a large car carrying ten passengers would not be so economical or efficient as ten little cars each carrying one."

What Schools Should Teach

Some Practical Suggestions for Educational Reforms.

PRACTICAL suggestions for reforms in educational matters are put forward by Louis A. Springer in the course of an article in Munsey's magazine. His ideas on what the schools of the future should teach are condensed into the following summary:

As higher education reaches its greatest usefulness when it functions in service to society, so must elementary education prove itself by functioning in service to the individual child. Spelling, for instance, must function in correct writing, grammar in correct speech. No method which fails to attain this practical result will be tolerated. Theoretical grammar has no place in the schools of the future.

History is valuable in life only as it deals with events that have survived in their influence on the institutions of civilization. The schoolboy of the next generation will be spared the dreary study of long campaigns and "famous victories" that have left no actual impress on the life he must live. Dr. Arthur Benson, president of Magdalene College, Cambridge, believes that the histories of the future will be largely written upon economic and biographical lines, paying special attention to the growth of political institutions and to the "development of the ideas that lead to the peaceful combinations by the name of civilization."

The geography of the future will give a real picture of the world as it is, not crushing the childish imagination with a mass of unrelated facts and tongue-twisting names, but stimulating it by a vivid presentation of the commercial and esthetic relations of the whole world to the learner's experiences.

Science on general lines will assume increased importance in the schools of the next generation. Many educators, notably Dr. Edward L. Thorndike, professor of educational psychology at Teachers College, Columbia University, believe that in a combination of vocational and scientific training lies the future of modern education.

"The schoolboy of the future will know more about the care of a gasoline engine than he will about the capes and bays of the African coast," said Dr. Thorndike. "The school-girl will have a clearer idea of the chemistry of the family milk-bottle and the mechanism of a typewriter than she will about cube root or Greek mythology."

There will be little place in the schools of the future for the classical languages. Greek will more than ever be related to the specialists. Latin, when retained at all, will be only for the youth with pronounced linguistic gifts. Modern languages, on the other hand, will play a larger part than ever before in the new education.

Americans are probably the worst linguists in the world, not even excepting the English, our only possible rivals for this doubtful honor. The practically complete failure of American pupils to acquire a living knowledge of foreign languages is a severe indictment of the schools and colleges that have devoted years to their instruction. The recent ruling of the Boston School Committee, which requires that all teachers of modern languages shall prove their ability to converse in such languages, offers a suggestion of hope for the future, while furnishing a significant commentary on the methods of the past.

The new education will teach languages as tongues, not as literature or as mental discipline. The demand for linguists in this country is urgent and insistent. The Federal Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce has always had great difficulty in finding young Americans with sufficient knowledge of languages to fill the positions it offers.

The high schools have long been a bone of contention in the public school system. The original tradition of the high school was that of a preparatory school for college. To this idea it has clung tenaciously, long resisting every effort to bring it into the line of public service. Its equipment has been more costly and its teachers more highly paid than those of the elementary schools, yet only a very small percentage of the children of the country were financially or intellectually able to make use of the advantages it offered.

But the high schools, too, have felt the healthy unrest in the educational world, and have modified their remoteness from the life of the every-day citizen. A number of American cities—including Chicago, Milwaukee, Los Angeles, and Newton, Massachusetts—have thrown overboard the old "college preparatory" tradition, and have opened their high schools to all children of proper age without entrance examination, or without regard to the previous school record. If the old courses cannot attract and benefit these children, courses are introduced that will do so, whether they be vocational, scientific, or something else.

If Germany Should Win

What This Would Mean to the United States.

A MOST frank avowal of the close continuity of interest that exists between the United States and Great Britain, is contained in an article in *World's Work* by Edward G. Lowry, under the heading, "If Germany should win." The crux of the article is contained in the following paragraphs.

Consider this dramatic fact: There are between twenty-five and forty fighting ships, with their auxiliaries, flying the British flag, now lying at naval bases along the North Sea coast of Great Britain, that control the food supplies of millions, the rate of exchange all over the world, the political destinies of hundreds of millions, and the growth or decay of democracy on this planet. If by hook or crook the Germans could destroy the British heavy battleship fleet in a night the whole direction and destiny of humanity would be changed. The downfall of the



—when all other lights fail

STORM-TOSSED and battered, helpless in a raging sea, the crew unable to launch a boat—such was the plight of the Spanish freighter, *Pio IX*, on the night of December 5, 1916.

And here might come the tragic end of this story, but for Antonio Oliver, one of the crew. He remembered the *Eveready DAYLO** in his bunk; strapped it to his wrist and with ten of his comrades went overboard, clinging desperately to a ship's raft.

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when someone rings
your door-bell in the
middle of the night

when a storm breaks
at 2 A.M. and the win-
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when it's too dark to
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Roman Empire was a momentous event in the history of the world, but it was gradual. Society had opportunity to accommodate itself to its changes. But the fate of this world as it is organized to-day hangs on that little group of engines of war off the north coast of Scotland and the men who control it. They mean more to us and to posterity than any one quite realizes. Verdun and the Berlin-Bagdad ideas, great conceptions as they are, dwarf into trivialities. Should this little group of floating gun platforms fail in its appointed task, we would feel the effects, next to Great Britain, more than any country or people in the world. It would mean that England would be starved into submission. It would mean that we would probably lose all the money that we have lent to England and all that she owes us. It would mean a financial panic such as the world has never seen. Credit would dry up. Exchange would break down. All the fabric of international commerce would be destroyed. All the relationships that have been established between nation and nation and people and people would have to be reconstructed on a new basis. It would mean nothing less than the reconstruction of the civilization of the whole world. Every trade route, every financial arrangement, every political agreement, and every international policy would have to be modified and shaped to meet the new and unreliable

conditions. No finite vision can comprehend in definite, actual terms the extent and full effect of such a calamity. It is worth thinking about and worth speculating about here in the United States, remote as is the possibility, if it brings home to the people here how closely our destinies in the world are linked with Great Britain's. The two countries are indissolubly bound together in this world. Their fortunes cannot be separated. They must fail or prosper, rise or fall, together. Neither can go ahead at the expense of the other. Every day since this war began has proved that. If the United States had not supplied Great Britain and her Allies from our financial, industrial, economic, and agricultural resources the war against Germany could not have been waged as it has been. If Great Britain, through the employment of her sea power, her fleet, had not kept the sea lanes open, the condition of stagnation that came at the outbreak of the war would have prevailed, only to a lesser degree, to-day. We should have had no market for our produce and we should have suffered. We would have been isolated. Our activities would have withered. Factories would have been closed. Hundreds of thousands of idle men would clamor for employment. You can draw the black picture for yourself of what would happen if this country's activities were arrested and crippled.

Discoveries That Are Possible

The Results That are Obtainable From Industrial Research.

THERE is a strong feeling in Canada that industrial research, with a view to improving our position in regard to world trade, after the war, is one of the live topics of the present moment. Consequently interest will attach to the following extract from an article by Raymond F. Bacon, Ph.D., in *Scientific American*:

The possibilities of new discoveries in almost every field of industrial endeavor are almost limitless. Hundreds of men gifted with the genius for research could give their lives to investigation in the field of some industry and still that field would not be exhausted of research opportunities. In fact, research is in that regard different from certain ordinary lines of business; the greater the number of researches, the greater is the progress in a given field; but every new development in manufacturing creates new problems and the opportunities for discoveries become continually greater as we learn more and more of the possibilities of the materials with which we ordinarily deal in the manufactures and arts. In illustration, I shall cite some instances from the domain of iron and steel. We see tremendous advances made in imparting new properties to those old metals by means of mere traces of other metals. For example, it has been found that a mere trace of copper gives to steel the desirable property of resisting corrosion, while the addition in

small amounts of vanadium or tungsten to steel affords a supersteel with certain physical properties far beyond those of any ordinary steel. We see the addition of magnesium giving to aluminum new properties of strength and casting quality which immediately make this metal available in a large way for use in automobiles, aeroplanes, etc. Such matters as these, where a metal has conferred upon it entirely novel properties and thereby enters an immense new field of usefulness by the addition of very small amounts of some other metal or metals, belong in the field of those things that cannot be predicted by existing scientific theories. The only way such discoveries can be made is by patient and careful application of cut-and-try, and, when one considers that the number of possible combinations runs literally into the hundreds of thousands, it will be seen how much work is open in this field of "dilute alloys." It is said that the application of copper to steel, which has grown into the immense industry of making certain types of non-corrosive steel, was somewhat of an accidental discovery, occurring in this way: There was a bridge in Mexico which had not been properly protected by paint and which had still resisted corrosion to a very unusual degree. An analysis of the metal used in the construction of this bridge revealed traces of copper and the following up of this result eventuated in the discovery that copper, within certain limited percentages, does impart to steel marked resistance to corrosion. It may be predicted that in the next few years the development of new types of alloys along the above general lines will exert a tremendous influence on certain industries and very especially on the motor-car industry.

General Lyautey and His Work

What Various Writers Say of the Character and Methods of the New Military Dictator of France.

THERE is a story of the new French War Minister which typifies the man. Years ago he was in Tonking under Gallieni that indefatigable coloniser. The order came for him to return to France, and gladly he accepted it, for he was worn out. No one saw him on board, he was down below resting tired brain and muscle. At Colombo a telegram was handed to him from the French

Government saying it required him in Madagascar. What was he to do? Return to France and thence take a steamer? Not a bit of it. He learned that at Aden, six days further on, a French boat for Madagascar would cross his. That was good enough. At Aden, then, he transferred himself, bag and baggage, to the other ship, and speeded over the waters to his new post. His fellow-voyagers noted that he was no longer tired—for France had need of him. The following brief sketches quoted from the *Contemporary Review* give some illuminating picture of the

character of this interesting soldier and statesman:

General Lyautey combines intellect with energy. His colonial work for France is a happy blend of the two. "Not so long ago, the idea existed that a man of action and a man of thought were irreconcilable," said the new Minister, in a famous address delivered at the Lycee at Oran in Algeria. "But such a notion," he continued, "is disproved by the most glorious periods of humanity: Hellenic civilization and the Italian Renaissance."

"When you root out a nest of pirates, remember that you have to plant a market on the morrow," was Gallieni's advice to his military commanders. It is the principle upon which Lyautey has always acted in Algeria and Morocco. *Ense et arato* (by the sword and by the plough) was as much his motto as Bugeaud's. He thought always of the market or the school or the bridge or the road that he would "plant there" on the morrow.

General Lyautey has written some remarkable pages describing what he calls the social or civil role of the officer. Amongst subject-races he must uplift the banner of civilization, he must advance the native in the arts of peace. At home, especially since the rigid application of universal peace, he must devote himself to the moral, as well as the physical, well-being of his men. Universal service, he says, should not be regarded as a sterile or a burdensome task, but as an opportunity for extended social service. Let the young officer learn also that, though the privileged caste has disappeared, there is still a public necessity for discipline, respect, and self-sacrifice.

The author is particularly interesting when he defines this enlarged duty of the officer. Now that every young man passes through his hands in the barrack square or on the training ground, he has become the great educator of the nation.

In the *Outlook* we read:

Why did the choice for this all-important office fall on General Lyautey, a man whose name was hardly known outside France? Because Lyautey has proved himself to possess exactly the powers required, by practically conquering and then splendidly organizing a territory, turbulent and warlike, which is actually larger than France—the great territory of Morocco, which has for a dozen years been the chief diplomatic battleground between France and Germany. Gustave Sabin, the writer who knows most about the work of the French in Africa in their immense colonial empire which measures more than four million square miles (larger by a third than the continental United States), has thus summarized Lyautey's work in Morocco: "It would be impossible within the limits of an article to present all the fruits of the prodigious and fecund activity which manifests itself with equal success in all domains, military, economic, political. . . . The first, perhaps, of his qualities is an extraordinary power of work, a prodigious vitality. A cold flame, which reflects itself in his clear blue eyes, upholds this man, who needs only a few hours of sleep each night, and remains in his green maturity miraculously vigorous and full of force. And the Mussulmans, great admirers of physical power, who have seen him, always the first, at the head of their wildest cavalry expeditions, were perhaps allured as much by his dash, his skilful daring, as by the eloquence, intimate, rapid, full images, which he brought, to convince them, to the service of his supple diplomacy, his incessant desire to please and to attach to him whoever approached him; to gather together, to enroll defenders, co-operators in his magnificent work."

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Biology and the Nation's Food

How a Readjustment of System Can Increase Production and Lower Food Prices.

WE MAY, without argument, assume that at least a part of the recent rise in prices is due to the wastefulness of war. We know also that the crop year now closing was below normal, not only in this country, but also in others. If the entire difficulty were due to these two causes we might look forward to the future with complacency, for wars come to an end and bad seasons are only occasional.

That there are other and more permanent causes is shown in a recent article in *The Scientific Monthly*, and the facts given here apply in a general way to Canadian conditions.

During the last decade of the last century, says the writer, the average price of farm land in the United States rose 108 per cent. During the same time there was an average increase of 67 per cent. in the price of farm products. Thus far in the present decade both these rates have been exceeded.

This increase in the price of land is due to two principal causes. In the first place, by

the early nineties the more desirable portions of the public domain had been settled, and those who a few years earlier would have homesteaded new land were now confronted with the necessity of buying. This greatly increased competition, and prices rose accordingly.

But the very fact that good farm lands were not coming into cultivation as rapidly as formerly lowered the rate of increase in production. This caused higher prices for farm products, and this in turn a further increase in the price of land. It appears, therefore, that we have arrived at a period or are rapidly approaching it, when increase in production of food no longer keeps pace with increase in population. Let us now consider a few of our leading food resources to see whether this conclusion is justified.

The average annual production of wheat in this country by ten-year periods for the last three decades has been, in bushels per capita, 7.3, 7.8 and 8.0, respectively. These figures indicate a slight increase in production as compared with increase in population. But these are ten-year averages. The area of our wheat crop for each of the last ten years, ending with 1915, has been, in millions of acres, 47, 45, 48, 47, 46, 50, 46, 50, 54, and 60, respectively. The marked increase last year may be attributed to the stimulating effect of the high prices incident to war.

While wheat is our most important bread crop, corn is a far more important crop when

considered in its entire relation to our national economy. It occupies nearly twice the acreage of any other crop, has a total value more than twice as great, and is the principal basis of meat production in this country. Even the great crop of last year was only equal to that of three years earlier. It is evident that we have reached a point where increase in the production of corn is not nearly keeping pace with increase in population.

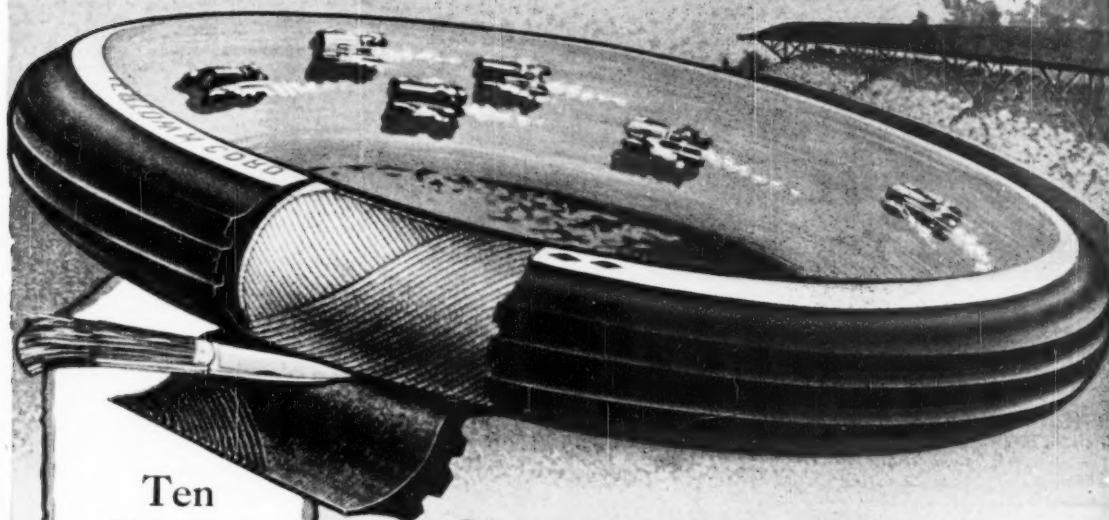
It may not be out of place to remark that the present abnormal price of potatoes is due neither to the European war nor to an approaching shortage in this crop. The crop planted last spring was in fact unusually large, and in some localities production was a maximum. But in several large producing centers there was an almost complete failure of the crop because of unfavorable weather. That potato production is keeping pace with increase in population is strongly indicated by the per capita production for the last four census years, which was 3.5, 3.5, 3.7 and 4.7 bushels. The figures for recent years confirm this conclusion. The only present menace to this crop is the possible introduction and spread of fungus diseases, which it is the province of the biologist to prevent. In this connection it may be noted that only recently quarantines were in force against the importation of seed potatoes from infected regions.

There was a time when the American people were probably the equal of any people in the world as consumers of meat. That was when we had an excess of good agricultural land.

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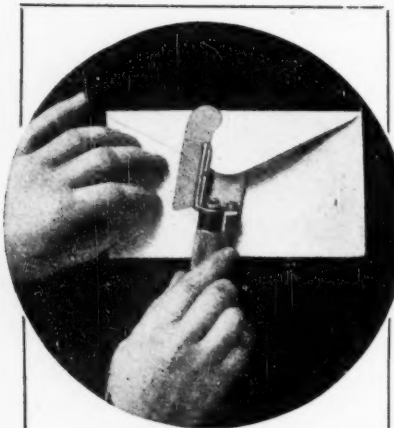


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For the Caucasian race at least the per capita consumption of meat is closely related to the surplus of available farm land. At present we stand third in this respect, being exceeded by Australia and New Zealand, and closely followed by Argentina and Canada. The per capita figures for these five countries are 262, 211, 171, 140 and 137 pounds, respectively. At the present time Australians eat fifty per cent. more meat than we do. As already intimated, the per capita consumption of meat in this country is decreasing. For the year 1900 it was 182, and for 1909 it was 171 pounds, a decrease of 11 pounds in nine years. That this decrease will continue seems highly probable, though not necessarily at this rate.

The important food-producing animals of this country are, in the order of their importance, cattle, swine, poultry and sheep.

From the standpoint of our problem cattle must be considered in two classes, namely, dairy and beef, though there is considerable duplication in these classes. Dairying is, or can be made, a relatively intensive type of farming. For this reason its status can be maintained even when population becomes quite dense. At present the number of dairy cows in this country is increasing approximately in the same ratio as population, and there is reason to believe that this increase may continue for several decades at least. A future supply of butter and cheese seems assured, but there is some difficulty in the matter of supplies of market milk for our growing cities. This is largely due to the greatly increased cost of the methods which now appear to be necessary in the distribution of this product. Whereas milk was formerly retailed from cans it must now be bottled. The big problem here seems to be that of reducing the cost of distribution. Improving the quality of the cows as a means of reducing the cost of production is also urgent.

The supply of beef cattle in this country has fallen off very materially in recent years. During the last census period, there was an increase of about twelve per cent. in the number of swine in this country as compared with a twenty per cent. increase in population. There was a decrease of about eight per cent. in per capita production of pork products. Poultry farming is even more intensive than

dairying. It is more or less prominent in China, where population is so dense as to exclude almost every other type of meat-producing animal. There is, therefore, no economic reason why poultry and eggs should not continue indefinitely to furnish the basis for breakfast and for the Sunday dinner as they have done from time immemorial. In fact the decreasing supplies of other meats, especially beef and mutton, greatly emphasize the importance of the feathered tribe.

Sheep husbandry as ordinarily conducted represents the least intensive form of livestock farming. These animals can subsist where no other domesticated animal can live. Hence they occupy the dry regions of the earth, especially of Asia, Australia, Argentina and the Western United States. But these regions can no longer supply any considerable proportion of the needs of mankind for the products of these animals. Partly for this reason and partly because of the increasing scarcity of beef, the price of mutton has risen very materially in recent years, so much so in fact as to raise the question whether sheep may not again become an enterprise on the ordinary farm.

To recapitulate. Our principal bread crops already occupy so large an area that there can be no large increase in them except as new lands come into use, a process necessarily slow, and as we increase the acre yield. The increase last year in the acreage of wheat and corn, brought about by abnormal prices, was mainly on land ordinarily devoted to pasture and hay. This is significant in connection with the decreasing supply of beef. The production of fruits and vegetables can increase practically indefinitely, but even then the saving of acreage by increased yield is an advantage not to be ignored.

There is no economic reason why dairy and poultry farming should not continue to increase in magnitude as the need for their products increases. It is easily seen, however, that on account of the magnitude of these enterprises any considerable increase in production per cow and per hen, which we know need not entail a proportionate increase in feed consumed, may result in an enormous saving, most of which may readily be utilized in the production of beef, mutton and pork.

Business Girls Who Accomplish

How Brainy Women are Blazing Profitable Trails in the Financial World.

WHY shouldn't there be women financiers, women bankers, women bond “salesmen,” women managers of security departments? Is it not of official record that half of the Pennsylvania Railroads 100,000 stockholders are women, and that the percentage in the New Haven and stocks like American Sugar Refining are even larger? Also that the science—and it has become a science—of filing the millions of documents, letters, statistics, etc., handled by such institutions as the J. P. Morgan and Company has been evolved almost entirely by women and would never be entrusted to men. According to a writer in *Every Week*, Wall Street offers more and better opportunities for earnest, educated, persevering young women than any other field.

Miss Annette L. Smiley, of J. P. Morgan & Company, who has established more filing systems for great financial firms than any man or any other woman in America, feels that a service can be rendered by warning young girls against leaving school before it is absolutely necessary for them to do so. Many girls who could go through college regard such a course as unnecessary to equip them for business. Miss Smiley declares that few young women can hope to reach the more

important places in the financial world unless they have the ground-work of a full education.

Miss Smiley has the reputation of being able to do as much work in one year as most people can do in five. When she entered the Morgan firm in 1914 the books and records of the firm and its individual partners were not systematized. She has corralled and co-ordinated every letter, record, pamphlet, periodical, and book in the place, and to-day J. P. Morgan & Company's library, while not among the largest, is recognized as among the best extant.

The rise of the City Bank of New York to first place among the country's national banks has been facilitated in no slight measure by Miss Florence Spencer, who is a walking financial encyclopedia, consulted more often than any officer in the bank. She is more familiar with what is going on in finance, in commerce, and in industry, here and abroad, than most mere men.

Graduating from the famous Armour Institute of Chicago, Miss Spencer's ability attracted notice, and ten years ago she was given charge of the library of New York's largest bank. By starting work early in the morning, she was able to look over every worth-while newspaper and periodical, clip from them every pertinent article or paragraph, digest the whole mass, and place on the president's desk every item calculated to interest him or the other officers, the whole classified and neatly attached to cardboard. She developed what the newspapers call “a nose for news,” and became extremely expert in distinguishing the important from the unimportant, the useful from the useless—the wheat from the chaff.

"What path or paths should young women enter in order to attain success in Wall Street?" I asked.

"First of all," said Miss Spencer, "aspirants should be naturally equipped with a keen and intelligent interest in current events and their relation to banking and finance. The best way to 'learn the ropes' is by apprenticeship in some firm or bank. Courage, energy and keen discrimination are absolutely essential to success."

The woman who knows the greatest number of bankers in America is Miss Marian R. Glenn, who originated a unique plan to supply all kinds of information to the 16,000 members of the American Bankers' Association, with which she is connected. Miss Glenn started her nation-wide work with nothing but an idea, enthusiasm, and a pile of old magazines and pamphlets strewn on a floor. To-day, if any one of these 16,000 bankers wants the very latest facts or arguments about any subject short of astronomy, all he has to do is to telegraph or write, and off to him will go a "Package Library" covering the whole subject. Miss Glenn has scores of these mail-order libraries constantly traveling to and fro.

At a pinch, she even outlines speeches for members of the unaccustomed-as-I-am-to-public-speaking order of bankers. Her specialty is not ponderous volumes of ancient vintage, but an amazingly complete compilation of up-to-the-minute articles from newspapers, periodicals, pamphlets, etc.

Miss Alice Carpenter, the suffrage leader, has been captured by Wall Street. She is now manager of a women's department in a prominent Stock Exchange firm, and has livened things up so much that competitors are worried. She made her first sale after only two weeks' experience, and now she can hold her own with the best of the male gender. Several other investment houses are breaking in women to undertake selling campaigns. The possibilities in this sphere are unlimited.

Miss S. Eugenia Wallace began her library training as a copyist at Columbia University. From this humble start she went through the library's various departments, and then resolved to invade the financial district. She is now at the head of a department employing thirty men and women in the Guaranty Trust Company, the largest in the country.

"Not enough is expected of women; that's why so few of them have done anything really worth while down here," Miss Wallace impressed upon me. "Office boys are expected to progress; but it is thought all right for girls to remain indefinitely without advancement. Before engaging a young woman I once called up a leading insurance official and asked him if the girl had any initiative. 'Why, we never expect any initiative in girls,' he replied. 'We simply provide nice, comfortable nests for them until they are married off.' When more is expected of women, more will be forthcoming."

The qualities that women most need to cultivate to win success begin with the letter c—courage, confidence and conscience. I mean, of course, that higher conscience that will not be content to do or achieve less than the very highest of which one is capable. A woman who lacks the courage to grasp opportunity, or the confidence to shoulder a big responsibility, is robbing her employer of her finest efforts and herself of the development that can come only as a result of constant growth.

Miss Beatrice Elizabeth Carr, who has graduated from the position of librarian to that of "unofficial partner" of a well known investment firm, attributes her success to hard work and incessant watchfulness against inaccuracy. "Lack of thoroughness," she declared, "is perhaps the most common defect and the most fatal one of the majority of the younger girls who come into Wall Street offices. Given a good education, a girl possessing a reasonable amount of common sense, a capacity for hard work, and an abhorrence of slipshod methods, can hope to make more or less of a mark."

The employment director of a financial organization that employs several hundred women recently explained to me that some of the girls came to work in dresses more appropriate for a ball-room than an office. He pointed

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to one or two who happened to pass. They were arrayed in very fluffy-ruffles finery, low at the neck and high at the ankles, and the ruddy glow on their cheeks may or may not have come from inside the skin.

"See that; isn't that awful?" he protested. "I am trying to devise some method whereby a few of the more sensible girls will take the lead in instituting reforms in this matter of dressing for business."

Miss Carr puts "dress well and suitably" among the first of her injunctions to those who seek her advice. The girl in business must be careful not to wear clothes that distract attention. Other maxims indorsed by

Miss Carr include: Cultivate personality, develop tact, have self-confidence, show infinite patience, acquire adaptability—and possess a sense of humor.

Let me emphasize one point: the young woman who has learned—really learned—one or more foreign languages has an asset that will raise her above mediocrity at the very start of her professional career. Now that this country is doing more than \$7,500,000,000 of foreign trade a year, covering every corner of the earth, there is a keen demand for stenographers, clerks, secretaries, etc., able to speak and write alien languages, notably Spanish, German and French.

Plotting to Become Emperor

The Real Story of the Attempted Coup by Yuan Shi Kai.

EVERSHADOWED by the war and gaining only a small part of the attention that they would otherwise have been accorded events of remarkable importance and fascinating interest having been happening in China. The outstanding event was the sudden setting up of an Imperial throne by President Yuan Shi-Kai and his brief terms of absolutism. The "real story of Yuan Shi Kai's plot for a throne" is told by Samuel G. Blythe in *Saturday Evening Post*. It tells how the wily Oriental plotted for seventy years to seize the throne and then reached out his hand when it was too late:

The Chinese-Japanese War was largely due to Yuan Shi Kai's Korean operations. The story of the beginning of that conflict is too long and too complicated to tell here; but the war came, and when it came Yuan Shi Kai left Korea, marching as a chair carrier in a procession of chair carriers who were supposed to be carrying Yuan himself. He took no chances, but had an underling in his chair, made up to resemble the Chinese Imperial Resident, who at the moment, and because of the advance of the victorious Japanese, was the Chinese Imperial Emigrant.

He vegetated for a time, but always remained in Chi-li, near the throne; and in September, 1898, he was put in charge of an army corps, and then and there began his work of getting the support of the army. He was governor of Shan-tung in 1900, which is a northern province adjoining Chi-li, and he had the great good sense to keep out of the Boxer business. The Empress Dowager sent him many telegrams ordering him to attack the foreign devils with his army; but Yuan tore up the telegrams, assisted the foreigners, and when called to account he blandly claimed that he never received the orders. After the Dowager Empress returned Yuan was made viceroy of Chi-li, the position held for so long a time by Li Hung Chang. Then he was properly placed, for during the next three years he took a masterful and useful part in remaking the Chinese Army, in modernizing it and arming it, and incidentally in holding it together for his own purposes, which were regal.

The imperial idea which had taken root in the devious brain of Yuan Shi Kai began to sprout as the army sprouted under the advice and with the control of Yuan. He knew that nothing is possible in China without the support of the army, and that anything is possible with the support of the army.

So he coddled the army and its controlling generals, and by the time he was made grand councillor, in 1907 he was rather sure of his own power with it.

His ascendancy at the court continued until early in January, 1909, when he was dismissed from office by the Prince Regent and sent home. He remained quietly in Honan, fishing; but he wasn't fishing for fish. He was fishing for greater military control. Presently the first revolution began, in 1911; and Yuan, though urged to join the rebels, and promised all there was to promise, did nothing, and ostensibly remained loyal to the Manchus.

He also refused command of the imperial land and maritime forces. Eventually he accepted that command, after he had made some terms with the Prince Regent, and proceeded to the front. There was great confusion in Peking. Prince Ching was dismissed, and Yuan, the one strong man who was in support of the Manchu dynasty, then tottering and about to fall, was made president of the Council of Ministers, or premier, and given command of all the forces in the vicinity of Peking.

This was in November, 1911, and at that moment the plots and intrigues of Yuan began to bear fruit. He was in a most advantageous position. He was the strongest man in Peking, acting for and with the Manchus, and he was also in a position to deal at first hand with the rebels, who were winning victories in the south, and who had established a provisional government with Sun Yat Sen at its head as first president of China. Yuan saw his advantage, and he pressed it. He apparently remained loyal to the dynasty; but he also remained exceedingly loyal to Yuan. He was at the top of his powers—a crafty, farseeing, expert politician. He knew that if he let the Manchu dynasty fall without using it to his own advancement he could expect little from Nanking Republican Government; and he knew, also, that though the dynasty was in *extremis*, the Nanking Government, new and untried, and largely theoretical in its workings, was not so sure of its own ground.

Yuan played one against the other. He did not let the Manchus know that he had the rebels where he wanted them—practically defeated; and he did not let the southern rebels know that he had the Manchus at his mercy. The Manchus sought in every way to hold him. Three times Yuan was offered the title and rank of marquis, but each time he refused it. He was playing for a bigger title than that.

He secured from the Manchus the secret edict of abdication on February 3, 1912; and having that in his possession, he proceeded to work on the Nanking Government, and get rights and emoluments for the fallen court. As soon as he had taken care of his former patrons he began to look out for Yuan Shi Kai. He had seen to it that the abdication edict gave him full power to organize a republican form of government, in conference with the republican leaders. He was most careful to have that designation in the official document.

Then he shooed the Manchus off the throne, published the abdication edict on February twelfth, and telegraphed down to the Nanking Government that, inasmuch as he was empowered to deal with that government, and inasmuch as it had in mind the establishment of a republic, he—Yuan Shi Kai—felt that a republican government might, after all, be the solution of the difficulties in which China found herself. "Therefore," said the wily Yuan, "I suggest that the most meritorious manner of composing affairs will be to become president myself; and in support of the exceeding virtue of that contention I call to your attention the fact that I have the delegated authority from the dynasty which has ruled China for many years; that I have a very good army to support that delegated authority; and that, moreover, I want the job, for I firmly believe at the moment that a republican form of government is the proper form of government for China, provided, of course, your humble ser-

vant, Yuan Shi Kai, is placed at the head of it.

He was an ardent and lifelong republican from the date of publication of the abdication decree. Also, he had the strategic advantage. Also, he had the courage. The Nanking Government acquiesced. Yuan Shi Kai was too strong for them. He was elected provisional president by the Nanking Government on February fifteen and took the oath of office in Peking on March tenth. He was formally elected President of China on October sixth, and inaugurated four days later.

The story, as told by Mr. Blythe, covers a long and tortuous campaign, directed secretly by Yuan Shi Kai himself, to educate the people against the Republican form of government. A Peace Society was formed, to influence opinion. Petitions were circulated, calling for a return to old form of Government. Through it all Yuan Shi Kai affirmed, his adherence to constitutional government and his desire to leave public life and return to the streams and mountains and his native Honan.

Yuan Shi Kai could not withstand the pressure. He had made all the face necessary by thrusting the throne from him once. He declared, in a mandate issued on the night of December twelfth, which quoted this second petition in full, that his former declaration was "the expression of a sincere heart and not a mere expression of modesty"; but, nevertheless, he would take the job. And he did. It had long before been decided to call the new dynasty the Dynasty of Hung Hsien, signifying Brilliant Prosperity; and on that December day the twenty years of plotting of Yuan for a throne seemed to have culminated successfully. He was Emperor of China.

Three days later the representatives of Japan, Britain, France, Russia and Italy again counseled Yuan to delay the change—and let it go at that.

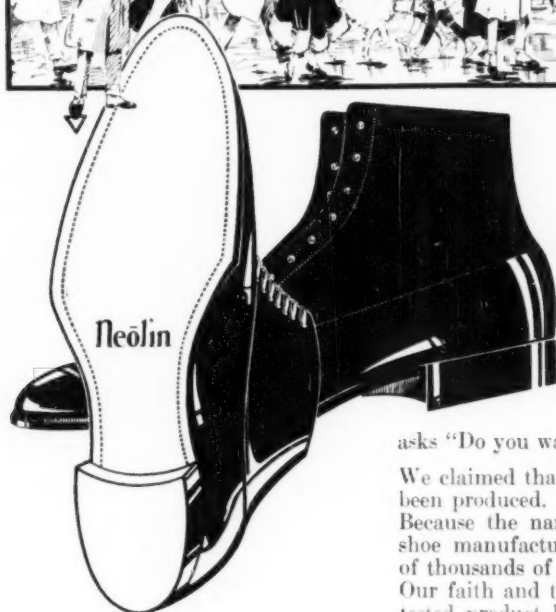
However, the Era of Brilliant Prosperity became dimmed within a few days. By December twelfth, or eight days after Yuan was selected as Emperor, it was certain that a revolution was about to come to a head in the province of Yunnan, which is in the south. General Tsai-ao, one of the most capable of the younger of the Chinese soldiers, and several other revolutionary leaders, had appeared in Yunnan-fu, having arrived by way of Indo-China. They were amply provided with funds. They sent an ultimatum to the emperor on December twenty-third, reciting to Yuan that he had violated his oath of office by accepting the throne, demanding that he should repudiate the monarchy and execute those responsible for it, giving a list of most of the Thirteen Imperial Guardians as subjects for decapitation. Failing this, Yunnan would secede, and the ultimatum would expire at ten o'clock on the morning of December twenty-fifth, Christmas Day. Yuan made no reply, and Yunnan declared for revolution and seceded as announced.

No serious doubt has ever been cast on the claim that Japan financed this revolution against Yuan to the extent of several million yen.

The revolution grew in proportions. Others besides the Yunnanese came in. Its progress need be touched upon only for purposes of this article, though it had a determining effect on the fortunes of the emperor-elect. There was fighting during January and February. Yuan was deeply concerned and began to show the effects of the strain. He had been a man of decision. He became hesitant. He lost flesh. He was peevish, dilatory, vacillating. His closest advisers were alarmed. They sought to keep him up to the requirements of his position, and early saw that the only way out of a situation that was becoming dangerous to Yuan and his supporters was to proceed instantly with the enthronement ceremony, in order that Yuan might be vested fully with the powers of his position. He was emperor-elect and functioning as emperor, but he had not been crowned.

To the end of getting Yuan actually upon the throne the Thirteen Imperial Guardians bestirred themselves again. They sent men about the country and flooded Yuan with petitions urging him to proceed at once with the actual ascension of the throne. Yuan was urged, threatened, cajoled; but he couldn't decide. He was not the Yuan who had origin-

Continued on page 71.



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Increased Production

The Movement to Mobilize Canadian Man-kind for Larger Crops.

THE cry for increased production is meeting with an instant and very general response. Men who are so placed that it is impossible for them to get to the front are preparing to do the little that lies in their power at home by turning their hands in idle moments to the increase of production.

The agitation is double-fold. In the first place it is directed toward what has been termed "back-yard gardening." If city men would rise *en masse*, roll up their sleeves and turn their back yards into miniature truck farms, the result would be a very marked increase in the production of vegetables. This would be beneficial in two ways: It would bring down the price of vegetables and leave the public with more money to buy government war bonds; and it would mean a larger surplus for export.

The back-yard gardening idea has met with an almost universal response. The average man, anyway, has an inbred love of the soil. It is the spirit of land-tilling ancestors refusing to be subdued by generations of city-living and desk-slavery and crying out for expression. Most men are never so happy as when they are out in the garden, pipe in mouth and spade in hand, planning a big campaign in beets and a special effort in sweet peas.

The other side of the production agitation is addressed to the question of finding help for the over-worked farmer. Now that the young men have exchanged their cowhides for khaki, it is impossible for the farmer to increase his output unless some means is devised of getting him help. And so "production clubs" are being formed in the cities, the members of which bind themselves to spend their holidays on farms. It is a great conception this, business men giving up their usual lazy vacations and going off to some hard-pressed farmer to help him with his crops to tend his horses, to do their humble bit in this very useful if inglorious way. And it is "catching on." From the present viewpoint the exodus to the farms this summer will be a remarkable one.

Plotting to Become Emperor

Continued from page 68.

ated this bold plan to get a throne. He was fast becoming a doddering old man. In the end, on February twenty-third, he issued a mandate saying that he would postpone the question. He had lost his nerve.

Kweichow Province had seceded and joined the rebels on January twenty-first and Kwangsi Province announced its independence on March thirteenth. Disquieting news also came that Japan was getting ready to intervene "to protect foreign interests"; and those close to Yuan began to think that the game was up.

Yuan decided to quit. He had made his great stroke and had lost in the winning. Many of his close friends and advisers urged him to fight it out, and go down, if need be, with the banner of Hung Hsien flying over him; but he was a broken Yuan, a weak old plotter instead of a valiant warrior. One hundred days from the time he became emperor-elect he issued a mandate canceling the monarchy and restoring China's Republic.

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Select Yellow Dutch Onion Setts.....lb. 35c, 5 lbs. \$1.70	
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London Long Green Cucumber (great cropper) ..Pkg. 5c, oz. 15c, 4 ozs. 40c	
XXX Solid Head Lettuce.....Pkg. 10c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 75c	
Improved Beefsteak Tomato.....Pkg. 10c, 1/2 oz. 35c, oz. 60c	
XXX Scarlet Oval Radish (mild, crisp).....Pkg. 10c, oz. 20c, 4 oz. 50c	
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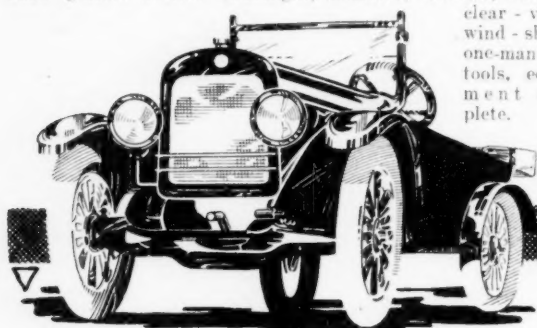
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Government. He said he showed his sincerity and modesty in refusing the honor when it was first tendered to him; that he was willing to bear the sins and crimes of all the people in all parts of the country; and that he would, therefore, cease being Emperor. He retained enough of his former decision to continue as president of the revived republic. He wasn't so far gone as to relinquish that.

All laws that had been revoked were restored, and the government went about its business of being republican with cheerful ease, except in the presidential yamen. Things were in bad shape there, for the seceding provinces did not return to loyalty to the republic of Yuan. They remained rebellious and demanded that Yuan should get out of office entirely. They formed a provisional independent government at Canton.

It became known to a few that Yuan was seriously ill. He had broken under the humiliation of his defeat and the loss of his crown. He was suffering from Bright's disease, with its consequent weakness, loss of mental alertness, irritability and lack of concentration. There were peace parleys; and while these were on there came serious fighting at Tsinanfu, in Shan-tung Province, in which Japanese soldiers joined with the revolutionists against the troops of Yuan.

Foreign doctors were engaged for Yuan; but what they did for him had little effect, for Yuan's Chinese wives insisted on treating him with Chinese medicines. As soon as the foreign doctors left, the Chinese wives followed the doctors' medicines with doses of the messes the Chinese use as medicine. The result was tough on Yuan. He failed rapidly. He had about decided to leave the country, thinking there was no way to defeat the rebels. He was preparing to seek asylum in the United States, and, upon his request, had been promised by our Government a guard of marines from the American Legation Guard, in Peking, to escort him from the palace to the railroad station, protection by American soldiers at Tientsin, and possibly a convoy to our shores, as a distinguished gentleman."

The rebels did not know this. Very few people knew it until now. If the rebels had known it there would have been a different face on affairs. As it was, the rebels began to have fears that they might not win at about the same time the sick president had his qualms. It was arranged that an emissary with power should go from Peking to treat with the rebels in Shanghai, with the terms of the abdication of Yuan in his pocket. Just as that emissary was about to leave Peking for Shanghai a telegram came to Peking from the rebels, requesting him to come to hear what the rebels had to propose. Both sides were wobbly.

This man, a very strong, clever man, versed in Chinese politics, went to Shanghai to get what he could for Yuan; but knowing that, after the bargaining was done, Yuan would quit. In the midst of these negotiations, while telegrams were passing between Shanghai and Peking, between this emissary to the rebels from Yuan and Yuan's friends in Peking, at three o'clock on the morning of June 6, 1916, Yuan died. The news was held in the presidential yamen until half past five o'clock that morning. Then Li Yuan-hung, the vice president, was informed, and told to get ready to assume the presidency of China.

Li Yuan-hung's dislike of responsibility was known to the men who sent him the message.

"Suppose he refuses?" said one of the men present.

"Shoot him instantly!" said all the rest.

Li Yuan-hung knew this, and did not decline. He was sworn in as president at eleven o'clock that morning.

So ended Yuan Shi Kai's great plot to make himself Emperor of China and to found for his forty children the Dynasty of Hung Hsien. It was a remarkable adventure by a remarkable man, and it left China in a state of confusion that will not be composed for years to come.

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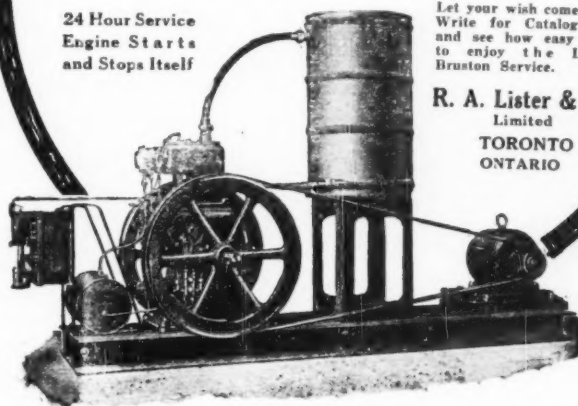
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Sunshine in Mariposa

Continued from page 21.

SMITH. — "Yes—and say—(ANDY is now outside the door). Tell Billy them Golden Fizzes is fifty cents apiece—or sixty cents for two if he wants another."

ANDY (off stage in the street).—"Al-right."

SMITH (gets up and speaks through the door). — "Or, Andy! Tell Billy sixty cents—he won't want two."

MACARTNEY.—"Who is this stranger, Josh?"

SMITH.—"Dunno. Come in this morning's train."

JEFF.—"Mining man, do you think?"

SMITH.—"Dunno. Come in off the early train. Asked for a room with a bath."

MACARTNEY and JEFF.—"Room with a bath!"

BILL (putting his head up from under his sheet).—"A room with a bath!"

JEFF.—"What's his idea in that?"

SMITH.—"Why, they say it's all the go now in the big hotels in the city. If you have a room with a bath right in it, no one need ever know if you take a bath or not."

JEFF.—"That's it. Get down again, Bill. I haven't forgotten you. Quick shave you want, I know. The water's just heating. Well, you boys were just talking of the Lone Star Mine, and I was just going to say—"

[Door opens and there enters MR. MULLINS, manager of the Exchange Bank, Mariposa. Neat and business-like, light grey suit, clean shaven.]

MULLINS.—"Thorpe here? Good morning, Jeff."

JEFF.—"Good morning, Mr. Mullins. You're next. I was just giving Bill a hurry-up shave, but I guess he can wait if you're in a hurry—"

MULLINS.—"No, no, it's all right (picks up a paper). Well, Jeff (jocosely) how are stocks and shares to-day? Made your fortune this morning?"

JEFF.—"Why, I was just starting to tell the boys about the Lone Star Mine."

MULLINS.—"Oh, yes, that's the one that you say the city crowd were scrambling for, eh?" (laughs).

JEFF.—"Yes, sir, she's the biggest proposition between Cobalt and the Hudson's Bay to-day." (Looking around among his shelves and pulling out papers)

"There's the shares of her—no, that's not. That's the Kippewa—four cents a share, ten per cent. cumulative preferred. That's a big thing, too. I just had an argument with Johnson. He said she was no good. So I bought in his shares. There (taking a blue certificate) that's the Lone Star (gives it to Mullins). See what it says."

MULLINS (reading).—"Lone Star Mining Company, Limited, par value one dollar. Well, what about it?"

JEFF.—"Well, I bought them for twenty cents. There's eighty cents clear profit right at the start."

MULLINS.—"Why, no, not necessarily."

JEFF.—"Oh, I know it might be more. Might go away above par. Of course, the Nipissing and some of them big mines, with a par of one dollar have gone clean to five, ten and fifty dollars a share. But I'm not reckoning on that. That's mere speculation. I say, take it simply at par—"

MACARTNEY. — "Par! Pough! Par! How will it ever get to par?"

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JEFF.—"It would get there alright if they give the mine a chance. But they won't. I bought her at twenty. What was she next day? Eighteen cents. Then sixteen, and inside a fortnight ten cents. Then I knew they were trying to shove her down, the city crowd. I let them shove. They worked her down to five cents. I hung on. They got her down to three cents. All right, I says, you can't make me quit, you can't make me let go, my grip's firm, says I. Come on!" (JEFF is acting in *Pantomime the struggle for the shares*.) "They beat her down to two cents—I clung to her. Then to one cent."

MULLINS.—"And then?"

JEFF.—"They shoved her clean off the market. Put her out of the newspapers. But wait, wait, I tell you, gentlemen—the day's going to come—you'll see it come. Wait, you'll see it come. (JEFF speaks with a sort of suppressed excitement, half to himself, moving about and arranging towels and things without seeing what he is doing.) There's a fortune—I know it—a big fortune."

MULLINS.—"And then you'll be endowing a university?"

JEFF (turning about).—"When I get my money, no university nor no professor shall ever see a cent of it. Let the professors work."

MULLINS.—"What then, public libraries?"

JEFF.—"Not one cent."

MULLINS.—"What will you do with it?"

JEFF.—"Do with it? It'll be my money. I'll do with it what I want to do with it."

SMITH (his tone is quiet, as if concerned for Jeff's avarice).—"Jeff, you'd do better to let it all alone. There's no money in that Cobalt country. I've seen it all, from the Mattawa clear down to the Bay—just rock and pine and desolation. For a dollar in silver you find in it you lose ten in getting it. Jeff, quit it. There's nothing to it."

JEFF.—"I don't say it's all good. There's some of it—"

[The door opens and NORA, the new Irish help at Smith's, enters. She comes in in a hesitating way. The men turn and look at her. She is very pretty.]

JEFF.—"Good morning, Nora."

NORA.—"Good morning, Mr. Thorpe. Oh, Mr. Smith, the strange gentleman sent me out to get cigars."

[At the sound of Nora's voice Bill comes up from the sheet and remains looking at her open mouthed.]

SMITH.—"Aint there cigars in the hotel?"

NORA.—"He says the ones over there aren't good enough. He wants two for half a dollar (showing the fifty cents)."

SMITH.—"He wants two for half a dollar. Well, he'll get 'em. Jeff, what have you got in the case there?"

JEFF (looking over the case carefully).—"I've some pretty good ones here. *Claridad perfectos*, eight cents each—two for twenty. And I've the *Ideales*—they're a good cigar—twelve cents each."

SMITH.—"All right, Jeff—give her two of them. Wrap them up in something—separately. It looks better."

[JEFF looks about him. Picks up what is evidently a mining share (a big pink certificate, lying on a shelf and evidently the same as the ones MRS. GILLIS threw away), tears large bits off it and wraps up the cigars.]

NORA (giving JEFF the fifty cents).—"Is that right, Mr. Thorpe?—twelve cents

each, two for half a dollar. I don't understand the Canadian money."

SMITH (breaking in).—"No, but you'll get on to it after awhile. It's quite easy."

NORA (about to go out).—"And the stranger gentleman wanted to know where he could get a quick shave."

JEFF.—"Right here, Nora. Tell him right here."

NORA.—"All right, Mr. Thorpe, I'll tell him."

[Exit NORA.]

MULLINS.—"Who's the girl?"

SMITH.—"She's the noo help over at my place. Came yesterday."

BILL.—"Some help, all right. Her voice is peculiar. Where's she from (yawn)—Lower Canada?"

SMITH.—"Ireland."

BILL (with a yawn).—"I noticed there was something in her voice. In the police business we get pretty quick at sizing up voices." (JEFF is stropping a razor.) "Oh, say, Jeff, I forgot. I didn't want a shave. What I wanted was an egg shampoo."

JEFF.—"An egg shampoo?"

BILL.—"Yes, it sort of freshens a fellow up."

JEFF.—"A quick shampoo?"

BILL.—"Yes."

JEFF.—"All right—now. Just sit up in the chair a little higher. There! Now then—a quick shampoo—an egg shampoo—now where have I put the eggs? They were here last week all right." (JEFF starts moving about the shop looking for the things he needs and talking to himself.) "Egg-shampoo—egg-shampoo—a quick-egg shampoo." (In looking about he picks up the other part of the certificate that he tore up for the cigars and holds it up and half looks at it as he says)

—"no, I don't say that all the mines are good—egg shampoo—here's one where I got stung—egg shampoo."

MACARTNEY.—"What is that?"

JEFF (giving him the scrip).—"Read what it says—egg shampoo."

MACARTNEY (reading the first half of the certificate that is still complete).—"Corona Jewel Mining Corporation Interim Option Certificate—I see—I see. In consideration, etc. I see—the sum of five cents lawful money of the Dominion, etc., etc., J. Thorpe, Esq., of Mariposa—I see—Option to purchase etc., etc. One share, etc. Further payment of 25 cents. Oh, yes, I see—you paid five cents as an option and can pay twenty-five cents more to own the share outright."

MULLINS (laughing).—"Well, you don't lose much on that deal, Jeff. That's only five cents."

JEFF (still hunting for eggs and speaking abstractedly).—"Egg-shampoo. One share, Mr. Mullins?—I've got about four or five hundred of them somewhere in the shop—I thought—egg shampoo—they were in that drawer, but they don't seem to be—egg shampoo."

SMITH.—"How did you get them shares?"

JEFF.—"Off a feller that wanted a trade. Traded him my winter coat. I don't need it in summer. And then Jim Eliot and three or four of the boys took a lot of the same shares. Then later when they found they couldn't sell them they put the blame on me—egg shampoo—for leading them into it they says. So I took the whole lot off their hands—just not to have any bad feeling. As I say, I've got, I guess, five hundred shares—but you see they're no good—and a feller'd have to

go and pay cash money down, twenty-five cents a share before he'd own them anyway—egg shampoo."

MACARTNEY (still examining).—"And you'd have to take them up pretty quick—see what it says—payable at the Head Office of the Company or at any branch of the Exchange Bank of Canada. Why, it's through your bank, eh, Mullins?"

MULLINS.—"Is that so? I didn't know it. They make out options like that every day. But we hardly keep track of them Nobody ever takes them up."

MACARTNEY.—"Well, Jeff'd need to be pretty quick. It says, the option's to expire at 2 p.m. of June 30, nineteen hundred—why that's this afternoon"

JEFF.—"Is it? Well, it's all the same to me—egg shampoo. They ain't worth nothing anyway (he shuts the drawer decisively). I ain't got any eggs, Bill. I'll have to give you a Roman massage instead."

SMITH.—"Ain't got no eggs. Hold on a minute." (He goes to the door and calls.) "Andy, go into the bar and ask Billy for a half a dozen eggs."

JEFF.—"No, sir, with shares like those you got to just write them off. That's the only way in business—in big business. If you gain anything you count it so much to your credit; if you lose, then you write it off, see—"

[Enter ANDY with an old black hat with six tough-looking eggs.]

ANDY.—"Billy says he doubts they're very fresh."

JEFF.—"That's all right. They's no call to be fresh, not for a shampoo."

[Exit ANDY.]

[JEFF takes out the eggs from the hat and puts them on the ledge. He takes one in his hand as if to break it on Bill's head.]

JEFF.—"You see, boys, when you begin to get an insight into big business— (Now and in what follows he constantly makes a motion as if about to smash the egg on Bill's head, and is constantly checked either by his own talk or someone else's.)

[Enter GILLIS (caretaker and messenger of the bank, a heavy, shambling, unkempt man with thick black hair, bloodshot eyes and the loose stoop of a drunkard. He stands, half swaying in the doorway.)

GILLIS.—"Mr. Mullins here?"

MULLINS (briskly).—"Yes."

GILLIS.—"They want you right away up at the bank."

MULLINS.—"What's the trouble?"

GILLIS.—"I don't know. Mr. Pupkin says it's confidential. I heard him explaining it to the folks in the bank. But the place is so full of people I couldn't understand right—but he said it would be two o'clock in fifteen minutes—unless you came right away. That's all I understand."

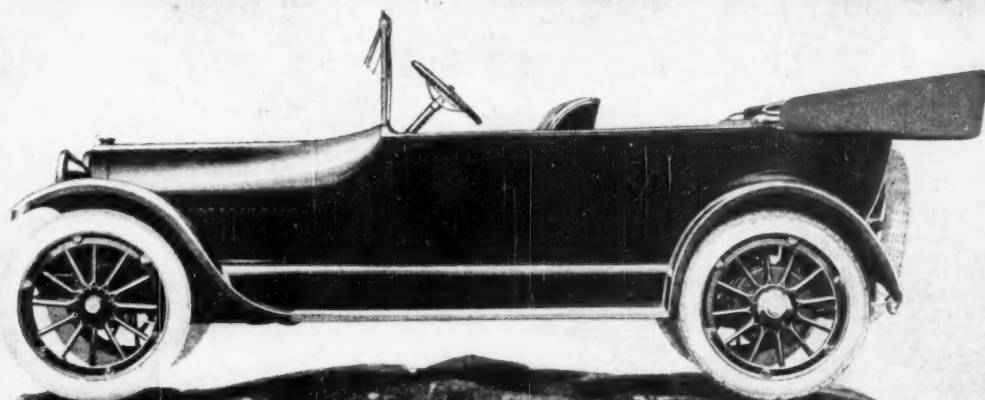
MULLINS (getting his hat and stick in hurry).—"Yes, I guess it is. (Contemptuously) See, here, my man, you've been drinking. You're drunk."

GILLIS.—"I'm not drunk."

MULLINS.—"You're drunk and you're drunk while you're on bank business. Now, I've warned you once. I warn you again. Let me see you drunk again in bank hours and out you go. Do you understand, out you go—"

GILLIS (with dark anger in his eyes).—"Don't you threaten me or boss or no boss, by God I'll—" (he lurches forward with his fist closed.)

SMITH (interposing and taking hold of



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him).—"Here, Ben, don't be a damn fool. (He leads him by the arm to the door.) Mr. Mullins is right. You're drunk. Go over to the hotel and sit down in the bar and get sober—for your wife's sake, now, go and sit in the bar." (He puts Gillis out.)

MULLINS—"If it weren't for his wife I wouldn't keep that drunken brute a day! Well, I must get up to the bank."

[Exit.]

JEFF (going on with his egg preparation).—"So as I was saying, every loss should be written off well before it happens."

[Enter SLYDE. Well dressed, city man, air of a crook; over-polite.]

JEFF—"Come in, come right in, sir. I'm just giving this man a sort of a rush shampoo. You're next."

SMITH—"Jeff, this is the gentleman from New York that we was speaking about, over to the hotel. Mr. Slyde, shake hands with Mr. Thorpe (they shake hands). And this is Mr. Macartney. And this is Bill—of the police."

SLYDE (with sudden apprehensive start at the word police).—"Eh?"

BILL (with a great yawn).—"Police—and detective-service (yawns, and practically falls asleep as he sits)."

SLYDE—"I've been hearing a lot about you Mr. Thorpe. They tell me down in the city you're one of the big men in the mining business up here."

JEFF—"Oh, I wouldn't say that. I wouldn't put it that way. No, not one of the big men. They said big, did they?"

SLYDE—"Yes, that's what they say."

JEFF—"Big, well—no—I'm free to say there are thousands of men—yes hundreds of them that know more than I do about the mines—dozens of them—half a dozen, anyway. There must be half a dozen—I should think—somewhere."

SLYDE—"Well, I don't know anything about mines. It's not my business. But I said to some friends of mine, pretty big men in the city, I've got to go up to Mariposa and I think, I'll pick up a few hundred dollars of mining stock. 'All right,' they said, 'you go to Jeff Thorpe.'"

JEFF—"They did, eh?"

SMITH (with a laugh).—"Sell him some of that mine you wrap cigars in!"

JEFF—"No, no, I wouldn't sell a man a thing like that. But here, now did you ever hear them talk in the city of the Lone Star." (Takes out certificate.)

SLYDE—"No, I can't say—"

JEFF—"No, I guess they're keeping it pretty quiet. They've got her shoved off the market. But that mine—"

MACARTNEY—"That's a wonderful mine. Pretty near as good as the Corona Jewel, itself."

SLYDE (quickly).—"Corona Jewels? Is that the name? I'm not used to these names. Have you got some options on that?" (Smith looks up.)

JEFF—"About five hundred, but I wouldn't sell you them. They're just waste paper. That'd be cheating you."

SMITH—"Say, stranger, what made you call them options? Who said they was options—"

SLYDE—"Why—"

[Voices outside.]

"Toronto morning papers—noon edition—Toronto morning papers—"

SMITH and MACARTNEY—"There's the papers in off the train."

[Exit SMITH and MACARTNEY hurriedly.]

BILL (wakes with a yawn).—"Finished, eh? (looking in the glass). Say that looks fine—feels a lot better, too. Nothing like a shampoo to make a feller feel fresh. What is it, Jeff, twenty-five—"

JEFF (absent-mindedly).—"No, twenty without massage. I don't think I gave you a massage, did I? Twenty—all right—good afternoon, Bill."

[Exit BILL.]

SLYDE (more quickly and decisively, with the air of a man who knows his own mind and wants to make the most of a limited time).—"Mr. Thorpe, if you got any interim options on the shares of the Corona Jewel Mine, I'd like to buy them from you (checking himself a little). That is, just for fun."

JEFF—"Why, Mr. Slyde—"

SLYDE—"Oh, I'm not a mining man. I don't know anything about the mine, or any other mine. But I thought being here (he takes out a roll of bills) just for fun now. I'll pay you five cents a share for the five hundred—"

JEFF—"Why, it's this way—"

SLYDE—"Come, I'll pay you ten cents."

JEFF—"I couldn't do it, Mr. Slyde. You see if you were in the mining business, I'd do it in a minute. Between two mining men any deal's fair. But you're just a plain, honest outsider. You say to me, 'Thorpe, I don't know anything about the mine.' I answer, 'All right, I do, and I won't sell it to you. It's not worth a cent.'"

SLYDE—"That's all right now. You've got your price. Name it."

JEFF—"What do you mean, I've got my price?"

SLYDE—"I mean I know what you're up to. If twenty cents a share won't buy the shares, what will?"

JEFF (indignantly).—"Do you think I'd lie about them shares? You think I'm that kind of—"

[Enter MYRA hurriedly.]

MYRA—"Are you Mr. Slyde?"

SLYDE—"Yes."

MYRA—"I'm from the telephone exchange. Long distance is calling you. New York wants to speak to you, and they said it's a hurry up call."

SLYDE—"Is there a 'phone here?"

MYRA—"No. You can go up to the exchange, or across to the hotel."

SLYDE—"I'll be back, Mr. Thorpe."

[Exit.]

MYRA—"Father, who is that man? (looks after him). I don't like him."

JEFF (with a certain indignation on him).—"Like him? I guess not. He as good as called me a cheat, a liar."

MYRA—"Father!"

JEFF—"Over a mining deal—shares he wanted to buy. The Corona Jewel mine. Thought I was running the price up on him—thought I was dishonest about it. Can't a man buy and sell shares and be honest?"

MYRA—"Oh, father, it's about that I've been wanting so much to talk to you."

JEFF—"Why, Myra!"

MYRA—"You won't be angry, will you, father?"

JEFF—"Angry?"

MYRA—"No, I know you won't. But, father, don't you think it's all a mistake, you trying to buy and sell mines?"

JEFF—"A mistake? Why, look at that and that (getting certificates from the shelves and drawer). There, the Lonely Lake. I bought that for 20 cents a share, two hundred shares. Suppose it rises to a dollar—to five dollars—to ten dollars

a share—suppose it rises to a hundred—"

MYRA—"I know, father, but—"

JEFF—"Didn't the Mattawa go to five hundred dollars a share. Didn't the Nepissing?"

MYRA—"I know, father, and, of course, I know how clever you are and how easily you could make money but father, is it worth it all?"

JEFF—"Worth it?"

MYRA—"Yes worth it. Surely we were so content and so happy and nice when you came home, and I got supper for you and you told me all about what had happened in the day. And now, it's getting all so changed."

JEFF—"Changed?"

MYRA—"Yes, father, changed. Everything around is. Father, I didn't mean to say it, but even your friends, even people like Mr. Smith, that like you so much, see it and they're saying—"

JEFF—"Yes, they're saying—"

MYRA—"That—that—you've altered, that you've grown different, so eager and anxious for money. You think only of money—"

JEFF—"They are saying—that?"

MYRA—"Yes."

JEFF—"That I think—only—of money—"

MYRA—"Father, father. I didn't mean to hurt you."

JEFF—"That I think—only—of money. Is that it? Do they think, do you think, I want money just for myself, or even just for you. Myra, I didn't mean to tell you now, it's for your mother's sake. Myra, for your mother's memory that I want the money. Something I want to do."

MYRA—"Father!"

JEFF—"It was something that she wanted done, if we ever got rich, she and I, here in Canada. I never told you this, but—she was 'in service,' your mother was (Jeff speaks with a sort of sudden and bitter passion). That's what they call it, 'in service.' Yes, and more than that, before that, she was a workhouse child, my Martha was. And it was the bread of charity she ate the bread of charity and tears."

MYRA—"But, father, you needn't have kept it back from me. I could love mother's memory just as well."

JEFF—"Her memory! Aye, I'll see to that. Give me the money and I'll see to that. You don't know the old country, Myra. It's not like this, the old country. Here it's a land of hope and sunshine—and there's a chance for all. But there it's hard—bitter hard—for the poor—for folks like Martha and me. And we were married—that's five and twenty years ago—and come to Canada—and we thought, as they all think, that some day we'd be rich—and we planned she and I did—what we'd do—that we'd take money and found a home—a real home of kindness and sunshine—for destitute children like my Martha was. That's how we planned it. And I worked and waited and some how the fortune didn't come. There were no mines then—and then, and then—just after you were born—I lost her—"

MYRA—"Father!"

JEFF—"Even at the last she spoke it—her hand in mine—her voice so faint—'Don't forget,' she said, 'I have never forgotten. I waited. There seemed no chance. Then the silver mines were found, here close beside us. And I knew, I knew, that it had come (Jeff is greatly agi-

tated). Too late for her, but it had come. Martha! Martha!" (He is greatly moved and stands with his hands clenched at his side, gazing into space. There is a moment's pause before MYRA speaks.)

MYRA.—"Oh, father, there are people coming. They seem excited. I'll go out this way."

[Enter MACARTNEY, SMITH and BILL. They are in a state of great excitement, MACARTNEY brandishing newspaper.]

SMITH.—"Say, Jeff, here's one for you, all right."

MACARTNEY.—"Say, wouldn't that wake a feller up—"

JEFF (recovering himself from his emotion).—"Eh—yes—eh?"

SMITH.—"Listen to this. Read it out to him, lawyer. There's something big doing."

MACARTNEY.—"Here it is—noon paper (reads). 'Toronto, June 30. Great silver strike in Cobalt. It is rumored in mining circles that startling disclosures will be made within the next twenty-four hours. It is being said—the exchange that a vein of silver of almost fabulous richness has just been discovered in one of the newer mines. It appears that the mines in question was not regarded as a 'aving proposition and the company professing to operate it was only organized for speculation purposes. Interim options had been unloaded on the buying public with no expectation of real development. It now appears that the new mine, the name of which is being zealously guarded, is likely to prove. . . . At the time of going to press the whole exchange was in commotion with wild bidding for favored shares.'"

JEFF.—"What's the mine? What's the mine? Don't it say the name?"

MACARTNEY.—"No, it doesn't say."

BILL.—"Don't they know. Somebody must know."

SMITH.—"What sort a fool newspaper" (all together).

JEFF (excitedly starting to strop a razor).—"I know it. It's the Lone Star. I always knew it was a fortune. Here, I've got the shares of it—here and here—or, no, I bet it's the—"

[Enter SLIDE, hurriedly and eagerly.]

SLIDE.—"Now, Mr. Thorpe, our little deal. Let's close it up, eh? Five hundred options—or what was the name of it—the Corona Jewel—wasn't that it? I'll buy—"

SMITH.—"Hold on with that. Buy shares off him? Ain't you heard there's a million dollar boom on? Not a share do you buy off Jeff. All he has is his'n. Jeff ain't selling anything now."

SLIDE.—"Why, I—"

[Enter MYRA, hurriedly.]

MYRA.—"Father, those shares you spoke of. Don't sell! The news has just come—"

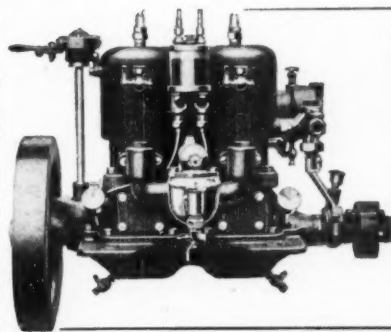
JEFF.—"Myra, Myra. Keep calm, don't be excited. It's only business (stopping a razor in violent agitation). Who's next—who wants a shave?"

MYRA.—"I heard it over the telephone wires and came right out. I'll lose my place for telling it—the mine—"

[Voices outside of newsboys on the street, "Special edition Mariposa 'Newspacket.' Corona Jewel Mine. Great silver strike. Corona Jewel Mine."]

[Enter NORAH.]

NORAH.—"Mr. Thorpe, they want you right over at the hotel on the telephone."



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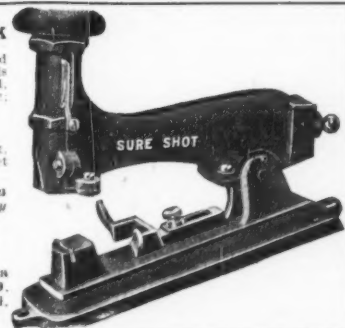
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JEFF. — "Telephone, yes, telephone" (trying to change his coat).

[Exit NORA, enter ANDY.]

ANDY. — "Mr. Thorpe, the telegraph office is calling for you to come up there."

[Voices of men outside, "Corona Jewel—Corona Jewel—Great silver strike."]

JEFF. — "The telegraph, yes, the telegraph" (trying to brush his hair).

[Enter PUPKIN, wildly excited.]

PUPKIN. — "Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Thorpe—right away. Come to the bank. The manager—Corona Jewel option—"

JEFF. — "Yes, yes, the bank. I'll just shave."

PUPKIN. — "By two o'clock—ten minutes. It's millions—Mr. Mullins has the transfer ready. He says hurry the shares—buy the shares. He says it's confidential."

JEFF. — "Yes, the shares, Corona Jewel shares. Here they are. Where are they? There are five hundred shares—"

MACARTNEY. — "My dear Thorpe—my dear fellow—congratulations. Keep calm—get the shares."

SMITH. — "Keep steady, Jeff—don't you know—"

JEFF. — "Yes, right here in that drawer. (They all make a run at it and tear it open)—or in this (another run). No, up here in the shelves" (general scramble).

JEFF (pausing and regaining calm a little). — "They were here, they were here yesterday. I've mislaid them."

MYRA. — "Father, I know. Mrs. Gillis when she cleaned—"

JEFF. — "That's it—Mrs. Gillis."

MACARTNEY and BILL. — "Mrs. Gillis!"

Continued on page 81.

A Woman Who Understood

Continued from page 30.

chile jes' natcher'ly had to keep wahn; so he made for the firin' kiln. An' I raikon if he weren't took powerful sick for the nex' week or two the Jedge sure might 've walopped dat boy!

"But I see his mammy come out 'n the Jedge's study wif her eyes all red, and I raikon she begged the Jedge for to spare her boy. You see, Mis' Effel, she jes' understood dat boy! Dey was alike inside, bof of 'em was jes' pirootin' an' high-speerited, like all the Pinkneys. The Jedge, he was difrent. When Mis' Jinny and her boy knowed the Jedge was goin' to be away for a spell, dey was always carryin' on around dat ol' red brick, rampin' through the house like two chilluns, an' water-fightin' wif the gahden-hose and hoss-racin' down the lane. An' dat boy never had a school-fight or a tech o' skin trouble or a spell o' puppy-love widout his mammy knowin' all about it. An' Masta Gahnet hisself he jes' sprung into a powerful big boy, wif the Pinkney eyes and the Pinkney laugh and the Pinkney way o' gittin' fun out 'n things. Dat's 'bout the time the trouble stahsted!

"**D**AT trouble didn't stahst out 'n nuffin' more 'n a briar-root pipe what Masta Gahnet bought from the Cap'n of a lake schooner unloadin' white pine at the Van Allen lumber yahd. It cost him a dollah an' a half—I knowed dat, for he borrowed fohty cents off 'n me—and dat pipe, he 'splained, had been smoked by mos' all the Crowned Haid's o' Yurupp. The Cap'n tol' him dat. Lo'dy how dat boy loved dat pipe. He tol' me he'd nail me down in the cistu'n if I ever breaved a word 'bout him ownin' sech a thing. Why, dat pipe jes' made Masta Gahnet into a man. I raikon he owned it for or five weeks b'fore he ever lit her up. But dat was 'bout the fust time he ever fooled his mammy. An' he took to smokin' again.

"I never jes' knowed how the ol' folks foun' out 'bout Masta Gahnet and dat pipe—but I always suspicioned a ol' she-hen what was doin' sewin' for Mis' Jinny by the day. But the Jedge he foun' out 'bout Mis' Jinny's boy smokin'. When he called 'im into dat study, Masta Gahnet was jes' natcher'ly scairt, an' I raikon dat chile didn't tell the truf. An' dat fixed the Jedge.

"Mis' Jinny, I mind, she locked herself up in heir baidroom; I was back on the dryin'-green beatin' rugs. Den the Jedge comes to me, haht as iron, and he says: 'Git me a strap!' Lo'dy, I know'd what dat meant. So I goes to the hahness-room and unbuckles a check-rein off 'n the little mare's hahness an' takes it in to the Jedge. He looks at dat baby-strap an' shies it 'cross the room and goes out for to git the strap off 'n the ol' Gladstone neck-yoke. B'fore he can git back, I skips over to the window and opens her wide. 'Oh, Masta Gahnet, I pled wif dat boy, 'limbah out, limbah out, b'fore you catch it! I'll take the blame, I sure will!

"But Mis' Jinny's boy jes' stands dere, wif his ahms folded, an' his Pinkney eyes flashin' an' his face 's white 's the Jedge's. He was a Pinkney, thro' and thro', wif his laigs straight and his mouf shut—and I jes' crept out to the kerriage-shed and sat down on the ol' surrey-step and blubbered like the ol' fool I was, wif all Masta Gahnet's dawgs creepin' round, whimperin' jes' as if dey knowed something was wrong.

"It was mos' dahk b'fore anybody come near dat shed. When I looks up, I see Masta Gahnet dere. Dat stahsted me off again, but dere weren't a teah in dat boy's eye. He'd a bundle o' clo'es an' things what he'd wrapped up in a gunnysack an' tied wif a hame-strap. 'Mose,' he says, 'I'm goin' away!' Den I ax and ax for him to take me wif him. But he says no, I mus' take keer o' his dawgs for him. Den he stahst sayin' good-by to dem dawgs. I couldn't stan' seein' dem dum' animiles lickin' his tremblin' hands and carryin' on dat-way, so I clar out. When I git back Masta Gahnet is gone.

"Lo'dy, Lo'dy, dat ol' red brick was a difrent house from dat day on, mos' as quiet as a tomb, and Mis' Jinny and the Jedge never sayin' much, and ev'rybody jes' waitin', waitin' for Masta Gahnet to come back. I raikon the Jedge thought for sure dat boy 'd be comin' back 'fore long. But he didn't. And the snow was flyin' and winter come b'fore the ol' folks gave up ever hearin' from him. Den the Jedge he et crow, and stahsted the search. But nothin' come of it. Den another winter come. But dey kep' sendin' off letters and

watchin' the post. Dey kep' feelin' he'd sure come back. But 'tweren't no use.

"**M**IS' JINNY was took sick, the nex' spring, and the Jedge he done changed a powerful lot. His ha'r done change from salt an' peper clean into salt, an' he walked to the post ev'ry day jes' like an ol' man. The nex' winter two o' Masta Gahnet's oldes' dawgs up an' died. Den another winter slipped by, an' den still another. Bimeby I raikon Mis' Jinny an' the ol' Jedge done give up. It was powerful dahk and quiet roun' the ol' red brick all them years.

"I raikon it was the nex' spring after dat, 'bout the middle o' May, dat Mis' Jinny got the fust word 'bout her boy. Masta Gahnet was comin' home! He'd been mos' all over the world, doin' dis and dat, an' den he turned soljer an' 'listed, same as the Pinkney boys did in wah-time. Dat chile 'd been fightin' Germans 'way over in the No'th o' France and holdin' a bridge-haid wif a m'chine-gun all by hisself when dey shot 'im thro' the ches'!

"Yes 'm, him not twenty years ol' an' fightin' in a ahmy! And gittin' shot thro' the ches'! But he was gittin' on fine, the ahmy folks write to the ol' Jedge, tho' dey 'lowed he'd bes' go home and res' up a bit.

"And, Lo'dy, Lo'dy, what goin's on dere was when dose news come to the ol' folks, gittin' the rooms done over, an' slickin' up the gahdens and the green-house, an' paintin' up the ol' surrey, an' cuttin' a new window in the boy's room, so 's he 'd git more sun! I sure did fix for to have ol' Jo-Anne and ol' Dahby shinin' like two-year-ol's, wif blue-ribbon plaited in deir manes, an' all the hahness-brass a-shinin', dat day Mis' Jinny's boy come home!

"When dey helped dat boy off'n the train and I see dem thin laigs an' dat white face, I was jes' 'bliged to stoop down and fuss wif ol' Jo-Anne's bellyband, for I sure weren't goin' to make a ol' fool of mysef b'fore all dem folks. But I knowed Mis' Jinny's boy 'd be aixin' for me mos' the fust thing. An' he did, sure 'nough. But I jes' helt back, for I knowed he b'long to his mammy and the Jedge's much as he done to me. An' dat houn' Kaiser he jes' le'p' up and lick dat chile's face and whimper and let the teahs run down his nose an' cry an' shake an' den lick Masta Gahnet's boots. An' when Masta Gahnet hug his mammy, he could on'y use the one ahm, on 'count o' the ches' wound. When he gits in the kerriage and the Jedge tuck him up, he hugs Mis' Jinny ag'n, kind o' hongry-like. Den he laughs an' cries an' fights back the teahs and tetches his mammy's haid and says: "Oh, Mammy, dere's a white ha'r, an' dere's another, sure as I'm alive!" An' he d'clares he's taller 'n the Jedge hissef, and he swears he never see Jo-Anne and Dahby lookin' so gran'. 'Deedy, he do mos' all he can for to cheer the ol' folks up. But somehow it jes' weren't no use. All dat time Mis' Jinny she was jes' 's quiet, like she suspicioned from the fust the truf 'bout dat boy o' hers.

"You see, Mis' Effel, dot ches' wound done give Masta Gahnet a powerful weak lung. Doctorin' weren't no use, an' nussin' weren't no use. The ahmy folks knowed dat, all 'long. Dat's why dey sent 'im home. He jes' drapped away a li'l, day by day. An' Mis' Jinny she let

the ol' Jedge have dat son of his'n most all the time she could spah him, for she raikoned his daddy 'served him more 'n she did. She 'd always had 'im. Wif the Jedge it 'd been dif'rent: he didn't understan—not till after all dem yeahs an' his boy come back again!

"ALL DAT spring the ol' Jedge and Masta Gahnet 'd go drivin' out to the ol' Buthnott Fahm, an' bring the kerrige back clean loaded down wif will-plum and apple-blossoms. An' 'bout the end o' June Masta Gahnet he passed away. Mos' the las' thing he tolt me, Mis' Effel, was to be sure an' be good to poor hab the wrong kind o' name. The Jedge an' hab the wrong kind a' name. The Jedge an' Mis' Jinny dey was mos' kind to me dose days—an' dey was hahd days. I was the only one o' the help dat Mis' Jinny 'd 'low to tech any o' Masta Gahnet's things. She kep' his rooms jes' like it always was, th' ol' slide-trombone over the doah, an' the ol' rabbit-gun in the corner, an' the busted banjo on the she'f jes' as dat boy o' hers lef' 'em. The ol' Jedge he jes kep' breakin' down ev'ry time he see dose things.

"I never ketch Mis' Jinny, tho', drappin' a teah. She'd jes' sit in dat room by the hour, thinkin' and thinkin'. But in two-three yeahs her ha'r git mos' 's white ' mine. An' when Dahby and Jo-Anne git too ol' for the road, the Jedge he had 'em took out to the Buthnott Fahm an' 'low no one to lay a han' on dem hosses. Dey jes' lazy roun' dere an' live on the fat o' the lan', dat team, an' 'bout once a mont' Mis' Jinny 'd drive out an' whusle at the pasture-gate and dat tem 'd come trottin' up and eat a apple out 'n her han' and rub deir poses agin' her knees. But bimeby deir teef got bad an' deir joints got stiff. A hahd winter come on, an' one day Lige, the 'fahm man, he calls me out behin' the zanary and 'lows dem hosses is in mis'ry an' is sure got 'o to be shot.

"When the roads dry up again wif spring, an' Mis' Jinny an' the Jedge git drivin' out to the Buthnott Fahm again, Lige an' me we keep lyin' like troopers

and sayin' the ol' team is back in the bush—yes 'm 'way back in the bush and fat 's butter! Den one day bimeby Mis' Jinny she's jes' set on seein' dat team, an' me and the fahm man we 's jes' natcherly 'bliged to tail what happened.

"Lo'dy, Lo'dy, but poor Mis' Jinny did sob and cry 'bout dat ol' team. 'Dey's all dat's lef'! All dat's lef'! she kind o' whispers to me when she wipe her eyes. B'fore we gits home she says to me, she says, 'Mose, never you tail the Jedge 'bout Dahby and Jo-Anne bein' gone! Never, mind you, nohow!'

"But b'fore the nex' mont' slip away the Jedge he ax for dat team hisse'f. When me and Lige shows 'im where dey 's buried, back in the bush, he stays out dere all by hisse'f, mos' all mornin'. 'Mose, mind you never let poor Mis' Jinny know what happen to dat team—never, nohow!'

"An' when the ol' Jedge died the nex' winter, Mis' Jinny she says to me, 'Mose, dere's jes' you and me an' ol' Kaiser lef'! An' the next spring she stahted goin' downhill herse'f, goin' fast. One day she set up in baid an' sen' for Kaiser an' me and say, 'Mose, d' you all raikon you c'd string dat ol' banjo o' Masta Gahnet's?' An' I gets the ol' banjo an' strang 'im; an' Mis' Jinny say, 'Give us Dixie, Mose!' But, Lo'dy, I's sech a ol' fool I bruk down an' cry like a baby, an' Mis' Jinny kep' sayin', 'Poor ol' Mose! Poor ol' Mose!'—jes' like dat.

"Den the young doctah come in and shak' his haid an' say niggers and houn-dawgs weren't no good for the sick. An' Mis' Jinny she turn herse'f roun' an' light into dat young doctah and tol' him if any blue-nose No'thern trash lay a han' on dat dawg or tech dat ol' nigger she'd sure skin 'em alive! An' 'bout the las' thing she says to me is, 'Mose, I aint a-goin' to ax you to be good to dat ol' dawg. He was masta Gahnet's dawg. I knows dat's enough.' . . . And dat's the same dawg dere, Mis' Effel, dat ol' Kaiser. And Lo'dy, the man dat talks 'bout shootin' Kaiser 's sure got to shoot ol' Mose fust! Yais, indeedy!"

Sunshine in Mariposa

Continued from page 80.

SMITH. — "She's right across there cleaning the hotel steps, Mrs. Gillis!" (He rises).

MACARTNEY and BILL. — "Mrs. Gillis!" (They all three make a rush to drag her over from the hotel).

JEFF (still hunting). — "They were here—or else there—or no—here—"

[Re-enter SMITH, MACARTNEY and BILL hauling in MRS. GILLIS.]

SMITH. — "The shares—"

MACARTNEY. — "When you cleaned—"

BILL. — "The Corona Jewel—"

JEFF. — "Keep calm.?"

MRS. GILLIS. — "Land sakes! What—"

MACARTNEY (dominating everybody with his voice). — "Stop! Stop! Don't fuster her—don't shout at her—now, Mrs. Gillis, I put it to you with all the brevity and clearness of which I am capable.

When you cleaned, swept up, dusted, and otherwise, adjusted, tidied—any word you like—this room—premises, shop—call it what you will—did you or did you not see any interim option share certificates?

Good God! Can language be plainer?

—of the Corona Jewel Mining Co., Incorporated—"

MRS. GILLIS (her mouth falling open). — "Oh, Coroney Jewel—"

ALL. — "Yes! Yes! Corona Jewel."

MRS. GILLIS. — "Why sure enough—when I came in here to dust what should I see but a whole packet of them there lying on the floor."

ALL. — "Yes, yes, and what did—"

MRS. GILLIS. — "Why, I thought Mr. Thorpe will want them put away somewhere and so—"

ALL. — "Yes, yes."

MRS. GILLIS. — "Why, I packed them all away in there" (points to the Hot and Cold Baths).

[The men make a rush for the place, bursting open the door.]

MACARTNEY. — "Here they are, Thorpe. Here they are, my dear Thorpe. Ten, fifty—"

[Re-enter PUPKIN.]

PUPKIN. — "For heaven's sake, in five minutes, it'll be too late and Mr. Mullins

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**Hon. Honore Mercier,
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Mines and Fisheries
Quebec, Que.**

says you must bring the money, in cash, to take up the option. Twenty-five cents a share—a hundred and twenty-five dollars."

JEFF.—"A hundred and twenty-five dollars?"

PUPKIN.—"Yes, don't you see? It has to be cash, paid before two o'clock, to hold the option. Don't you see?"

JEFF.—"A hundred and twenty-five dollars—why, Peter (in blank despair) I haven't got it!"

SLYDE (who has been all this time a spectator).—"Why, Mr. Thorpe, here's where perhaps I can be of some help. (Taking out money.) I'll go in with you in this. I'll pay the hundred and twenty-five and take half and half on all that—"

SMITH.—"You will like hell! Them shares is Jeff's. (He strides to the door and calls across the street.) Billy, take the money in the bar, all the money—give it to Andy to bring over here. Yes, all right, put it in that! Hurry, Jeff. A hundred and twenty-five—"

[Enter ANDY with an old satchel. SMITH grabs it and dumps out a mass of money—coppers, silver, bills—on the table.]

SMITH.—"There! That's what my bar can do. Here, Pete, ten, twenty, fifty—that's right. You take it, Pete. Come on boys to the bank. Hurry—scoot!"

[Exit PUPKIN with the money accompanied by SMITH, MACARTNEY and BILL—in a flock. SLYDE follows them out.]

JEFF (his back to the wall, all excited and yet collected).—"Are they still in time? Look from the window."

MYRA (looking sideways from the window).—"Yes, yes, I think so. I can't see well. There's such a crowd in front of the bank. Yes, yes, they've gone in (turns and comes swiftly to him). Father, you're ill!"

JEFF.—"No, no, only faint. It's nothing—it's sudden—it's been so long—never thought it would come—her wish. Look, look again. I daren't look. Are they in time?"

MYRA (clapping her hands).—"Yes, yes. Oh, father, there's Peter—he's come out of the bank. He's waving his hands and shouting. It's all right. It's all right. There's Mr. Smith. He's telling the band to play. Oh, father!"

JEFF.—"It has come. I'm rich—rich—rich. Martha! Martha!"

[The band plays "O, Canada" as curtain goes down.]

ACT TWO.

TWO MONTHS LATER.

SCENE: Thorpe's Mining and Land Exchange, Mariposa, formerly Thorpe's Barber Shop.

The place is transformed. The Hot and Cold Baths are gone. There is a glazed side door (leading evidently to an inner room) with the words "Mr. Thorpe, Private." Round the walls are big placards, stock sheets, bond advertisements, etc.—especially one of Cuban Land Company; big pictures of Harbor of Havana, etc., etc. In one corner is a clumsy old-fashioned safe with big combination wheel lock. There is one barber's chair in a corner, but no sign of mugs, razors or appliances. The curtain rises on MYRA seated at a typewriter table, operating a machine. MRS. GILLIS is cleaning the

windows outside; one gets an occasional glimpse of her through the window and hears the swish as she swabs the water against the panes. She is only in sight now and again.

[Enter JEFF. Very neat and spruce, Panama hat, sportive-looking green suit, arm full of letters and mail.]

MYRA.—"Oh, father, what a lot of letters!"

JEFF.—"A good many, a good many—naturally—can't run a business the size of mine without getting a lot (dumps the letters on a table then starts picking them up one by one looking at the addresses and reading them). 'J. Thorpe, Esq.,' 'Thorpe's Mining and Land Exchange,' 'The Thorpe Land Agency,' 'Jefferson Thorpe, Law and Mining Agent.' (He reads them in a self-important voice.) 'Jeff Thorpe, Barber, Mariposa'—hump! Ignorant ass! How do you like my new hat, Myra?" (he goes and looks in the glass.)

MYRA.—"Awfully nice, father."

JEFF.—"A hundred dollars."

MYRA.—"Oh, father! I didn't think there was a hat in Mariposa that cost that much."

JEFF.—"There wasn't—special price—just for one. They sent to Panama for it. Feel how light it is, eh?"

MYRA.—"It seems awfully expensive, father."

JEFF.—"Not at all—not for a man in my position. Only yesterday Mr. Slyde said to me, 'Mr. Thorpe, you ought to wear a hundred-dollar hat. People expect it.' Do you know what Mr. Morgan's hat in New York costs, Myra?"

MYRA.—"No, father."

JEFF.—"A thousand dollars. Slyde said so himself. And, anyway, now that I'm to be a director of the Land Company (Mr. Slyde and Mr. Harstone both insist I'm to be on the Board) I'll have to dress up to it. Slyde says so every day."

MYRA (a little weary).—"Father, I wish you didn't always quote Mr. Slyde so much. I don't like him."

JEFF.—"Nonsense, Myra. You took against Slyde because what he did a few months ago. You were quite wrong, all wrong about it. Ask Peter. Slyde is a big-hearted man—big-hearted. What he was trying to do that day—he's told me so—was to save me pain, to save my feelings. He meant to buy in the shares and then hand them over to me (breaking off). Where's Andy?"

MYRA.—"He went up to the painters about the new sign to go over the door. He's not back yet."

JEFF.—"Oh, no, Myra. Slyde is a big man. And so's his partner, Mr. Harstone. I owe them a lot. Without them I'd never have got into the Cuban Land Company. I'd still have been bothering away with Cobalt Silver mines and small things like that. But as Mr. Harstone says, 'you may make a quarter million in Cobalt—But what of it? That's all you'll make. Come in with us and you'll roll over a million in the next six months.' Roll it over. That's what he said. Did I show you the telegram from General Perico?"

MYRA.—"No, father. Who is he?"

JEFF.—"The head of the company in New York. This is what he says. 'Will-ing to place Mr. Thorpe on board of directors of company on receipt of fifty thousand dollars, unless Rockefeller or Morgan objects.'"

To be continued.

The Gun Brand

Continued from page 25.

and she faced him in a sudden burst of passion. Her sensitive lips quivered and her eyes narrowed to the rapier-blade eyes, that were the eyes of Tiger Elliston. She tore the roll of blue-prints to bits and ground them into the mould with the heel of her boot.

"It will not!" Her voice cut sharply, and hard. "What do you know of what the north will be? You know it only as it has been—as it is, perhaps. But, of its future you know nothing. I tell you the north will change! It is a hard land—cruel—elemental—raw! But it is big! And, when it awakens, its very bigness, the virile force and strength of it, will turn against its savagery, its cruelty, its brutishness; and above all other lands it will stand for the protection of the weak and for the right of things to live!"

The quarter-breed gazed into her face with a look of undisguised admiration. "Ah, Miss Elliston, you are beautiful, now—beautiful always—but, at this moment—radiant—divine—" Chloe seemed not to hear him.

"And that is to be my work—to awaken the north! To bring to its people the comforts—the advantages of civilization!"

"The north is too big for you, Miss Elliston. It is too big for men. Pardon, but it is not a woman's land."

The girl's eyes flashed. "Suppose we leave sex out of it, Mr. Lapierre. They said of my grandfather that 'the harder they fought him, the better he liked 'em,' and that 'he never knew when he was licked.' Maybe that is the reason he never was licked, but lived to carry civilization into a land that was a thousand years deeper in savagery than this land is. And to-day civilization—education—Christianity exist where seventy-five years ago the chance visitor was tortured first and eaten afterward."

Lapierre shrugged. "It is useless to argue. I am in sympathy with your undertaking. I admire your courage, and the high ideals of your mission. But permit me to remind you that your grandfather, whoever he was, was not a woman. Also, that here, in the north, Christianity and education have failed to civilize—the educated ones and the converts are worse than the others."

THE girl's eyes darkened and the man noticed the peculiar outburst of the chin. He hastened to change the subject.

"I am glad you have abandoned those plans. They were useless. May I now proceed with the building?"

Chloe smiled. "Yes," she answered, "by all means. But, as this is to be my undertaking, I think I shall have it my way. Build the store first, if you please—"

"And the stockade?"

"There will be no stockade."

"No stockade! Are you crazy? If MacNair—"

"I will attend to MacNair, Mr. Lapierre."

"Do you imagine MacNair will stand quietly by and allow you to build a trading-post here on the Yellow Knife? Do you think he will listen to our explanation that this is a school and that the store is merely a plaything? I tell you he will



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countenance neither the school nor the post. Education for the natives is the last thing MacNair will stand for."

"As I told you, I will attend to MacNair. My people will not be armed. The stockade would be silly."

Lapierre smiled; drew closer, and dropped his voice to a confidential whisper. "I can put one hundred rifles and ten thousand cartridges in the hands of your people in ten days' time."

"Thank you, Mr. Lapierre. I don't need your guns."

The man made a gesture of impatience. "If you choose to ignore MacNair, you must, at least, be prepared to handle the Indians who will crowd your counter like wolves when they hear you are underselling the H. B. C. When you explain that only those who are members of your school may trade at your post, you will be swamped with enrolments. You cannot teach the whole north."

"Those that you will be forced to turn away—what will they do? They will not understand. Instead of returning to their teepees, their nets, and their trappines, they will hang about your post, growing gaunter and hungrier with the passing of the days. And the hunger that gnaws at their bellies will arouse the latent lawlessness of their hearts and then—if MacNair has not already struck, he will strike then. For MacNair knows Indians and the workings of the Indian mind. He knows how the sullen hatred of your souls may be fanned into a mighty flame. His Indians will circulate among the hungry horde, and the banks of the Yellow Knife will be swept bare. MacNair will have struck. And with such consummate skill will his hand be disguised, that not the faintest breath of suspicion will point toward himself."

"I shall sell to all alike, while my goods last, whether they are members of my school or not—"

"That will be even worse than—"

"It seems you always think of the worst thing that could possibly happen," smiled the girl.

"To fear the worst, oft cures the worst," quoted Lapierre.

"Don't cross a bridge till you get to it' is not so classic, perhaps, but it saves a lot of needless worry."

"Foresight is better than hindsight' is equally unclassic, and infinitely better generalship. Bridges crossed at the last moment are generally crossed from the wrong end, I have noticed." The man leaned toward her and looked straight into her eyes. "Oh, Miss Elliston—can't you see—I am thinking of your welfare—of your safety. I have known you but a short time, as acquaintance is reckoned but already you have become more to me than—"

Chloe interrupted him with a gesture. "Don't—please—I—"

Lapierre ignored the protest, and, seizing her hand in both his own, spoke rapidly. "I will say it! I have known it from the moment of our first meeting. I love you! And I shall win you—and together we will—"

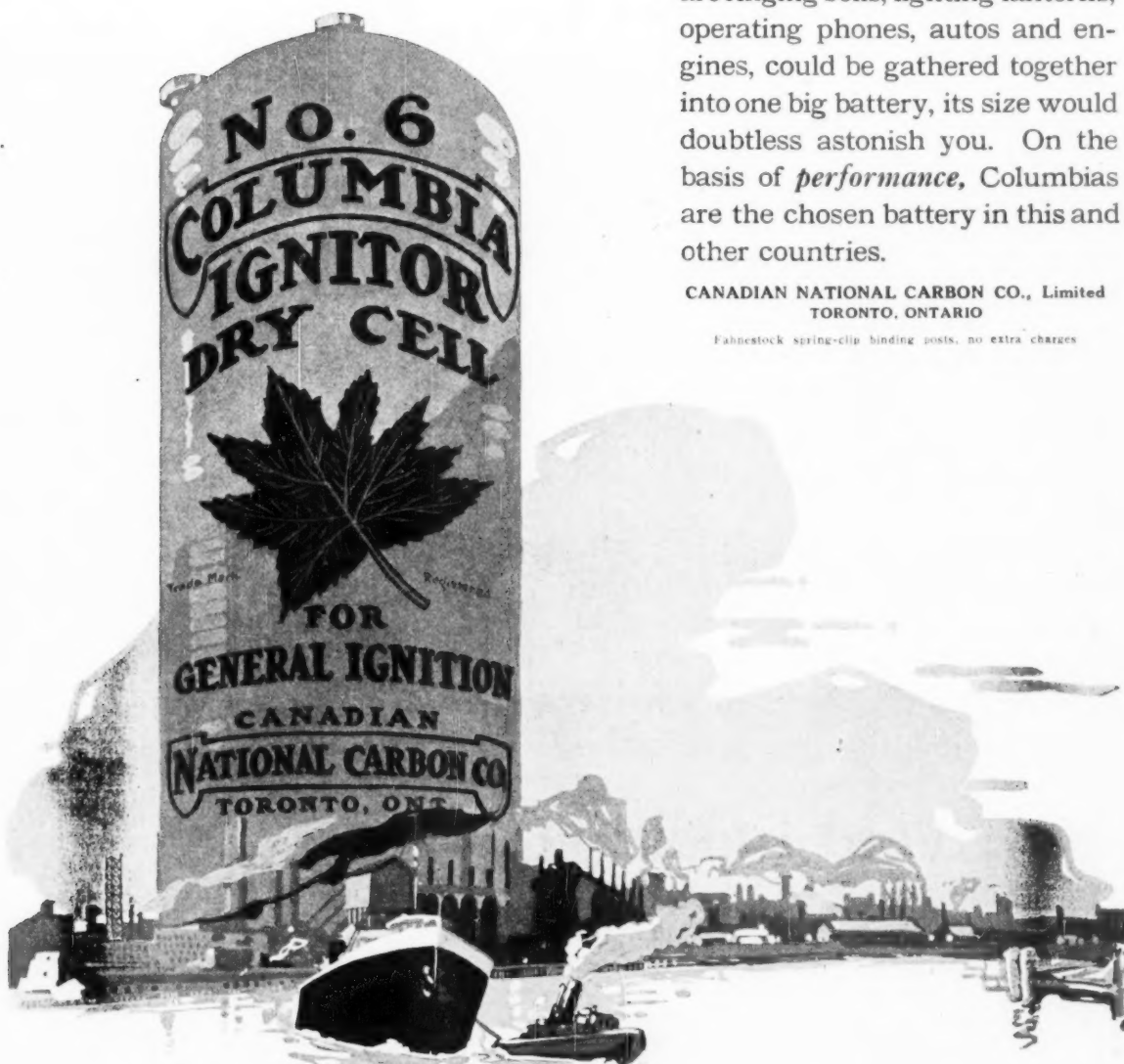
"Oh, don't—don't—not—now—please!"

The man bowed and released the hand. "I can wait," he said gravely. "But please—for your own good—take my advice. I know the north. I was born in the north, and am of the north. I have sought only to help you. Why do you refuse to profit by my experience? Must you endure what I have endured to learn

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what I offer freely to tell you? I shudder to think of it. The knowledge gleaned by experience may be the most lasting, but it is dearly purchased, and at a great loss—always." The man's voice was very earnest, and Chloe detected a note of mild reproach. She hastened to reply.

"I have profited by your advice—have learned much from what you have told me. I am under obligation to you. I appreciate your interest in—in my work, and am indeed grateful for what you have done to further it. But there are some things, I suppose, one must learn by experience. I may be silly and headstrong. I may be wrong. But I stand ready to pay the price. The loss will be mine. See!" she cried excitedly, "they are rolling up the logs for the store."

"Yes," answered the man gravely, "I bow to your wishes in the matter of your buildings. If you refuse to build a stockade we may erect a few more buildings—but as few as you can possibly manage with, Miss Elliston. I must hasten southward."

Chloe studied for some moments. "The store"—she checked them off upon her fingers—"the school-house, two bunk-houses, we can leave off the bathrooms, the river and the lake will serve until winter."

LAPIERRE nodded, and the girl continued. "We can do without the laundry and the carpenter-shop, and the individual cabins. The Indians can set up their teepees in the clearing, and build the cabins and the other buildings later. But I would like a little cottage for myself, and Miss Penny, and Lena. We could make three rooms do. Can we have three rooms?"

Lapierre bowed low. "It shall be as you say," he replied. "And now, if you will excuse me, I shall see to it that these *canaille* work. LeFroy they do not fear."

He turned to go, and at that moment Chloe Elliston saw a look of terror flash into his eyes. Saw his fingers clutch and grope uncertainly at the gay scarf at his throat. Saw the muscles of his face work painfully. Saw his color fade from rich tan to sickly yellow. An inarticulate, gurgling sound escaped his lips, and his eyes stared in horror toward a point beyond and behind her.

She turned swiftly and gazed into the face of a man who had approached unnoticed from the direction of the river, and stood a few paces distant with his eyes fixed upon her. As their glances met the man's gaze continued unflinching, and the soft-brimmed Stetson remained on his head. Her slender fingers clenched into her palms and, unconsciously, her chin thrust forward—for she knew intuitively that the man was "Brute" MacNair.

CHAPTER VI. BRUTE MACNAIR.

ESTIMATES are formed, in a far greater measure than most of us care to admit, upon first impressions. Manifestly shallow and embryonic though we admit them to be, our first impressions crystalize, in nine cases out of ten, into our fixed or permanent opinions. And, after all, the reason for this absurdity is simple—egotism.

Our opinions, based upon first impressions—and we rarely pause to analyze first impressions—have become our opin-

ions, the result, as we fondly imagine, of our judgment. Our judgment must be right—because it is our judgment. Therefore, unconsciously or consciously, every subsequent impression is bent to bolster up and sustain that judgment. We hate to be wrong. We hate to admit, even to ourselves, that we are wrong.

Strange, isn't it? How often we are right (permit the smile) in our estimate of people?

When Chloe Elliston turned to face MacNair among the stumps of the sunlit clearing, her opinion of the man had already been formed. He was Brute MacNair, one to be hated, despised. To be fought, conquered, and driven out of the north—for the good of the north. His influence was a malignant ulcer—a cancerous plague-spot, whose evil tentacles, reaching hidden and unseen, would slowly but surely fasten themselves upon the civilization of the north—sap its vitality—poison its blood.

IN the flash of her first glance the girl's eyes took in every particular and detail of him. She noted the huge frame, broad, yet lean with the gaunt leanness of health, and endurance, and physical strength. The sinew-corded, bronzed hands that clenched slowly as his glance rested for a moment upon the face of Lapierre. The weather-tanned neck that rose, columnlike, from the open shirt-throat. The well-poised head. The prominent, high-bridged nose. The lantern jaw, whose rugged outline was but half-concealed by the roughly trimmed beard of inky blackness. And, the most dominant feature of all, the compelling magnetism of the steel-gray eyes of him—eyes, deep-set beneath heavy black brows that curved and met—eyes that stabbed, and bored, and probed, as if to penetrate to the ultimate motive. Hard eyes they were, whose directness of gaze spoke at once fearlessness and intolerance of opposition; spoke, also, of combat, rather than diplomacy; of the honest smashing of foes, rather than dissimulation.

All this the girl saw in the first moments of their meeting. She saw, too, that the eyes held a hostile gleam, and that she need expect from their owner no sympathy—no deference of sex. If war were to be, between them, it would be a man's war, waged upon man's terms, in a man's country. No quarter would be given—Chloe's lips pressed tight—nor would any be asked.

The moments lengthened into an appreciable space of time and the man remained motionless, regarding her with that probing, searching stare. Lapierre he ignored after the first swift glance. Instinctively the girl knew that the man had no intention of being deliberately or studiously rude in standing thus in her presence with head covered, and eyeing her with those steel-gray, steel-hard eyes. Nevertheless, his attitude angered her, the more because she knew he did not intend to. And in this she was right—MacNair stared because he was silently taking her measure, and his hat remained upon his head because he knew of no reason why it should not remain upon his head.

CHLOE was the first to speak, and in her voice was more than a trace of annoyance.

"Well, Mr. Mind-Reader, have you figured me out—why I am here, and—"



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"No." The word boomed deeply from the man's throat, smashing the question that was intended to carry the sting of sarcasm. "Except that it is for no good—though you doubtless think it is for great good."

"Indeed!" The girl laughed a trifle sharply. "And who, then, is the judge?"

"I am." The calm assurance of the man fanned her rising anger, and when she answered, her voice was low and steady, with the tonelessness of forced control.

"And your name, you Oligarch of the Far Outland? May I presume to ask your name?"

"Why ask? My name you already know. And, upon the word of yon scum, you have judged. By the glint o' hate, as you looked into my eyes, I know—for one does not so welcome a stranger beyond the outposts. But, since you have asked, I will tell you; my name is MacNair—Robert MacNair, by my christening—Bob MacNair, in the speech of the country—"

"And, Brute MacNair, upon the Athabasca?"

"Yes. Brute MacNair—upon the Athabasca—and the Slave, and Mackenzie—and in the haunts of the whisky-runners, and 'Fool' MacNair—in Winnipeg."

"And among the oppressed and the down-trodden? Among those whose heritage of freedom you have torn from them? What do they call you—those whom you have forced into serfdom?"

For a fleeting instant the girl caught the faintest flicker, a tiny twinkle of amusement, in the steely eyes. But, when the man answered, his eyes were steady.

"They call me friend."

"Is their ignorance so abysmal?"

"They have scant time to learn from books—my Indians. They work."

"But, a year from now, when they have begun to learn, what will they call you then—your Indians?"

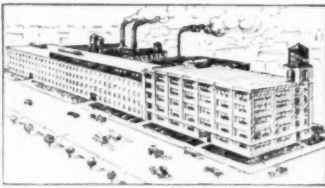
"A year from now—two years—ten years—my Indians will call me—friend."

CHLOE was about to speak, but MacNair interrupted her. "I have scant time for parley. I was starting for Mackay Lake, but when Old Elk reported two of yon scum's satellites hanging about, I dropped down the river. By your words it's a school you will be building. If it were a post I would have to take you more seriously—"

"There will be a—" Chloe felt the warning touch of Lapierre's fingers at her back and ceased abruptly. MacNair continued, as if unmindful of the interruption.

"Build your school, by all means. 'Tis a spot well chosen by yon devil's spawn, and for his own ends. By your eyes you are honest in purpose—a fool's purpose—and a hare-brained carrying out of it. You are being used as a tool by Lapierre. You will not believe this—not yet. Later—perhaps, when it is too late—but, that is your affair—not mine. At the proper time I will crush Lapierre and, if you go down in the crash, you will have yourself to thank. I have warned you. Yon snake has poisoned your mind against me. In your eyes I am fore-damned—and well damned—which causes me no concern, and you, no doubt, much satisfaction.

"Build your school, but heed well my words. You'll not tamper, one way or another, with my Indians. One hundred



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and seventy miles north of here, upon Snare Lake, is my post. My Indians pass up and down the Yellow Knife. They are to pass unquestioned, unmolested, unproselyted. Confine your foolishness to the southward and I shall not interfere—carry it northward, and you shall hear from me.

"Should you find yourself in danger from your enemies—or, your friends"—he shot a swift glance toward Lapierre, who had remained a pace behind the girl—"send for me. Good day."

CHLOE Elliston was furious. She had listened in a sort of dumb rage as the man's words stung, and stung again. MacNair's uncouth manner, his blunt brutality of speech, his scornful, even contemptuous reference to her work, and most of all, his utter disregard of her, struck her to the very depths. As MacNair turned to go, she stayed him with a voice trembling with fury.

"Do you imagine, for an instant, I would stoop to seek your protection? I would die first! You have had things your own way too long, Mr. Brute MacNair! You think yourself secure, in your smug egotism. But the end is in sight. Your petty despotism is doomed. You have hoodwinked the authorities, bribed the police, connived with the Hudson Bay Company, bullied and browbeaten the Indians, cheated them out of their birthright of land and liberty, and have forced them into a peonage that has filled your pockets with gold."

She paused in her vehement outburst and glared defiantly at MacNair, as if to challenge a denial. But the man remained silent, and Chloe felt her face flush as the shadow of a twinkle played for a fleeting instant in the depths of the hard eyes. She fancied, even, that the lips behind the black beard smiled—ever so slightly.

"Oh, you needn't laugh! You think because I'm a woman you will be able to do as you please with me—"

"I did not laugh," answered the man gravely. "Why should I laugh? You take yourself seriously. You believe, even, that the things you have just spoken are true. They must be true. Has not Pierre Lapierre told you they are true? And, why should the fact that you are a woman cause me to believe I could influence you? If an issue is at stake, as you believe, what has sex to do with it? I have known no women, except the squaws and the kloochmen of the natives."

"You said, 'you think, because I am a woman, you will be able to do as you please with me.' Are women, then, less honest than men? I do not believe that. In my life I have known no women, but I have read of them in books. I have not been to any school, but was taught by my father, who, I think, was a very wise man. I learned from him, and from the books, of which he left a great number. I have always believed women to be uncommonly like men—very good, or very bad, or very commonplace—because they were afraid to be either. But, I have not read that they are less honest than men."

"Thank you! Being a woman, I suppose I should consider myself flattered. A year from this time you will know more about women—at least, about me. You will have learned that I will not be hoodwinked. I cannot be bribed. Nor

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can my silence, or acquiescence in your villainy, be bought. I will not connive with you. And you cannot browbeat, nor bully nor cheat me."

"Yes?"

"Yes. And of one thing I am glad, I shall expect no consideration at your hands because I am a woman. You will fight me as you would fight a man."

"Fight you? Why should I fight you? I have no quarrel with you. If you choose to build a school here, or even a trading post, I have no disposition—no right to gainsay you. You will soon tire of your experiment, and no harm will be done—the north will be unchanged. You are nothing to me. I care nothing for your opinion of me—considering its source, I am surprised it is not even worse."

"Impossible! And do not think that I have not had corroborative evidence. Ocular evidence of your brutal treatment of Mr. Lapierre—and did I not see with my own eyes the destruction of your whisky?"

"What nonsense are you speaking now? My whisky! Woman—never yet have I owned any whisky."

Chloe sneered—"and the Indians—do they not hate you?"

"Yes, those Indians do—and well they may. Most of them have crossed my path at some time or other. And most of them will cross it again—at Lapierre's instigation. Some of them I shall have to kill."

"You speak lightly of murder."

"Murder?"

"Yes, murder! The murder of poor, ignorant savages. It is an ugly word, isn't it? But why dissimulate? At least, we can call a spade a spade. These men are human beings. Their right to life and happiness is as good as yours or mine, and their souls are as—"

"Black as hell! Woman, from Lefroy down, you have collected about you as pretty a gang of cut-throats and outlaws as could have been found in all the north. Lapierre has seen to that. I do not envy you your school. But as long as you can be turned to their profit your personal safety will be assured. They are too cunning, by far, to kill the goose that lays the golden egg."

"What a pretty speech! Your polish—your *savoir-vivre*, does you credit, I am sure."

"I do not understand what you are saying, but—"

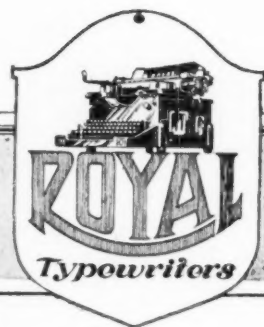
"There are many things you do not understand now that perhaps you will later. For instance, in the matter of the Indians—your Indians, I believe you call them—you have warned, or commanded, possibly, would be the better word—"

"Yes," interrupted the man, "that is the better word—"

"Have commanded me not to—what was it you said—molest, question, or proselyte them."

MacNair nodded. "I said that."

"AND I say *this*!" flashed the girl. "I shall use every means in my power to induce your Indians to attend my school. I shall teach them that they are free. That they owe allegiance and servitude to no man. That the land they inhabit is their land. That they are their own masters. I shall offer them education, that they may be able to compete on equal terms with the white men when this land ceases to lie beyond the out-



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"I'll see, Sir," said Doyle, "Out of my own knowledge I don't know, but I will look into the matter."

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White arrived the next morning, and he, Doyle and the President, had a conference on the subject. White explained that the hot condensation of the steam, in which oil was frequently present, was the cause of the roof damage, and that according to the direction and strength of the wind, the localities and areas of damage to the roof of the National Piano Company and of adjacent structures were explained. "Put on a Wright Cyclone Exhaust Head," said White, "and your trouble of this sort will end."

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"For your factory, about \$150."

"Go ahead," said the President, "It's cheap. We've paid five times that cost, one way and another in the last five years. And Doyle," proceeded the President, "I wish you'd go over this whole plant, and see where we can reduce expenses, and prevent losses by insurance devices. Let me have a report on this just as soon as you can."

Doyle, the superintendent, found White a good friend in this new task, and was amazed to discover how many things White had in his catalogue, all of them real money-savers.

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posts. I shall show them that they are being robbed, and cheated, and forced into ignominious serfdom. And mark you this: if I can't reach them upon the river, I shall go to your village, or post, or fort, or whatever you call your Snare Lake rendezvous, and I shall point out to them their wrongs. I shall appeal to their better natures—to their manhood, and womanhood. That's what I think of your command! I do not fear you! I despise you!"

MacNair nodded, gravely.

"I have already learned that women are as honest as men—more so, even than most men. You are honest, and you are earnest. You believe in yourself, too. But you are more of a fool than I thought—more of a fool than I thought any one could be. Lapiere is a great fool—but he is neither honest nor earnest. He is just a fool—a wise fool, with the cunning and vices of the wolf, but with none of the wolf's lean virtues. You are an honest fool. You are like a young moose-calf, who, because he happens to be born into the world, thinks the world was made for him to be born into.

"Let us say that the moose-calf was born upon a great mountain—a mountain whose sides are crossed and recrossed by moose-trails—paths that wind in and out among the trees, stamped by the hoofs of older and wiser moose. Upon these paths the moose-calf tries his wobbly legs, and one day finds himself gazing out upon a plain where grass is. He has no use for grass—does not even know what grass is for. Only he sees no paths out there. The grass covers a quagmire, but of quagmires the moose-calf knows nothing, having been born upon a mountain.

"Being a fool, the moose-calf soon tires of the beaten paths. He ventures downward toward the plain. A wolf, skulking through the scrub at the foot of the mountain, encounters, by chance, the moose-calf. The calf is fat. But, the wolf is cunning. He dares not harm the moose-calf hard by the trails of the mountain. He becomes friendly, and the fool moose-calf tells the wolf where he is bound. The wolf offers to accompany him, and the moose-calf is glad—here is a friend—one who is wiser than the moose-kind, for he fears not to venture into the country of no trails.

"Between the mountain and the plain stands a tree. This tree the wolf hates. Many squirrels work about its roots, and these squirrels are fatter than the squirrels of the scrub, for the tree feeds them. But, when the wolf would pounce upon them, they seek safety in the tree. The moose-calf—the poor fool moose-calf—comes to this tree and, finding no paths curving around its base, becomes enraged because the tree does not step aside and yield the right of way. He will charge the tree! He does not know that the tree has been growing for many years, and has become deeply rooted—immovable. The wolf looks on and smiles. If the moose-calf butts the tree down, the wolf will get the squirrels—and the calf. If the calf does not, the wolf will get the calf."

MacNair ceased speaking and turned abruptly toward the river.

"My!" Chloe Elliston exclaimed. "Really, you are delightful, Mr. Brute MacNair. During the half-hour or more of our acquaintance you have called me, among other things, a fool, a goose, and



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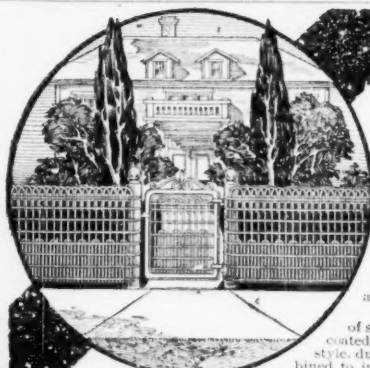
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a moose-calf. I repeat that you are delightful, and honest, shall I say? No; candid—for I know that you are not honest. But do tell me the rest of the story. Don't leave it like 'The Lady and the Tiger.' How will it end? Are you a prophet, or merely an allegorist?"

MACNAIR, who was again facing her, answered without a smile. "I do not know about the Lady and the Tiger, nor of what happened to either. If they were pitted against each other, my bet would be laid on the tiger, though my sympathy *might* be with the lady. I am not a prophet. I cannot tell you the end of the story. Maybe the fool moose-calf will butt its brains out against the trunk of the tree. That would be no fault of the tree. The tree was there first, and was minding its own business. Maybe the calf will butt and get hurt, and scamper for home. Maybe it will succeed in eluding the fangs of the wolf, and reach the mountain in safety. In such case it will have learned something.

"Maybe it will butt and butt against the tree until it dislodges a limb from high among the branches, and the limb will fall to the ground and crush, shall we say—the waiting wolf? And, maybe the calf will butt, learn that the tree is immovable, swallow its hurt, and pass on, giving the tree a wide berth—pass on into the quagmire, with the wolf licking his chops as he grinning points out the way."

Chloe, in spite of herself, was intensely interested.

"But," she asked, "you are quite sure the tree is immovable?"

"Quite sure."

"Suppose, however, that this particular tree is rotten—rotten to the heart. That the very roots that hold it in place are rotten? And that the moose-calf butts 'til he butts down—what then?"

There was a gleam of admiration in MacNair's eyes as he answered:

"If the tree is rotten it will fall. But it will fall to the mighty push o' the winds o' God—and not to the puny butt of a moose-calf!" Chloe Elliston was silent. The man was speaking again. "Good day to you, madam, or miss, or whatever one respectfully calls a woman. As I told you, I have known no women. I have lived always in the north. Death robbed me of my mother before I was old enough to remember her. The north, you see, is hard and relentless, even with those who know her—and love her."

THE girl felt a sudden surge of sympathy for this strange, outspoken man of the northland. She knew that the man had spoken with no thought of arousing sympathy, of the dead mother he had never known. And in his voice was a note, not merely of deep regret, but of sadness.

"I am sorry," she managed to murmur.

"What?"

"About your mother, I mean."

The man nodded. "Yes. She was a good woman. My father told me of her often. He loved her.

The simplicity of the man puzzled Chloe. She was at a loss to reply.

"I think—I believe—a moment ago, you asked my name."

"No."

"Oh!" The lines about the girl's mouth tightened. "Then I'll tell you. I am Chloe Elliston—Miss Chloe Elliston."

The name means nothing to you—now. A year hence it will mean much."

"Aye, maybe. I'll not say it won't. More like, though, it will be forgot in half the time. The north has scant use for the passing whims o' women!"

To be continued.

Canadians in New York

Continued from page 33.

cess has come to Mr. Wickware so easily, with none of the struggle with which most men are familiar who have started out on the road to their ambitions.

After five years as editor of this engineering magazine, he was offered the editorship of *The American Year Book*. This is an annual encyclopedia of general information, including scientific subjects.

Mr. Wickware has also a general editorial supervision over Appleton's serious books, and he is now editing a two-volume Municipal Encyclopedia in conjunction with Clinton Rodgers Woodruff, Secretary of the National Municipal League.

Meeting Mr. Wickware, you would not imagine that the making of Encyclopedias occupied so much of his time, for he has a sense of humor and a mind that does not despise the more frivolous side of things.

"It all sounds very serious," he says, speaking of his life, "but it has been a very full and interesting one."

PROFESSOR SHOTWELL, of Columbia University, who is one of the most prominent Canadians living in New York, is oftenest to be found sitting in his study in a building situated close to the gold figure of the enthroned Alma Mater, who guards the entrance to this splendid college, for Mr. Shotwell has a mind seriously inclined toward work, having written as many as two hundred and fifty articles for the Encyclopedia Britannica, besides other literary work of value.

Professor Shotwell was born in Strathroy, Ontario, and is a graduate of Toronto University, through which he made his own way by doing private tutoring in his spare time, later going to Columbia University on a Scholarship. At first he followed the study of literature, but later turned his attention to history, the study of the moral and economical forces that are the structure of civilization, appealing more to his very serious turn of mind. At one time Mr. Shotwell worked on the *London Times*, during a leave of absence from the University.

THEN there is Julian Street, famous novelist and magazine writer. "He is a Canadian," any one in Canada will tell you. "He was educated at Ridley College. His family come from St. Catharines." "But he is an American," the New Yorker insists. "He was born in Chicago."

In any case, Mr. Street appears to have an inherited fondness for Canada. "There is an atmosphere of romance there," he himself says. "This country (the United States) is a country of commercialism."

Mr. Street was at one time a reporter, and he has also done dramatic criticism for a New York paper. Besides numerous



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SAPPER A. HARTLEY, OF THE A. COMPANY, CANADIAN ENGINEERS, whose home address is 906, TRAFALGAR STREET, LONDON, ONTARIO, is one of many who have written in

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other books, for the last few years he has been writing travel sketches which are lightly and amusingly written. They are not the record of a tedious journeying from place to place, with minute and wearying descriptions, but contain, instead, the personal note, the little human experiences that happen to all of us when we start out on our travels, but which the general run of writers so sadly ignore. In his books you feel the spirit of the place of which he writes, the little humorous idiosyncracies of the people who live there.

In "Abroad at Home," he starts off on his travels saying, "that the typical New Yorker really thinks that any man who leaves Manhattan Island for any destination other than Europe or Palm Beach must be either a fool who leaves voluntarily or a criminal taken off by force. For the picturesque criminal he may be sorry, but for the fool he has scant pity." But Mr. Street evidently cares little whether the man from Manhattan takes him for a fool or a criminal, for he has started another book of the same description, this time having started on his travels through the South.

"It is such a big undertaking to give a fair view of the South," he says, "with its troublesome race question, that I feel like a man starting out to build a skyscraper all by myself." Mr. Street is slight and dark, with a very boyish manner. The afternoon that I met him he was more engrossed with a plate of buns than anything else having forgotten his luncheon in his pressure of work.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the first of a series of articles by Mrs. Redpath. The next will appear in an early issue.

Jordan is a Hard Road

Continued from page 34.

I'm not to have me money because the bank's broke?"

Minden reached out and took the cheque.

"Of course whin the Young Doctor spoke up like that to that man in the cage," continued Kernaghan, "they grabbed the money they was paying out to me, an' put it back in the till. So what was I to do but bring that back to you."

Without a word Minden took from his pocket a handful of bills. Counting a number of them he handed them over to Kernaghan. Kernaghan took them eagerly; but seeing the strange troubled look in Minden's face, he said:

"Would it be hurtin' you, Mr. Minden, the breakin' of that bank? Had they anny great stacks of your money? Shure, the Young Doctor's losin' five thousand dollars—you didn't have that much in the bank, did ye?"

"Five thousand dollars—five thousand dollars, well, yes, I had that much, Patsy," replied Minden in a low voice. "Get out, Patsy, I got some business to do."

Patsy made for the door, but suddenly came back. "I don't think I'll take the monney, Mr. Mayor," he said. "I'll not be needin' it. Shure, I've got plenty somewhere."

Minden took him by the shoulders and turned him round. "Be off with you.

Patsy," he said. "D'ye think that'd save me if I was in trouble?"

Patsy pocketed the money. "Aw well," he remarked without any ulterior thought—"aw well, if you've lost a lot of monney, shure you always know where to get more, as you got what you lost."

A moment afterwards, seated in his chair at the mayorial desk, Minden raised his head from a long reverie, and repeated Patsy Kernaghan's words: "Shure, you always know where to get more, as you got what you lost."

IF THE bank had failed, then he was, in the language of the West, stony-broke; for very lately he had removed from his bank at Montreal all the money he had to Prince's Bank at Winnipeg. Ten cents on the dollar! What would that mean to him now? That which was to be a fortune for his girl and Sheldon, where would it be? If Prince's Bank was gone, then his girl's future was in danger. There was the hotel of course, but that on a sudden sale, would never bring what he paid for it; for the success of the Rest Awhile temperance hotel was due to his own notorious personality, and right well the public knew that. If what Patsy Kernaghan had said was true, all he had left was the temperance hotel; and the mine would be gone and the fortune it promised.

A stupefying gloom settled upon him, until Patsy Kernaghan's words came to his mind, "You always know where to get more, as you got what you lost." How had he got what he lost? By the robbery of trains, by breaking the law, by the highwayman's methods; by the life which he had put forever behind. Yet here it was staring him in the face with its dreadful allurements and the drag of ancient habit, the perilous joy of criminal enterprise. With a strange apprehensive, yet furtive look in his face, on which a light was playing such as plays through a crevice upon the grim architecture of a cave, he left the City Hall and went into the street. There he met the Young Doctor, who had evidently regained his composure.

"You've heard what's happened about Prince's Bank?" the Young Doctor questioned.

"I've heard," Minden answered calmly. "I had five thousand dollars in it, and I suppose it's all gone," remarked the Young Doctor. "It took a lot of making, that five thousand. I hope you haven't lost much?"

"Not so much that I can't replace it," answered Minden with a strange smile, and passed on.

The Young Doctor's eyes followed him. "I don't like the look of his face," he said to himself. "It seems to hide a lot and yet it betrays a lot, too. I suppose that he hadn't all of his eggs in one basket, anyhow."

MINDEN'S face, as the Young Doctor had seen it, was the mirror of his mind. Everything was in disorder there. All his plans and hopes were overturned; a blow had fallen which splintered into fragments the edifice so carefully built during the past months. He had thought himself saved by the sacrifice of Calvary, and since his conversion it had not seemed too hard, his emotions being what they were, to steer the narrow way; but all at once, in the presence of his ruined hopes, he saw by the flames which burned



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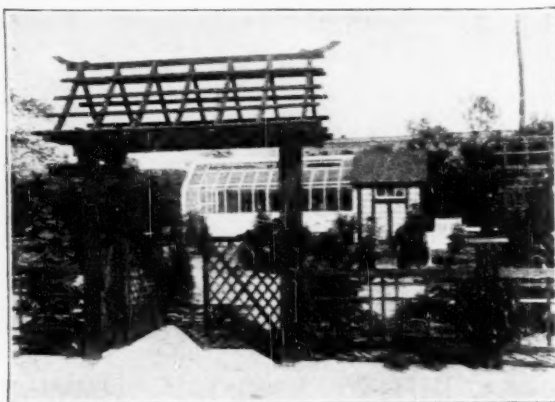
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up his designs, Bill Minden of old beckoning him back to the dark trail of the past.

The night of the day when he learned of the ruin of Prince's Bank, he walked the prairie with a smouldering fire in his brain, with a sullen remorse and despair coursing through his being. He had thought he was "saved by the blood of the Lamb," but in the black passions possessing him now, he knew that he had only, as he said to himself, felt good, not been good. He realized now he was not good in the sense that the class-leaders in the meeting-house understood it. In his agitated courses on that night of destiny he passed the meeting-house. The prayer-meeting was ending, and the prayer-people, as he had called them, were singing a hymn to close their exercises—
"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

He could detect among the singers the voice of Mrs. Finley. He knew that rapt, rather piercing, falsetto tone which had in it the loving passion of the fanatic. He knew now that his own guilty stains had never been washed away; that he was still Bill Minden who had defeated the law and been defeated by the law. He had an impulse to enter the meeting-house and standing up before these real Christians blurt out his repudiation of all he had said and done in the name of religion and of all religion had done for him—as everyone and he himself had thought.

It was as though the Bill Minden of old was whispering in his ear. He had the most curious illusion that he was standing outside himself; as though, indeed, he had an astral body, and that the Bill Minden who had been notorious on a continent was telling the Bill Minden who had ruled the town of Ashtabook and kept a khan for the wayfarer, that he had for months been in a trance, was the victim of an aberration.

As he passed on, the singing growing fainter, two hands seemed knocking at the door of his mind. One was that of the little misshapen Celt, Patsy Kernaghan, who had said: "If you've lost a lot of money, shure you always know where to get more, as you got what you lost." The other hand was that of a man in Vancouver—Jim Starboard, a criminal friend of old days—who had written a week before, telling him of a train that would be carrying a half million dollars to the next steamer for Japan. Starboard had suggested that they should hold it up at a station where it was due at midnight. The passengers would be asleep, the express-van would only be guarded by two men, and the game would be worth the risk. Jim Starboard had, in his day, been almost as expert as Bill Minden, and had been even luckier in escaping the penalties of his crimes.

NOW, AS Minden paced the prairie, all that Starboard had written kept besieging his brain. At first there was only confusion. He was tossed between the waters of the harbor and the sea. He had been in harbor now for a whole eloquent and peaceful year; but now the sea of ancient habit and elementary passion fell upon the breakwaters which his resolutions had erected; and at last it swept them away. Beyond everything else he had wished to see Sheldon and his daughter married, and to feel that the girl owed

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to him her fortune—some compensation for his being her father. For Sheldon to lose all now, for his girl not to have what he had planned for her—the inevitable, the indispensable thing—was a torture to his storm-tossed brain. As the night wore on, he heard a voice from Vancouver forever saying to him: "There's a way, there's a way!"

Yes, with it all, something that had come to him out of his new life kept holding him, as a child lightly holds the hand of one it trusts. In sudden emotion he fell upon his knees in the stubble and prayed. He did not know what he said. It was the cry of the agonized, unstable nature of one who in its natural bent towards wickedness was strong with the selfishness of the materialist; the emotions of a character vain, irresponsible and weak, if kind and generous.

His strivings were of no avail. Nothing came to help him; there was no response to his call. It was as though he had only appealed to the Power beyond, because he could say, when another crime would be added to his record, that he had prayed for grace to resist, and it had failed him. Who can tell! Such dual personalities have their own tragedies. Grimly he rose from his knees as dawn touched the hills. He saw the faint glimmer of saffron, then turned his back upon the eastern sky and faced the mountains in the West.

A few hours later he sent a telegram in language which only Jim Starboard could understand. It was not addressed in Starboard's own name. A few hours later still he sent a letter addressed to Starboard to an hotel at a railway station about eighty miles west.

IN ASKATOON things moved smoothly on. A few people had been hurt by the failure of the bank, and no one had the faintest idea of how much it had meant to Minden. He went his way as usual, and only two people in the place had the faintest idea that something was deeply disturbing his mind. Only the Young Doctor saw some subtle change in him, something that lay secluded in the depth of his eyes; while Cora Finley, seeing his face pale attributed it to some slight illness which table delicacies could cure.

Minden had promised Sheldon that he would give him a cheque for fifty thousand dollars within three days. On the morning of the third day he handed it to him, saying: "Good luck to us, and don't waste it! It's cost a lot."

After Sheldon left his office to deposit the cheque in the bank, Minden sat long at his table in a kind of dream. At length something like a smile came upon his face; the trouble which had hovered over it for days passed away, and he said aloud:

"That's settled it! He's got the cheque, and he's got to have the money. I can't go back on that."

It would take several days for the cheque to go to the bank on which it was drawn at Montreal, and the money would be there if all went well.

IN THE dead of night a stranger visited Minden in his office coming by the back garden, as Sheldon had come. After a long interview the stranger's last words were:

"Yes, I've got it clear. Listen and see if I have. The Syndicate is to place at once, through half a dozen sources, fifty



Fly Poisons Attract Both Flies and Babies

In the last three years the press has reported 106 fly poisoning cases—a large proportion fatal. The innocent looking can with its sweetened wick—the saucer of poison paper—both contain arsenic, deadliest of poisons.

No mother would put fly poison within her children's reach if she realized the danger. Yet it kills more children than all other poisons combined.

This is the U. S. Government warning against fly poisons, taken from U.S. Public Health Service Bulletin, supplement No. 23:

"Of other fly poisons mentioned, mention should be made, merely for the purpose of condemnation, of those composed of arsenic. Fatal cases of poisoning of children through the use of such compounds are far too frequent, and owing to the resemblance of arsenical poison to summer diarrhoea and cholera infantum, it is believed that the cases reported do not, by any means, comprise the total. Arsenical fly-destroying devices must be rated as extremely dangerous, and should never be used, even if other measures are not at hand."

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thousand dollars to your credit in the Laurentian Bank at Montreal. As Mayor you've got to pay a visit to Forthright in the mountains and attend a banquet there—that fits in fine and dandy. You're to take the eleven o'clock express back to Askatoon, and at Goldmark Station you're to leave it, without being seen except by the conductor that's in with us. You're to wait there for the train from the East. At Goldmark the job's to be done by you and me. All you want is the fifty thousand; and I'll take all I can for the Syndicate. Then you're to get to Askatoon in your own way afterwards, and I'm to make tracks my own way. Have I got it right?"

Minden nodded. "You've got it, Jim. Settled."

"I knew you'd come back to us, Bill," the other said. "You was the greatest war-boss that ever faced the guns. We all take off our hats to you. That was a great game of your playing 'Saved' and preachin' here at Askatoon; but I don't see what you was driving at. You've done it in style, but I don't git it."

"You don't have to git it," was Minden's reply. "You couldn't if you tried."

The other prepared to go, and opened the door. The room was as dark as the night and he could not be seen from outside. "Well, good-bye, Bill," he said. "This ain't the first time we've been in harness together an' it won't be the last neether."

They shook hands, Jim Starboard disappeared, and the door closed.

"You're wrong. It is the last time, Jim. I've got sense enough to know that. It's the last, last time of all. If it comes off, I'm off East or West; if it doesn't come off—no, it's got to come off! I'm risking it for her, an' I know I'm risking her too; but it's too late to turn back. I got to go on with it now. It's the last, last time though, so help me God!"

CHAPTER X.

SOME ONE MUST PAY.

IT SEEMED as though the foot-hills were in rebellion against the mountains and that hundreds of ruined regiments were breaking in blind disorder upon the plains. Never, perhaps, had the long escarpment of the Rockies known such a storm, or the plains been swept by a wider flood. Like some red native of the northern wilds who mutilates himself in frenzy to show how much the human frame can bear, so on this night, Nature, the benign mother, ravaged her own bosom, tore out her own eyes, shrieked the agony of her own making—abandoned, merciless, a cynical, sinister hag. It seemed as though she made this massive turmoil in sheer contempt of all human order by sheltering in her cloak of storm one reckless man who, having shamefully sinned and repented of his sin was again returning to the sins he had forsaken.

In all the days of all the years he had lived, Bill Minden never had such an opportunity for carrying out his dark purposes; and at Goldmark Station, in the savagery of the tempest, the thing was done which Starboard and himself had planned to do.

The man who takes refuge with the devil must pay the devil's fees; and the man who robbed the train at Goldmark found, as the night went on, that Nature,

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which had given him the shelter of the storm, in derision made him the victim of the storm. In the hours when he worked the linemen's hand-car, as had been arranged, over the rails, up the grade and down the incline through the foothills and out upon the prairie, he was punished by a thousand whips of rain and wind and hail, until at last he reached the point where he must forsake the hand-car and take the trail to his home in Askatoon.

IT WAS just before the break of dawn that, like one who had been man-handled by an army, with haggard, bloodless face, and deep sunken eyes, with matted hair and beard and a hand that clutched his chest in pain, Bill Minden crawled up the steps of his back garden into his office, and from there through the silent hallway upstairs to his bedroom. There, moaning to himself, he hid safely under a loosened board of the floor the soaking clothes he wore. Then he put on another suit and hung the garments on a chair, as though he had taken them off for the night. This done, he crawled into bed, having drunk half a tumbler of raw whiskey to check the terrible cold which had seized his lungs. For a long hour he suffered greatly; then, as dawn spread, he rang the bell.

A half hour later the Young Doctor was by his bedside, and when he turned away from it to meet the sharp inquiry of Mrs. Finley's eyes, the look in his face could give no hope to any anxious friend of the Mayor of Askatoon. Outside the door of the bedroom one word he used to Cora Finley sufficed to send the color from her face.

"Pneumonia," he said.

All had worked well for Minden's plans, and all had worked ill for Minden himself. His racked and fevered body paid in its agony, second by second, for every dollar which Starboard had carried away to cover the fifty thousand dollars in the Laurentian Bank which the nefarious Syndicate had placed to his credit. Not for hours after the train had left Goldmark Station were the armed, gagged guards of the express-van, in which the money was carried, found and released. Two had been taken from behind, and a third in his excitement had seen only a masked man and a pistol. His explanations were incoherent.

It had all been perfectly done, and Askatoon had no suspicion of its Mayor. Hundreds of its citizens passed and repassed the Rest Awhile Hotel as three anxious days went on. Prayer meetings were held; resolutions of sympathy by public bodies were passed. The Young Doctor had almost to force his way to and from Bill Minden's home, so emotional and pertinacious were the people who waylaid him.

All that he would say was, "Where there's life there's hope;" but from his mind hope had vanished.

One man, far away at the capital—Terrance Brennan, the railway millionaire—had a very strong suspicion that the greatest train robber of modern times had been at work again; but when his detective informed him that Bill Minden was dying, there was nothing to do.

AT THIS moment for a detective to have breathed the suspicion of Minden's complicity in Askatoon would have made the victim of a partisan populace.



The Rutted Road Has Got to Go

EVERY rock and rut in an old-fashioned road is an obstacle to the progress of Canada. It represents waste of taxpayers' road money. It increases the cost of farm products. It causes unnecessary and expensive wear and tear upon vehicles. It wastes time—woefully.

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Askatoon had nothing but gratitude and affection for Minden. Open-handed and open-hearted he had lived among them. Among them he had found "peace"; to them he had given greatly; over them he had ruled with a rose branch and not a rod of iron. When Mrs. Finley told Minden in one of the moments when he was free from agony that there were hundreds of people outside the Rest Awhile Hotel praying for his recovery, sending him their best wishes, he whispered: "That's good! That's good! If it'll only last me out, then *she'll remember me kindly.*"

Mrs. Finley's eyes flashed; she saw deeper than anyone except the Young Doctor.

"You can live if you want to," she said. "You know you can live if you want to. You're not fighting; you're giving in to it."

They were singing a hymn outside the hotel. How well he knew it! How deep a part it had played in his life!

*"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we may see it afar—"*

"If they'll only feel like that till I'm gone!" he whispered, a cloud upon his face—a wan, wasted, despairing look. No hope, no faith shone in his eyes; his house of life was crumbling, and he knew it; and in a sense he was glad. Now and again when Cora entered the room his eyes followed her with a hungry look, in which there was the only gleam that lighted the darkness of his last days. When she spoke to him or took his fevered hand, the glimmer of a defiant joy stole into his eyes; and as he sat hour after hour while the pain tore him and the hand of penalty tugged at his body to dismember it from the soul, in his mind he was saying: "She'll be all right; she'll be all right."

To the appeal of members of the Grace Church class meeting, who wished to come and pray beside his bed, the Young Doctor gave a sharp denial.

"You'll only hasten the end," he said. "He's all right; he's one of you. He knows the way Home. He's not fit to listen or to speak, and I won't have it."

So it was that when the end came suddenly, and the knowledge of its coming spread in Bill Minden's mind like a flash of flame, he drew himself up, and with a last flicker of light through his glazing eyes towards Cora, who sat beside his bed, he whispered: "Could you kiss me, little gal?"

WITH swimming eyes she kissed his rough, bearded cheek and lowered him to the pillow again with her arms at his shoulders and her hands under his head. A light shone in his face for a moment, then a shadow crossed over it and his lips moved. None could hear what he said, except perhaps Mrs. Finley, who was bending over him.

Once more he turned his sightless eyes to the girl, and his fingers fluttered toward her. As she took and pressed them gently, the Young Doctor turned away from the bed with a sigh, for in that moment Bill Minden had gone upon his greatest venture.

"What was it he said?" asked the Young Doctor later.

"He said, 'Mercy, mercy, Lord have mercy,'" she replied.

"He didn't need to ask that," remarked Cora, weeping. "He found mercy at the Camp Meeting."

"Perhaps, perhaps," remarked the Young Doctor as he closed his pocket-

medicine case and prepared to go. "But Jordan is a hard road to travel" as the hymn says."

THE TRUE story of the Sink-or-Swim Mine, and how it came to flourish is not known. The man and woman who own it would not be happy if they did know. Neither would have accepted prosperity at the price. They are not dead, however, and people pay such debts one way or another.

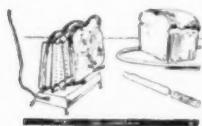
THE END.

Romance of Power Development

Continued from page 28.

maur, the river is navigable and traffic is handled by means of scows towed by gasoline launches and steam tugs. From Chaudiere Falls to the dam site a standard gauge railway is operated, cars being hauled back and forth by donkey engines, which burn oil to avoid the danger of forest fires.

THE La Loutre project is not remarkable so much for the actual size of the dam proper, as for the magnitude of the reservoir which it will create. So far as



the mere masonry is concerned, there are many larger dams. Its length of 1720 feet is exceeded many times by the Assouan dam in Egypt, the Poona, Tansa and Bhatgur dams in India and the New Croton and Boonton dams in the United States. Its height of 80 feet falls far short of that of several famous dams that could be mentioned. Yet when it is stated that it will store 160 billion cubic feet of water, then it immediately moves into a class of its own. The biggest dam is surely the one that holds most water and as the La Loutre will contain just twice as much as the Assouan dam, which is the world's largest dam at present, it will be entitled to premier position.

One really requires a map of the country to come to a full appreciation of the extent of the project. It is a region full of lakes, lying among low hills. The low-water level of the water in these lakes will be raised from 7 feet in the case of the highest lake to 47 feet in the case of the lowest; much of the surrounding country will be flooded and in place of a score of more or less distinct bodies of water, there will be one great reservoir over one hundred square miles in extent. The flooding of many square miles of territory will naturally kill off much timber, but the quality and quantity that will be affected are such as to occasion no very serious loss.

Briefly, the dam is to be, when complete,



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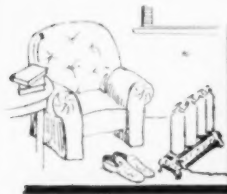
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1720 feet long, built in four sections intersecting at obtuse angles. Seven hundred feet of the dam will form an overflow weir, its top being ten feet below the crest of the remaining part of the dam. The measuring weir will be 375 feet in length. The wall will be 60 feet wide at the base and 20 feet wide at the crest and is being built of cyclopean masonry. Five gates, each 15 feet high and 12 feet wide, will be installed, giving a possible discharge of about 45,000 cubic feet of water per second.

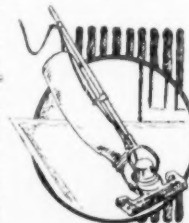


THE contract for the construction of the dam at an estimated cost of a million and a half dollars was let in the spring of 1915 and much preliminary work was done during the 1915 season. The results of last year's operations may be thus summarized. The east channel of the river was unwatered, excavated and the dam built up to elevation 1278 for the channel part and to 1300 for a short distance each side. The unwatering of the west channel, which is the main part of the river, was commenced, and the bow being diverted to the east channel over the concrete built up to elevation 1278.

A small power development was installed at La Loutre Falls two miles below the site of the dam, which develops 1100 h.p. under a head of 15 feet. This power is transmitted to the scene of operations where it is used for lighting purposes and the driving of machinery.

A plant capable of making five hundred cubic yards of masonry per day has been established at the dam. Stone is taken from a quarry about a quarter of a mile away; is hauled to the crushers, where it is broken to the proper size; and is then stored in large bins until required at the mixers. The sand is procured from a pit located about six miles from the works and is brought to the dam site in dump cars operated along the contractors' own railway. It is anticipated that the work will be sufficiently advanced this year to admit of the storage of the flood waters of 1918 in the dam.

AND now what is to be gained by the completion of this extraordinary undertaking? Let us see. From calculations made over a period of many years at Shawinigan Falls, it was ascertained that the minimum flow of water per day during that period amounted to approximately 6,000 cubic feet per second. That flow naturally determined the primary power available at this particular point on the river and it was taken as the basis for figuring out possible expansion. Without entering into an explanation of how the problem was actually worked out, it may be stated that regulation of the flow, by the use of the storage dam, was proved





"Canadian Beauty" Electrical Weeks—

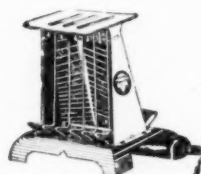


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Take The KITCHEN, for instance

You dread the coming of summer, because it has meant standing over a broiling hot stove three times a day—and *all day* on ironing day. When you cook the "Canadian Beauty" way, you stay out of the kitchen altogether. Put the "Canadian Beauty" Stove, Toaster and Percolator on the dining-room table—turn on the electricity—and cook the meal, while you sit at the table.

Instead of having the stove going all day on ironing day—use the "Canadian Beauty" Electric Iron, and keep yourself and the house cool.

There will be shown Chafing Dishes for dainty suppers—Disk Stoves and Double Plate Cookers—Luminous Radiators and Foot Warmers—Warming Pads—Water Heaters—and other appliances that inventive genius has perfected to make housekeeping a pleasure instead of a drudgery.

Make a note of the time—May 1st to 12th

and be sure to find the "Canadian Beauty" dealer, or write us for the name of one nearby.

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COMPANY, LIMITED

Renfrew

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Ontario



Flashlights For Every Purpose

Indoors—Out-of-Doors — Motor-
ing, Cycling, Motor Boating,
Canoeing, Travelling, Camping,
etc.

There are ordinary flashlights and "Franco" Flashlights. FRANCO flashlights cost no more than ordinary makes, but they give longer service, a more radiant light. They will not easily get out of order. "Franco" flashlights are different because they have patented features that other makers cannot use without infringement.

You can throw a Franco "fibre case" around anywhere — in a tool-box, against metal, and it will not short-circuit—that is, the metal cannot cause a contact with the battery and burn it out—an ordinary flashlight coming in contact with metal will short circuit—burn out.

This is a feature that everybody should be familiar with, particularly motorists, cyclists, mechanics and others working near metal.

To avoid doubt ask for and insist on getting "FRANCO" fibre case flashlights, and get the utmost value for your money — "Franco" with its advantages costs no more than ordinary makes and can be obtained from most hardware dealers or sporting goods merchants.

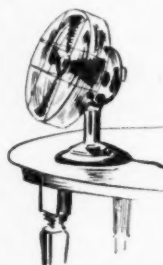
Write us direct if you come across a dealer who cannot supply you.

**THE INTERSTATE ELECTRIC
NOVELTY CO. OF CANADA,
LIMITED**
220 King St. W., Toronto, Ont., Can.

to be feasible to the extent of 15,000 cubic feet per second. To provide, however, for all possible deficiencies, it was decided to limit the enlarged flow to 12,000 cubic feet per second, at which point the minimum current all the year round will be twice that before regulation. This increased flow will exactly double the primary power at Shawinigan Falls, while it will more than double the primary powers at the falls higher up the river.

Superficially, one may be inclined to regard the far-off, unheralded project at La Loutre, hundreds of miles beyond the pale of civilization in Quebec, as something apart, a mere curiosity, without any apparent bearing on everyday affairs. But is it really so detached from the lives of the people? Is there not a very vital connection between it and the average home?

From the distant mammoth reservoir there will come pouring down all through the drought of summer a steady and equalized flood of water. It will reach the power dams at LaTouque, Grand Mere and Shawinigan Falls. There it will double the quantity of electrical energy developed hitherto. This increased power will come flashing over the transmission lines to Montreal, to Three Rivers, to Quebec and to all the towns and villages between. It will enter the home and the factory — more homes and more factories than ever before — and in the aggregate it will perform double the tasks that it could accomplish before.



That will be the immediate achievement of this one, amazing enterprise.

But conservation work on the St. Maurice is only a beginning, an isolated instance. Other rivers throughout Canada will have to be treated similarly, if the country would derive the greatest possible advantage from its water-powers. The wastage during the period of spring floods is enormous. To seize and hold this surplus water and to serve it out as needed during the drier seasons of the year is to put into operation a policy alike sensible and profitable.

Then there will be a vast increase in the quantity of hydro-electric energy available, alike for industry, transportation, public service and the home. Already Canada is in a premier position as regards the per capita consumption of electric power. Such developments as that on the St. Maurice River will assure her continued supremacy in this regard. And it will be more particularly in the home that the advantage of greater power will be most felt. The application of the electric current to relieve the drudgery of the housewife's daily tasks is one of the greatest boons that the age has conferred and the rapid expansion of the use of electricity in the home is a conspicuous feature of the day.

The heating of houses by electricity is still an alluring prospect unrealized, but it is coming. The dam at La Loutre is a step in that direction. Meanwhile the electric current is stealing into many homes as the cleanest, quietest and most efficient of servants. Its use as an illuminant is too commonplace almost to men-

tion, though there are frequently new applications in the sphere of lighting that are deserving of attention, as making for greater comfort and efficiency. The Electric stove is something newer and scarcely less important. On account of its surpassing cleanliness and reliability, it is finding favor in many homes. Vacuum cleaners, operated by means of electric motors, are a blessing which no housewife, who would fain escape the back-breaking burden of the broom and the duster, can afford to do without.



Then again, electric power has brought respite in other directions. The toaster and the percolator on the breakfast table save both time and effort in the speediness and efficiency with which they perform their respective tasks. The electric fan has been a health-bringer and a health-preserver in the dog days of summer. The labor of driving a sewing-machine by foot power for hours at a time is lightened by the facile attachment of a small motor, while the washing machine, electric-operated, is a burden-lifter, the value of which cannot be minimized.

For a time there was a tendency to regard electric apparatus in house-work as a luxury beyond the purchasing ability of the average person. This view is rapidly being changed. People do not think so much to-day of the cost of a particular article as of the saving it will effect. If a housewife can save her time and her health by utilizing, let us say, a vacuum cleaner, then that saving in dollars and cents should be taken into account when the investment in the machine is considered. Economy is a good thing but it may be carried to a point, where it ceases to be economy. A woman may wear herself out in struggling along with her housework in the old-fashioned way, when a comparatively small investment in labor-saving electric apparatus, would lighten her burden and give her leisure for the pursuit of health and pleasure.



And it is extremely interesting to note just here that the relief spoken of is not dependent entirely on the development of hydro-electric energy.

The ingenuity of the inventors has been at work, with the gratifying result that another means of generating electric power, which is both simple and economical, has been devised. The householder can have his own system and manufacture his own electricity. Gasoline or coal oil is the efficient source of power. With gasoline engine, dynamo and storage batteries, he can develop and store all necessary energy for household requirements. The unit system, which renders its owner quite independent, is one of the most interesting inventions of the day and it can be installed at such a low cost and operated so cheaply that it is bound to play an important part in future in the home life of the community. Of a truth the dawn of the electric age is broadening!

It's the pretty house at the top of the hill



Do people speak so of your home?

In every community there are charming houses, the pride of their owners and a credit to the neighborhood. Home folks are pleased to point them out and strangers admire their beauty.

Invariably such houses are owned by those who realize the necessity of painting as a means to beautify and preserve their property. Discriminating house-owners always purchase

B-H "ENGLISH" PAINT 70% Pure White Lead 30% Pure White Zinc 100% Pure Paint

It is not surprising that its use is so general when you consider its purity, its durability, and the full measure of protection it affords. Made according to the scientifically correct formula, its proper application always produces a beautiful and lasting effect.

Other B-H Products

Fresco-Tone — For Wall and Ceiling decoration.
China-Lac—For staining furniture, woodwork, bric-a-brac, etc.
B-H Floor Lustre—An enamel floor paint.
B-H English Enamel—A high quality product for interior decoration.
Anchor Shingle Stain—A durable stain that will not fade. Comes in twelve colors.

You can make your home stand out among the many by the use of a suitable combination of B-H "English" paints. Fifty different shades to choose from

Our agent in your vicinity will give you color cards and suggestions.


This China-Lac Booklet for you

It tells in an interesting manner the many uses to which you can put "China-Lac" Varnish Stain. Explains how to use this wonderful home-beautifier for best results. Shows how conclusively that a small investment in a tin of China-Lac and a varnish-brush will repay you many times over in the like-new effect it gives to furniture, floors, woodwork. Also made in gold or aluminum for radiators.

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MONTREAL HALIFAX ST JOHN TORONTO WINNIPEG EDMONTON CALGARY LIMITED

The Doctor's Shoe



BUILT FOR SOLID COMFORT

ANTISEPTIC

IS it not worth something to be care free from foot annoyances—to have a pair of feet that are so comfortably booted that you have no foot consciousness?

"Doctor's" shoes are built—planned and constructed—not merely made—to give correct fit, solid comfort and serviceable wear—they are antiseptic and waterproof. Get a pair of "Doctor's" shoes and realize how comfortable these shoes really are.

Made in all sizes and good styles and sold by high-class dealers.

The Tebbutt Shoe & Leather Company, Limited

THREE RIVERS QUEBEC

Hotel St. Charles

Along ocean front, with a superb view of famous strand and Boardwalk, the St. Charles occupies an unique position among resort hotels. It has an enviable reputation for cuisine and unobtrusive service. 12 stories of solid comfort (fireproof); ocean porch and sun parlors; sea water in all baths; orchestra of soloists. Week-end dances. Golf privileges. Booklet mailed.

NEWLIN-HAINES CO.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

She Was a Peach!

Continued from page 37.

Ig-a-loo, the ferocious wild man from the jungles of the Philippines, was the star passage. If you were an initiated skeptic you got one long hearty laugh out of it; if you were uninitiated you got a genuine thrill. Ordinarily Ontarioville led the simple and peaceful life not conducive to initiation in such matters. Result: new fascination in the lurid canvas depicting Ig-a-loo tearing 'em "limb from limb."

Horrify 'em? It was an important part of Mr. Shoebottom's plan so to do. The group in front of the Wild Man show saw him first. Fat women, thin women, contraltos, sopranos and mezzos joined in one piercing shriek of terror that froze every bit of animation on the grounds except the merry-go-round. Every eye switched to a single focus. Every idle boot stuck in its tracks.

Except in the vicinity of the Wild Man show. In that particular neighborhood everybody who wasn't lying prone in a dead faint was animated with frantic zeal and shoeleather was certainly earning its living. At the one fell yell with which Mr. Shoebottom had declared war he shot three women, so to speak, who lay huddled on the grass while the rest of the enemy fled in all directions.

For as enemies he must regard all mankind for the next little while; nobody knew better than Mr. Shoebottom that his undertaking was studded at every turn with possibilities much more dangerous than the spikes of his war-club. Nevertheless his second yell was not only blood-curdling; it was so aggressive that nobody who heard it could doubt for a moment but that he meant business, brisk business. That second whoop was meant to reach the farthest ear on the grounds and with satisfaction Mr. Shoebottom noted from the tail of his eye that the three occupants of the blue automobile were standing on the seats, craning their necks.

He was cutting across for the opposite side of the grounds in such a manner that there was no danger of the automobile intercepting him. The course lay clear before him. It was as if he were the stern of a great ocean liner with the prow cleaving passage a long way ahead of him and rolling back two widening waves of humanity in a smother of flying lingerie.

He was dimly aware of accidents at sea—of an old lady taking a bath in a tub of pink lemonade; of a jabbering Italian picking up spilled peanuts like a monkey, of a dressing-tent bowled over, exposing a performer in a state of underwear and profanity. But always Mr. Shoebottom kept an eye on the blue automobile and as he noted the three men jump out suddenly and start after him at top speed he loosened another whoop.

He was nearing the skirts of the show-grounds. A brave man swept his lady-love into the safety zone and yanking up a tent stake, leaped directly in the path of the on-coming terror. Mr. Shoebottom whirled his war-club, opened his eyes till the whites showed and spurted for him with a wild yell of joy.

The brave man rocked uncertainly on the craven brink of cowardice—dropped the tent stake—spurred the earth and grandstand plays.

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STAMPS—PACKAGE FREE TO COLLECTORS for two cents postage. Also offer hundred different foreign. Catalogue. Hinges all five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto, Canada. (11)

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COLLECTIONS.

COLLECTIONS EVERYWHERE — Commission basis. Write for rates to-day. Collections Bureau, Port Arthur, Ontario. Established nine years.

HE SWUNG into Main street with a battle-cry that fairly dripped with gory desire. The show ground crowd was behind him now. He took to the centre of the road, running free. Directly in front of him loomed an arch, built of cedars. Across the top of it stretched a banner, advising: "THE TOWN IS YOURS."

It certainly was. Mr. Shoebottom could see right down the street as far as the post-office. The sidewalks were full of people, making for the showgrounds,—happy laughing people, wearing badges and gay ribbons and summer parasols. It was a gala vista—and it was *all* his! For swift as he was traveling, the news that this was not some unique kind of game was beating him by wireless. He could see the sudden wave of excitement rolling along a full block ahead and hear the C. Q. D. of it crackling on all sides.

From the face of another cedar arch stared a second legend: ONTARIOVILLE IS WAKING UP." Mr. Shoebottom went under it at top speed.

And ran straight into a brass band. It was swinging in from a side street. The tune was, "Oh You Beautiful Doll!" In less time than it takes to read about it the sawdust began to run out of the "Beautiful Doll" and poor dollie passed away in a series of horn wails and clarinet squeaks.

Mr. Shoebottom swerved to one side in an effort to pass and ran foul of the drum end of the outfit. To make the thing more interesting he swung his war-club and very neatly punctured the bass drum. The blow knocked the drummer over, so that he fell on his stomach and, being buckled to his drum, rolled a physical-culture somersault, his drumstick flying from his hand and diving up the yawning spout of the bass horn. The man with the kettle-drum struck savagely and bruised the atmosphere, receiving in exchange a punch on the nose which landed him in the gutter, boiling over.

On flew Ig-a-loo!

"HOW ARE YOU, OLD BOY?" enquired a third streamer.


"Pretty well thanks," grinned Mr. Shoebottom.

BY this time quite a crowd was in pursuit. But this did not worry the grotesque object of it. He had tried professional long-distance running before the recent events which turned him into a Wild Man of the Jungle and as yet he had not been smoking enough to affect his wind. He increased his pace. If he could get through the town safely he felt confident of success.



But he wasn't through yet. Directly ahead he suddenly became aware of a string of men in linen dusters and wide-brimmed straw hats of the type Maud Muller's father wore during the haying season. They carried a banner and were parading to the grounds. It was a delegation of Ontarioville Old Boys—the delegation from Chicago, fresh from their train. And they were of the Initiated and full of skepticism regarding "Wild Men."

At once Mr. Shoebottom changed his tactics. He slackened his speed and approached them at the jog trot of a long-distance runner, waving his hand in greeting; for they had halted and while they were laughing good-humoredly at his "get-up," there was real danger of them playfully trying to stop him.


"Clear the track, boys," sang out Mr.



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For nearly half a century Yale standards in locks and hardware have faced the test of world use.
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The name "Yale" on the product is the Yale guarantee of this standard of quality. Look for the name "Yale"

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Your Washing Done For 2 Cents a Week

Electric or Water-Power
Will Do The Work

I HAVE built a new "1900" Power Washing Machine. I consider this machine the most wonderful washer ever put on the market. Built entirely of high quality sheet copper, this is the strongest and most durable machine

made. It is constructed on a brand new principle, and I will guarantee that this machine will not tear clothes, break buttons or fray the edges of the most delicate fabric. It will wash everything from heavy blankets to the finest lace without damage to the goods.

This new "1900" washing machine can be connected with any electric socket instantly and is started and stopped by a "little twist of the wrist," and it will do your washing for 2 cents a week.

If you would consider fixing up your laundry room in the most complete and approved manner, let us tell you about our thoroughly practical motor-driven, self-heated iron machines.

I also make a light power machine which can be run by water or electric power. On all of these machines the motor will run the wringer too. Just feed in the clothes and this power wringer will squeeze the water out so quickly and easily you will be astonished. It will save you 50 per cent. time, money and labor every week. The outfit consists of washer and wringer and either electric or water motor, as you prefer, and I guarantee the perfect working of each.

I will send my machine on 30 days' free trial. You do not need to pay a penny until you are satisfied this washer will do what I say it will. Write today for illustrated catalogue.

State whether you prefer a washer to operate by Hand, Engine, Power, Water or Electric Motor. I make a full line of washers. Address me personally.

K. R. MORRIS

1900 Washer Company
357 Yonge Street TORONTO

Shoebottom with a wide grin. "Calithumpian road race, you know. I'm ahead so far. For the love of Mike keep those mutts back, fellows!" He came almost to a standstill as he pointed back at the rabble in the rear. "They're queering this race an' I don't want it protested. Why don't the fools give the other runners a chance!"

It was the right spirit, the sportsman-like spirit, the Chicago spirit! With one accord the whole delegation charged at the crowd. Chuckling, Mr. Shoebottom jogged through their ranks. It was his opportunity. Up a side street he sped as fast as he could go.

"We're proud of you," flapped a fourth banner.

"Not yet, but soon," panted Mr. Shoebottom.

OVER a hedge he went, across a lawn, over a back fence into a back lane. A servant girl, balancing a pan of dirty water at the kitchen door, took one horrified look and promptly fell down the steps. Mr. Shoebottom was modest and he it said to his credit he did not look around. It was his chance now to shake off pursuit for a breathing space. It was very necessary that he lose himself for a short time as there was work to be done—dirty work! Even as the snake in the grass sheds its skin in the spring of the year, even so must Ig-a-loo shift the increasing burden of his wildness.

He sprinted out into a back street and noted that off to the left it ended in a common. He swerved towards it. He had reached the outskirts at last and the thing was assuming the simplified form of spelling.

He even stopped for a moment to get his bearings. Not far away a creek wandered around, bragging to water-crests of its ability to cleanse. A well-worn path ran straight across the common, an evident short-cut to town for residents of the South-End. His eye travelled along it like lightning. And like lightning he dropped into the long grass behind some shrubbery.

For Ig-a-loo was on the hunt!

THE man had just turned into the path from a side street. He came along with his head bent, jauntily switching at the grass with his cane. He was dressed in a silk plug hat and a long-tailed afternoon coat of the latest cut. On one lapel of it was a white flower; on the other fluttered a bright crimson Committee Badge. He wore a white vest with pearl buttons; he wore pearl-gray trousers; he carried pearl-gray gloves in his hand.

"My meat!" growled Ig-a-loo hungrily. He waited till the worthy citizen reached a spot where a thick fringe of shrubbery skirted the path for some distance. It was a desirable spot, a safe spot, too near the centre of the common for escape.

Then arose Mr. Shoebottom with a hoarse yell. He literally streamed down upon his victim, coarse black hair flowing backward with the wind of his going. He was a terrible sight.

So was the other fellow. He swung at anchor. His long legs wobbled. He was scared dumb. Completely unhelped with fright, his long, thin face turned a dirty greenish yellow as when one voyages upon troubled waters. He resembled toothpaste in a collapsible tube.

His can shook as he raised it in feeble defence, but one sweep of the terrible war-

club sent it skyrocketing. With a thud Mr. Shoebottom's two powerful hands came down upon the narrow bony shoulders. Unceremoniously he yanked the gentleman off his feet and dragged him behind the bushes.

"I'm a *des-s-perate* man!" hissed Mr. Shoebottom tensely. "One peep out o' yuh an' I'll br-r-rain yuh! Peel yourself!"

To facilitate matters he tossed the plug hat and the gloves to the grass and pulled off the long-tailed afternoon coat of latest cut.

"You get me? I want your clo'es an' I want 'em quicker'n blazes!"

THE gentleman evidently had read somewhere that it is always best to humor a madman. He undressed faster than he ever got ready for bed in his life, muttering, imploring, begging for mercy in abject terror, once a hasty glance convinced him that there was no help in sight.

"Here, you! Get into those panties an' fix this skin belt on top of 'em. Tighten it up; it'll help you to run faster. Quick, you ossified kangaroo, or I'll kuh-ill yuh! Me reg-lar diet's the hearts o' young children an' I aint had nothin' to eat for a week! If yuh go tryin' to get away—!"

He glared menace at the cringing wretch, grabbed up the pile of clothes and retired to the creek which just here circled conveniently behind the bushes and was not more than a couple of yards away. Mr. Shoebottom performed his ablutions with commendable haste and dressed himself ditto.

With everything on but the top hat and the coat, which wouldn't fit, he eyed the grovelling scare-crow before him with supreme disgust.

"Stow it, you poor ninny! I ain't goin' to hurt you measly hide. It's only walnut stain. If I had a brush I could make a slicker job of it, but I'll do the best I can for you. *Stand still!*"

In another minute the can of walnut stain was empty and Mr. Shoebottom stepped back to criticize his art with no little satisfaction, wiping his fingers on the grass.

"You're too puny for the part, but you'll do. Tigilinus," he nodded. "Great Scott! he's *ba-ald!*"

THE victim was. He hadn't a hair between him and heaven. The toupe slid to the ground, revealing a dome that rose to a blunt peak, white in the sunshine. When Mr. Shoebottom tried on the wig of long, coarse black hair that had once switched flies from the flanks of an old nag it was much too loose.

So he sat down, kicked off the patent-leathers and yanked at the pearl-gray socks without hesitation. He worked rapidly; for if the growing rumpus over in the nearest street meant anything, there was occasion for haste.

On went the boots again, tight as they were for him, and hurriedly knotting the socks together, he passed them over the wig and tied the ends tightly beneath the miserable and speechless wretch's pointed chin.

"Better take along the club, Ig. You may need it for defense," grinned Mr. Shoebottom more genially. "Now—you may go, Caius Cassius."

"You!—you!—!" sputtered the specimen with some show of returning consciousness.

"Never mind that!" snapped Mr. Shoebottom. "I slipped my revolver into this

pants' pocket an' I got you covered," and he stuck one finger against the cloth to prove it. "Now *git!* Beat it! *Flee!*—for your life! In one minute I'll pull the trigger—!"

Ig-a-loo the Second was a swift sprinter. From the concealment of the bushes Mr. Shoebottom studied his action with admiration. The next moment the pursuing crowd reached the common and a great roar went up at sight of the flying figure. After it pelted the whole howling mob. Ig-a-loo the Second threw one agonized look over his shoulder—and took wing.

BREATHLESSLY Mr. Arbuthnot Shoebottom watched till the chase swung out of sight and there was left nothing but a straggling tail of puffing fat parties, then he fell weakly over on his back, kicked up his heels and laughed till he ached. The very daring of his plan had proved the simplicity of its success. He had set the whole town by the ears and created a disturbance which was diverting Messrs. Nelles *et al.* very effectively.

But Mr. Shoebottom knew better than to stop rowing before his boat bumped shore and a very few minutes found him walking up Oxford St., looking for No. 356.

FORTUNE favored him. As he turned in at the gate Crawford himself was just saying good-bye to his wife on the verendah steps, blithely on his way to the appointment down town. Before Mr. Shoebottom got half through with his story, however, the young farmer's jaw was set and he looked like the saucer for a cup of trouble, dark pattern, while as for the "peach"—it was a caution how pretty she looked when she was mad. Mr. Shoebottom's speech became slightly incoherent as he watched her. Maybe she wasn't a queen for fair!

"It was a tribute to his sincerity that neither Crawford nor his wife questioned the truth of his statements. He had a way with him, Mr. Shoebottom, and he convinced them without revealing the fact that he 'ate 'em alive' for a living, thereby avoiding the necessity of returning the red tam-o'-shanter. That Mr. Shoebottom had every intention of keeping as a souvenir and a mascot.

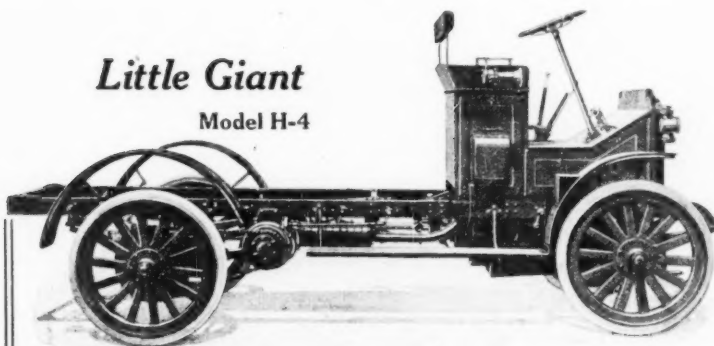
Waving aside their expressions of gratitude, he made for the gate. Without undue haste, but without wasting precious time, Mr. Shoebottom hied him to the railroad track just south of the town and walked thereon for a few miles, carrying the long-tailed coat on his arm—he had told the Crawfords several times that it was warm weather they were having—till he reached the Junction. There he boarded the first train that came along and bought a ticket from the conductor that took him as far as the first city up the line.

ONCE there, he hunted up a pawnbroker and transferred to a neat servicable business suit in exchange for the "glad rags," procuring also some silk hosiery; there was a gold watch, which he pawned for cash, and a roll of bills which didn't need pawning. Then Mr. Shoebottom treated himself to a good dinner and went to a moving-picture show.

Later in the evening he boarded the International Express and read a news-

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Progressive Manufacturers, Wholesalers and Merchants have dethroned the obsolete, slow and costly Horse Delivery System for the Progressive Profitable Little Giant Truck System.

It had to come! with competition working overtime, with expense piling on expense, with the more and more imperative demands of customers, better and better delivery systems were required. The *Little Giant* came to meet this condition with efficiency, solid service and real economy. It broke down the barriers of custom, and every corner of the globe—Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia—has been invaded by the *Little Giant*.

The *Little Giant* will bring about a desirable revolution in your business, whether you are manufacturer, wholesaler or merchant.

Little Giant has made good because service is built into it. It gives the same service in sweltering sun, blustering blizzard, mud and slush. It is ready for rush orders. It means customer satisfaction.

IT REALLY REDUCES MAN HIRE. A *Little Giant* and driver take the place of three or four teams and drivers. It does not pile up operating cost when not in use, and it pays—yes, *Little Giant* pays, and pays well in profits. Be a business revolutionist, dethrone the old custom—it is good, hard business sense to instal a *Little Giant* to meet the quickened pace of Business to-day.

Let the *Little Giant* "Help-the-Owner" Department help you. Write for particulars of the truck that will suit your haulage problem and local conditions.

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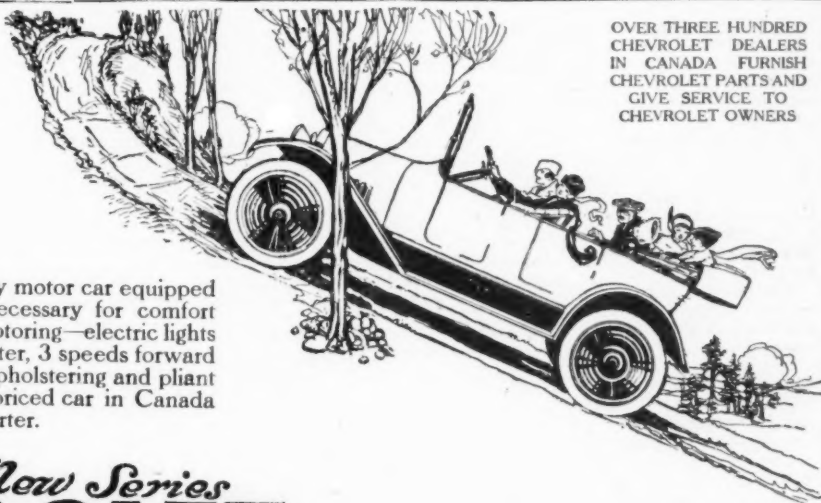
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CHEVROLET OWNERS



paper till they were safely through the town of Ontarioville.

Later still, when he was finally satisfied that the commercial traveller who got on there and was sharing the smoking-compartment with him was really what he appeared to be, Mr. Shoebottom permitted himself to relax.

"How's business?" he ventured with a smile, seeing that his *vis-a-vis* seemed inclined to talk.

"Punk! You couldn't sell ten-dollar bills for a dollar in that town back there—not this week, not in regular lines. Old Boy demonstration, you know."

"Oh, that so?"

"Am' say, talk about cutting things loose! I never laughed so much in all my life as I did this afternoon." And the genial drummer slapped his thigh.

"How's that?" enquired Mr. Shoebottom with mild interest.

"Why, the Wild Man belongin' to the street-fair show outfit broke loose an' ran all over the scenery an' then some with half the town chasing him. Didn't have any too much on in the way of clothes,

y'understand, an' say, it was funny!" He went off into a roar of laughter.

"That would be kind of funny, I should imagine," grinned Mr. Shoebottom.

"The richest part of it was, though, that the son-of-a-gun got hold of one of the prominent citizens of the burg, backed him into a corner somewhere, swiped his clothes an' painted him up to look like him. Mob didn't tumble to it till they'd chased the wrong man clean down town. Somebody had got excited enough to ring in a fire-alarm an' the hose was out. They turned it loose on what they thought was the Wild Man an' the paint came off him in streaks. The water blew the wig off an' Lordy! when they got through, there was that bald-headed sneak, Fennel, swearing blue mur—"

"Pardon me. Would you mind repeating that last part?" interrupted Mr. Shoebottom gently. "Who did you say it was?"

"Fennel, the lawyer. Why, know him?" Mr. Shoebottom proffered his cigar case.

"Have a smoke," he suggested affably. "Take two of 'em."

in camp. I recall several instances, particularly. There were two young ship boys who had been gathered into the net at Hamburg when war broke out. They fretted greatly at the confinement. The monotony of camp played upon their ardent young spirits to such an extent that they finally decided to make an attempt to get away.

"Got to get out o' this, Fred," said one of them, a lad of fifteen. "I'd just as soon be run through with a bayn't as to stay and rot around this hole."

So they slipped away one day, getting by the guards who did not pay much attention to such mere lads. Neither of them could speak a word of German. They probably didn't have half a crown between them. And certainly they had no knowledge of the country into which they so intrepidly plunged.

Needless to state, they were recaptured the same day and brought back very tired, very muddy and very disgusted; but as full of fight as young game cocks. They got 72 hours solitary confinement on bread and water for their pains.

Another daring attempt was made by a poor fellow who apparently was not quite sane. He managed to slip out of camp with a working gang and his absence was not detected. At any rate, no hue and cry was raised.

He walked openly to Spandau and jauntily sought out the railway station. Slapping some English money on the counter, he demanded:

"Ticket to London, please."

He was promptly taken in charge and sent back to camp. After some delay, during which time we wondered what would be done with him, fearing the worst, he was sent on to Berlin. We never heard of him afterward.

After that the authorities grew very angry and we were warned that if any again attempted to escape, they would be court-martialed and shot.

THE food that was provided for us by the authorities was just enough to keep us alive. If we had been solely dependent upon it we would have been in a very sorry plight indeed. In the mornings, we received a bowl of black liquid supposed to be coffee and which, it is true, had a taste and odor that faintly suggested that beverage. As we had to tramp a long distance to the kitchen to get it, when we got back to the barracks it was almost too cold to drink. For dinner we were served with a soup made from vegetables and to a small extent from meat. For supper we usually had baked potatoes and a bowl of black tea. Twice a week we obtained a small piece of liver sausage or a bloater. Each day they gave us a small slab of bread which consisted chiefly of potatoes. Happily we received a good many parcels from England so that we did not starve. There were a good many poor fellows, however, who had neither friends nor money and so had to subsist on the camp diet. The negroes suffered a great deal in this respect. It was touching to see them going from barrack to barrack, begging for bread. We helped them all we could.

And while we thus eked out a meagre existence, the Berlin newspapers published articles frequently which showed that we were living like lords and feeding on the fat of the land! Sometimes we found amusement in reading these articles, but I cannot say that we ever waxed

A Canadian Prisoner at Ruhleben

Continued from page 14.

by the other members of the camp and excluded from the football field and other amusements. We were never able to learn what object the authorities had in bringing about this separation, for we were very pleased indeed that the "P.G.s" were no better treated than the rest of us. Certainly no special concessions were made for them.

WE HAD to be very careful what we said and did. There were a number of seamen among us who were rough and outspoken in their language. As there was always plenty of provocation for outbursts, we were continually in fear that these hardy sons of Neptune would start something which would involve the whole camp in trouble. On one occasion they did. A sailor, goaded to exasperation, referred to the "bloody Germans," in the overhearing of one of the "P.G.s" who very promptly carried it to headquarters.

The result was an "appell." The commanding officer walked from one group of prisoners to the next, and harangued us somewhat to this effect:

"Somebody has used the expression 'bloody Germans.' This is an insult! I return it to you, 'bloody Englishmen!' We did not begin this war, but, thank God, we are going to finish it."

He went on in a similar vein, working himself up into a pretty rage. The offender could not be found, however, and finally, when the commander had cooled down a little, the captains went to him and explained that the word was not really one of contempt. It was, they explained, a contraction for, "By our Lady," and had been at one time, an expression of respect rather than of derision. This proved quite satisfactory to the officer, who laughed heartily and finally let the matter blow over.

But a more serious case occurred shortly afterwards. Our jailors liked to "rub it in," whenever German successes were announced. They had erected a huge flag

staff, and, whenever anything out of the ordinary occurred, up went the flag. On the Kaiser's birthday, a special celebration was planned and we were all summoned to witness the raising of the flag. It had hardly reached the top when the rope snapped and the flag toppled to the ground. Somebody, obviously, had tampered with the line.

There was a tremendous row, of course. This was *lèse majesté*, the unforgivable sin. "Appell" was immediately sounded and we were all lined up and interrogated. The culprit, needless to state, did not come forward. Accordingly, we were all ordered back into our barracks and forbidden to leave them until the guilty party had confessed his crime. Smoking was prohibited. We remained indoors the whole day with nothing to do and lynx-eyed guards watching every move we made, eager to pounce upon us for any offence. In the evening a deputation of the captains went into the commander and expressed deep regret at what had occurred. They threw out the suggestion that the affair had been an accident. The authorities finally accepted this explanation of the affair and we were allowed to leave our barracks the next morning. The affair has always remained a mystery. But we all felt sure that it had not been an accident.

We were punished for the smallest offences, such as disobeying a non-com, not getting up in the morning at the appointed time, not being indoors after the order for retiring had been given, etc. For such offences we were given solitary confinement with bread and water, ranging in length from 24 to 72 hours. Graver offences such as letter smuggling, attempts to escape, etc., were dealt with by a species of court martial. The culprits were usually sent for a few weeks or months imprisonment in the Stadtvogtei at Berlin.

Attempts at escape were made more or less regularly, by the bolder spirit.

very hilarious over them. One does not laugh loudly on an empty stomach.

BUT THE discomforts we suffered from all these sources were as nothing compared to what we experienced when winter set in. No tongue could tell of the misery of the camp during that first winter; no pen could depict our sufferings. Picture a band of ill-nourished men huddling together in a poorly heated and damp stable almost without light! Conceive, if you can, of this being repeated day in and day out, week in and week out, month in and month out. The winter was long and bitterly cold. We suffered so much that we became apathetic and passed the time in a condition almost of coma.

The buildings were not heated during the first few weeks of the winter season. When the heating apparatus had at last been set up, it did not provide much warmth. The only place where we could feel in any way comfortable and warm was in bed. So to bed we often crawled as early as six o'clock. We had no lights in our boxes and were dependent entirely upon the electric bulbs in the gangway of the stables. It was impossible to read or do any work in the evenings. We didn't talk much, as we sat around after dark. It was too cold and dark and depressed. We just sat quietly and thought; sometimes we didn't even think.

At that we were better off than the poor fellows up in the lofts. They spent most of their time in semi-darkness and were colder, if possible, than we were.

To make things worse, wet weather always turned the grounds into a veritable swamp. The journeys to and from the kitchen for food became odysseys fraught with peril. We would come back with our clothes soaked and caked with thick Ruhleben mud and our hands full of thin Ruhleben food. The seamen took this phase of our daily life better than the rest of it. Most of them had their oilskins and sea boots and in these they used to slosh around in the wet quite contentedly. The camp sometimes for that reason used to look like a fishing village.

Not even the wet and the cold and the hunger could banish entirely the English sense of humor. I remember one occasion when an inspection of the camp by the officers of the Berlin Kommandatur was announced. The great Von Kessel himself, commander of Berlin, was to come. It was very wet just at the time and the grounds were feet deep in water. Some of the sailors painted notices and put them up near the deepest places. "No mixed bathing allowed here"; "Fishing positively prohibited," etc. One of the sailors sat down by the side of the pond in the drizzling rain and proceeded to fish. Just as the officers proceeded, Von Kessel leading, he gravely landed an old bloater which he had saved up for the occasion.

THROUGH it all our communication with the outside world was very intermittent and scanty. We were permitted to write two letters and four postcards a month. The letters and cards that went to England or any other country outside Germany for that matter, were always held ten days before being dispatched. This was done, as a safeguard against military information being sent out in any

way. The railways passed the camp and we could often observe the passage of troop trains. Mail was delivered at a certain time each day and that hour became by long odds the most important event of the day.

No visitors were permitted into the camp. Although many of the wives and families of the prisoners resided in Berlin or at points not far from the camp none of them were allowed in. This was a form of cruelty that preyed upon us very much. Why such stringent measures were adopted no one seemed to know. It was hard to conceive of any mischief that such visits could bring about. I have heard that recently this regulation has been amended and that now wives, mothers and children can visit the camp once a month for just one hour! They have to obtain a special permit for each visit.

Life in the camp was not bad in the summer months. Light and warmth created a more cheerful feeling amongst us and we did everything in our power to keep fit and well. Permission was secured to use the inner part of the race course for sports, and soon games of football, cricket, golf, hockey (English variety) and tennis were arranged. One barrack playing against another. The German guard used to watch the games and were astonished at the way we played football. Said one guard to a fellow: "If these English play like this, they must be terrorists at fighting!"

OUR efforts did not stop at keeping fit physically. An Arts and Science Union was founded, the members being mostly men who had engaged in scientific and literary pursuits. Under the auspices of the Union lectures were held on the tribunes of the race course, on all subjects imaginable. Conversational circles were formed with the idea of teaching various languages and the camp soon could boast of a French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, and even a Chinese circle. We had a debating society which met once a week and a theatre in the hall beneath the tribunes. Here all kinds of plays were produced—in full costume! The costumes were made in camp out of whatever odd material could be found. It was surprising what could be produced in this way. A discarded and badly worn fur collar formed the nucleus of the costume for Caliban and a discolored tunic gave color to the robes of both Romeo and Mercutio. As we had plenty of musicians among us, including a professional conductor, an orchestra was formed and many excellent concerts were given.

Ultimately a camp paper, *The Ruhleben Camp News*, came into existence. It appeared once a fortnight and after a time was sent out to be printed. It contained excellent illustrations and always had plenty of good articles, dealing mostly with camp life, of course.

MANY of the prisoners obtained permission to practise their trades in the camp. Ruhleben soon became a hive of industry. A first-class London West End tailor set up a shop and it was possible after that to obtain a suit of clothes made to measure in the very latest fashion. Truth to tell, however, there were few of us who could afford this luxury.

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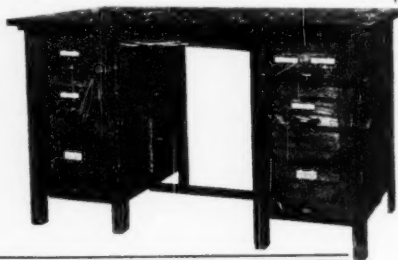
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people advertised in the *Ruhleben Camp News*.

As I look back the thing that stands out most vividly from the background of these camp activities was the election we put on during that summer of 1915. The borough of Ruhleben was to be represented in Parliament and three candidates were nominated—a Liberal, a Conservative, and a supporter of woman's suffrage. The camp threw itself into the fight with an interest that was almost feverish. Posters were stuck all over the camp, meetings were held and the camp broke up into rival factions, sporting the colors of the candidates in their button-holes. The fervor of that election made the efforts of the Potts' and Slurks' of Eatonville seem dignified and staid. After the polling—and thousands of votes were cast, mind you—the results were announced by the Mayor of Ruhleben, whose chain of office consisted of a string of old sardine cans. The woman suffrage candidate won.

Thus we lived; making the best of everything; joking and laughing, sometimes with aching hearts, always with a sense of the misery and suffering around us; longing for the day of deliverance but struggling to escape the evil effects that come from such enforced idleness. As I look back I realize how brave most of them were. They are there yet—most of them; and I will stake my all that they still keep up the same brave front. Poor fellows.

TOWARDS the middle of September, 1915, I became seriously ill and, after seeing the camp doctor, was sent to a hospital in Berlin. Here, as a civil prisoner of war, I remained over six months. I was caged in a stuffy sickroom and had no opportunity of taking fresh air and exercise during the whole time. Although by no means bedridden myself I had to share my room with patients who were in a very bad way indeed and had to witness the death struggles of many of them. What I suffered in this atmosphere of misery, sickness and death all these months, is hard to describe. What helped me to endure it was the fact that I at least was permitted to see my friends and write as many letters as I liked.

I sent in petition after petition to the authorities to be permitted to go to a sanatorium in some part of Germany, but needless to say, they were all refused. At last, however, I heard to my great joy that I would be permitted to proceed to Switzerland.

Then followed weeks of suspense. Would I really be allowed to leave or not? On the morning of the 6th of April, 1916, I was informed that a soldier would call for me in afternoon.

He came at 5 o'clock and conducted me to the station. Here we met Lieutenant R., one of the officers of the camp, who escorted me to the Swiss frontier. I was at liberty at last! What a glorious feeling to be free again, and in such a beautiful country!

The beauties of nature do a lot to compensate me for all I have suffered. Not a sound of the great war reaches me in the little farm house, high up in the mountains, where I have found a refuge for the present, and where I hope to regain my health.

**McLAUGHLIN**

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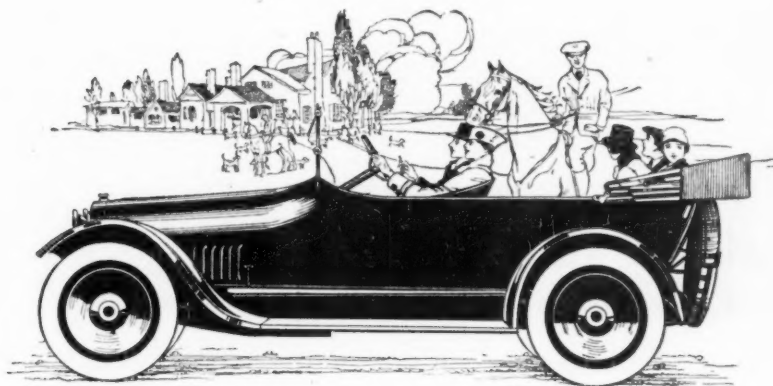
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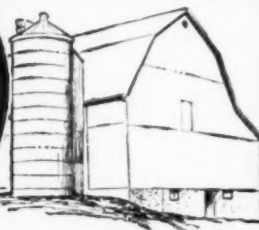
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